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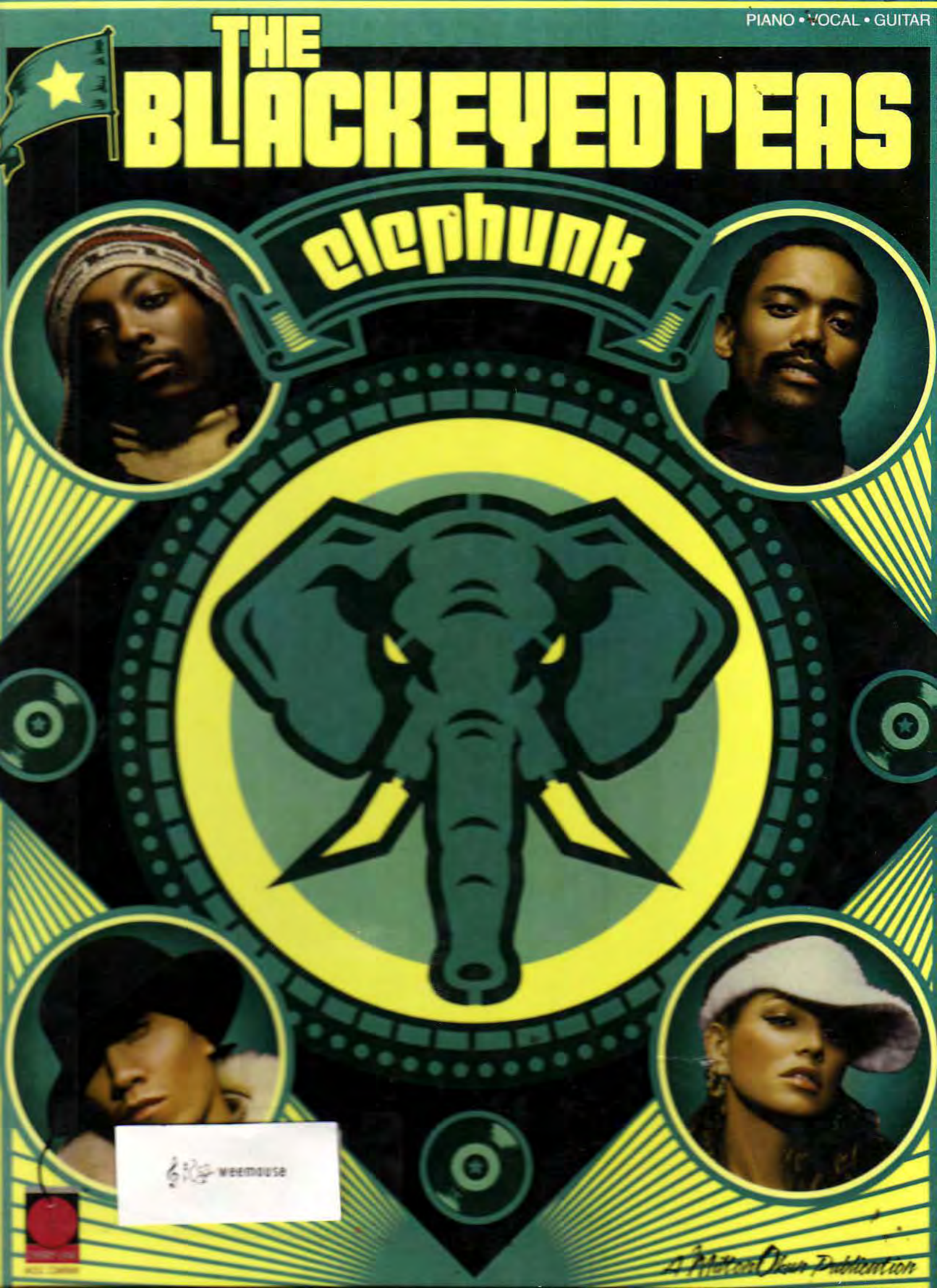
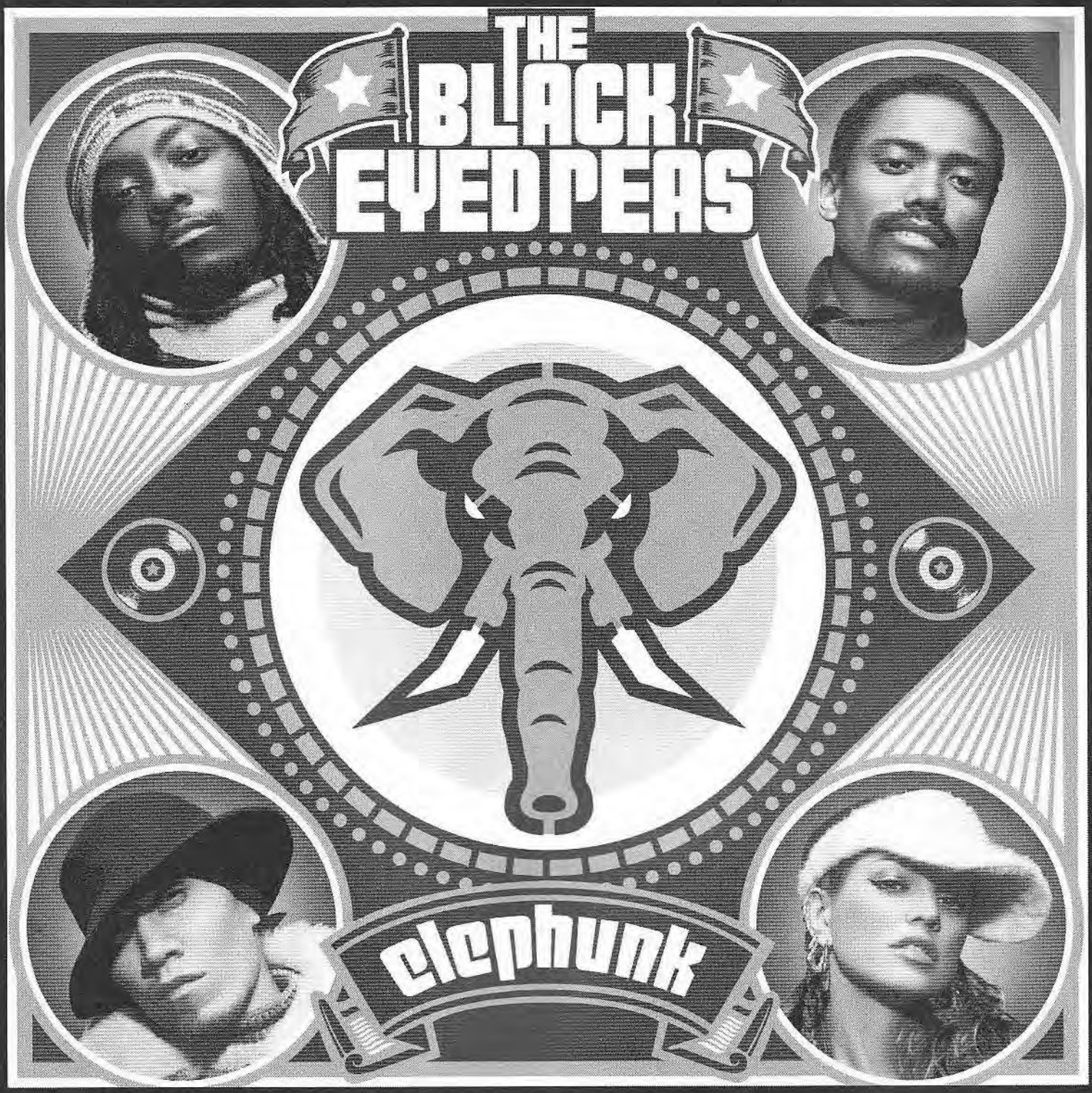
THE BLACK EYED PEAS

elephunk



weemouse

A Hal Leonard Publication



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THE BLACK EYED PEAS

Ever since they were a fledgling group in the environs of Los Angeles, the Black Eyed Peas have flaunted a passionate, energetic hip-hop spirit people have always been drawn to. They've earned fans worldwide with their inventive approach to hip-hop music, inspiring people with loose rhymes, a positive spirit, and a funkafied vibe. On *Elephunk*, the group's third album, that spirit seems to course through their beings even more than ever.

The Black Eyed Peas, will.i.am, apl.de.ap, Taboo, and newcomer Fergie named the album *Elephunk* to conjure up a big, deep funk sound. Produced in its entirety by will.i.am and apl, the album boasts a mix of live instruments and traditional hip-hop samples and beats. It also mixes the group's breathless verbal acrobatics with a very conscious view of the world.

BEP's music has always been firmly entrenched in hip-hop but also has had an eye to other musical forms. *Elephunk*, more than previous albums, seems to transcend the simple genre categorization, something will.i.am admits was intentional, both lyrically and musically. "This is a hip-hop record but we didn't go into this with hip-hop on our minds," says will.i.am. "We were just thinking of good songs, good music. We didn't want to say anything typical, like 'My style is this, and my rhymes are like that.' A couple might have slipped in, but we were really tired of saying things like that."

Elephunk was recorded in three different spurts over the last two years, beginning in 2001. "We would record about eight songs each time," remembers will.i.am. "Then each time we went back, I felt I'd changed and grown as a producer. So we'd do eight more songs, and those eight would be better than the previous eight. It kept going until we were done."

will.i.am's rhymes are clever and irreverent, but it's his work as a producer on *Elephunk* that he's most proud of. Songs like "Where Is the Love" with Justin Timberlake, the quickstepping fast-rap of "Hands Up," and the Louis Armstrong growl of "Smells Like Funk," demonstrate not just a sophisticated ear for new sounds but a head for interesting arrangements and tight songwriting. will.i.am's talent lies in his ability to mold live instruments, samples, and drum machines into a uniform sound. He's always taken a musically broad perspective, and on this album it shows more than ever.

"My volition as a producer has definitely grown," he says. "I think my understanding of music has grown. I've discovered new ways of manifesting my thoughts into reality, and I know my equipment better."

Elephunk also welcomes a new member into the BEP fold, Los Angeles native Fergie. The singer met will.i.am at BEP shows around town and was invited to join in on a recording session. In the studio, one song turned to three turned to five turned to an invitation to join the group. Says Fergie about her experience, "This group is just totally open to new ideas and directions."

Some of those new directions on *Elephunk* include songs like "Anxiety," which matches the Black Eyed Peas with popular platinum rock band Papa Roach, whom they met and bonded with on tour. The groups are really similar, says will.i.am. "The energy between us was thick. When we started talking to them, it was a real conversation, like we were 60 and just hangin' out at a bus stop."

The song itself, a hard-hitting rhythmic jam, relates the tension of the world today with personal struggles the members of the different groups have gone through. "These last couple of years haven't been easy," says will.i.am. "Is it guilt? Stress? Uncertainty over what's going to happen in the next five years? Is it rap? Hip-hop? The fact that everyone is clubbin' and gun-totin' and we're thought of as just some fashionable motherfuckers? It's a whole bunch of stuff going on."

Overall, will.i.am couldn't be happier with the way the album's turned out, and he feels people will be open to the new directions the Black Eyed Peas are going in. "The audience is smarter than they've ever been," he says. "Maybe ten years ago, they were run-of-the-mill, but these kids today aren't the same. They've got it together."

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4 hands up
17 labor day (it's a holiday)
28 let's get retarded
37 hey mama
47 shut up
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70 latin girls
80 sexy
91 fly away
100 the boogie that be
111 the apl song
117 anxiety
124 where is the love

Hands Up

Words and Music by Will Adams, Allan Pineda,
Jaime Gomez, Billy May, Vivanco Moises,
Michael Fratantuno, George Pajon Jr. and Jean Baptiste

Moderately slow, in 2

*D Db N.C. C Bm N.C. D Db N.C.

mf

*Bass plays B pedal throughout.

C Bm N.C. Gb F N.C. E Eb N.C.

D Db N.C. C Bm N.C. D Db N.C.

Hands up. *(Rap:) Com - ing with rhy - thms to*

C Bm N.C. D Db N.C. C Bm N.C.

make your head jerk. Hands up. *We mak - in' the whole joint short cir - cuit.*

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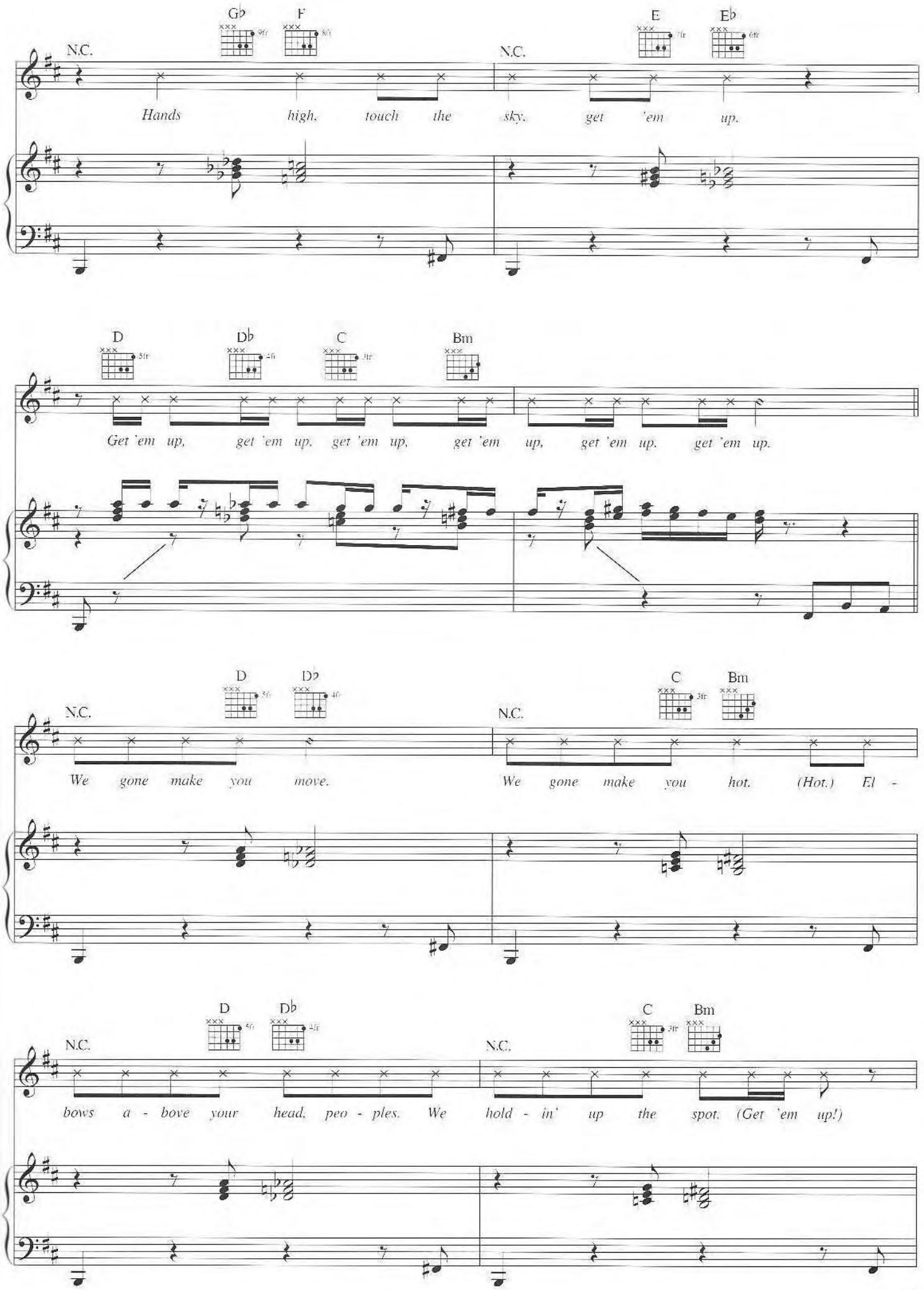
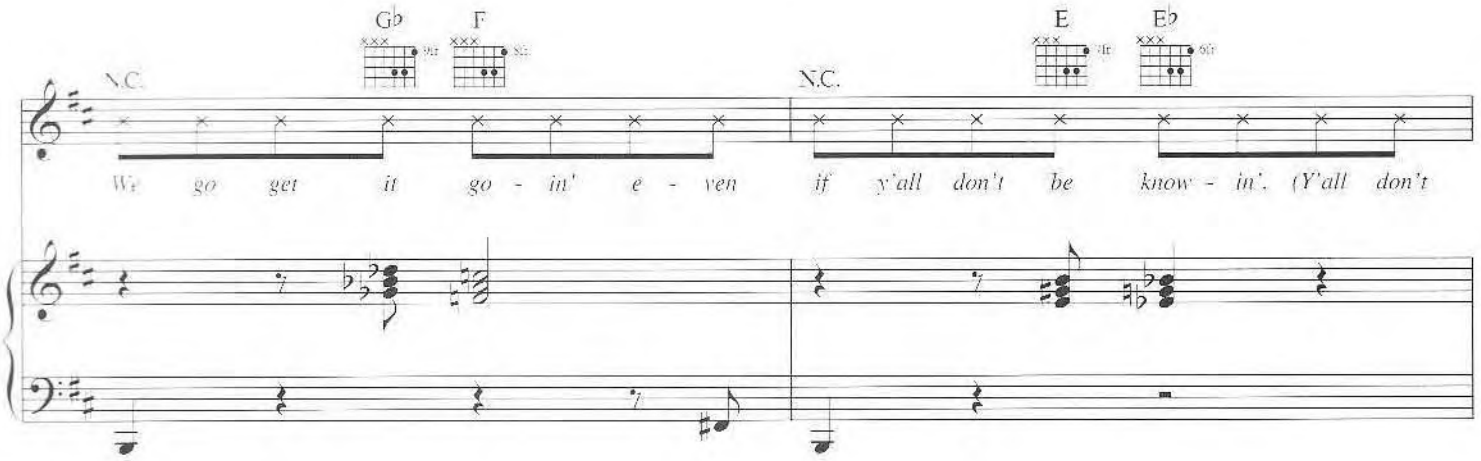
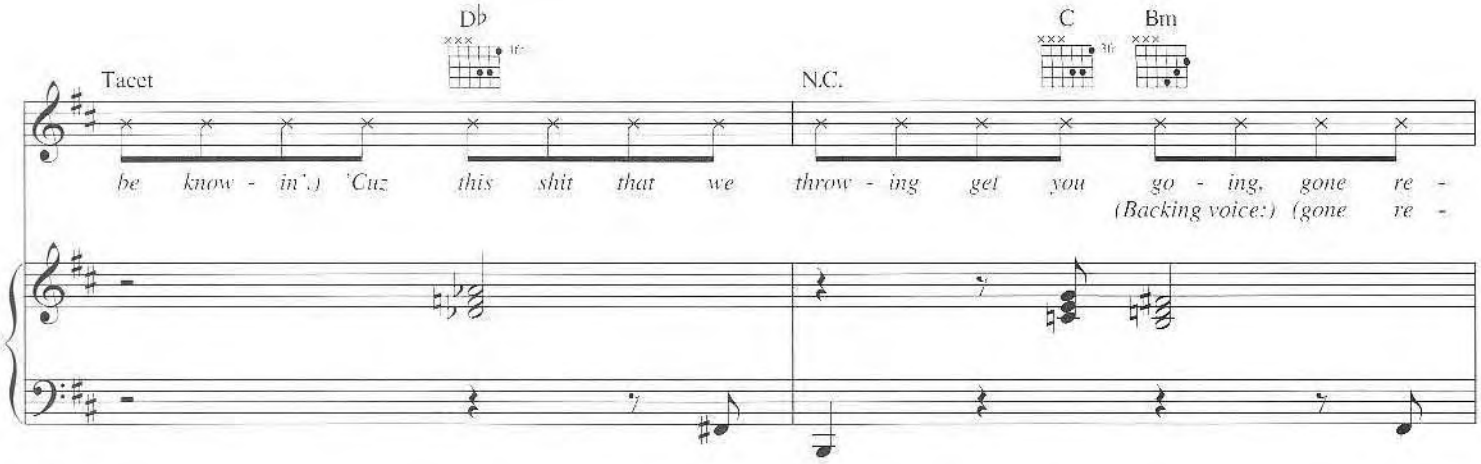
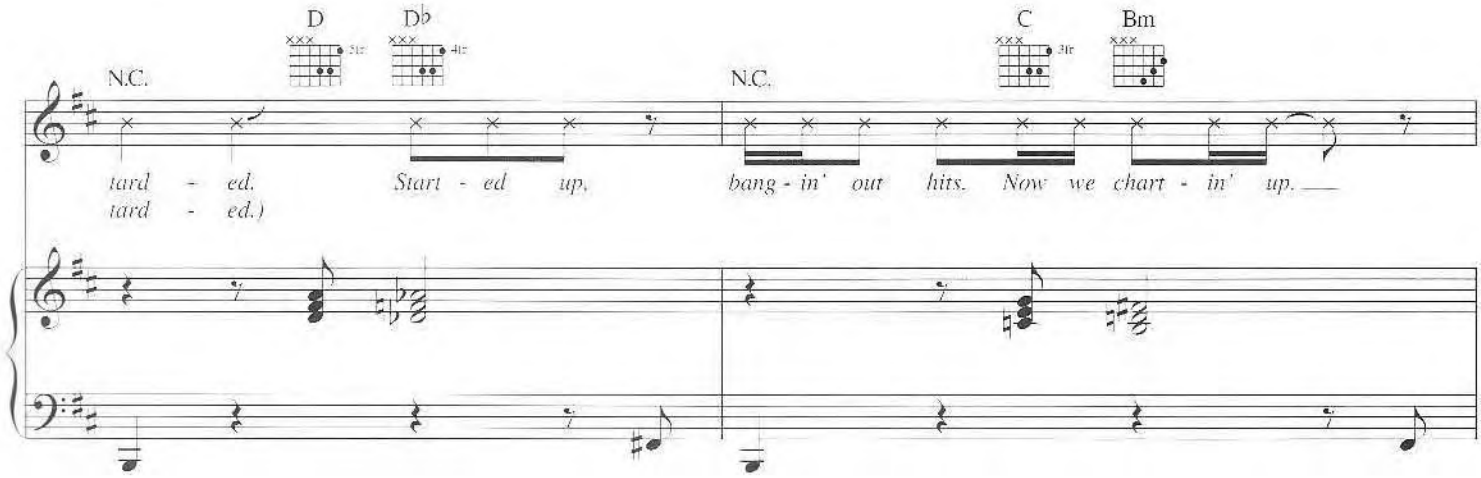
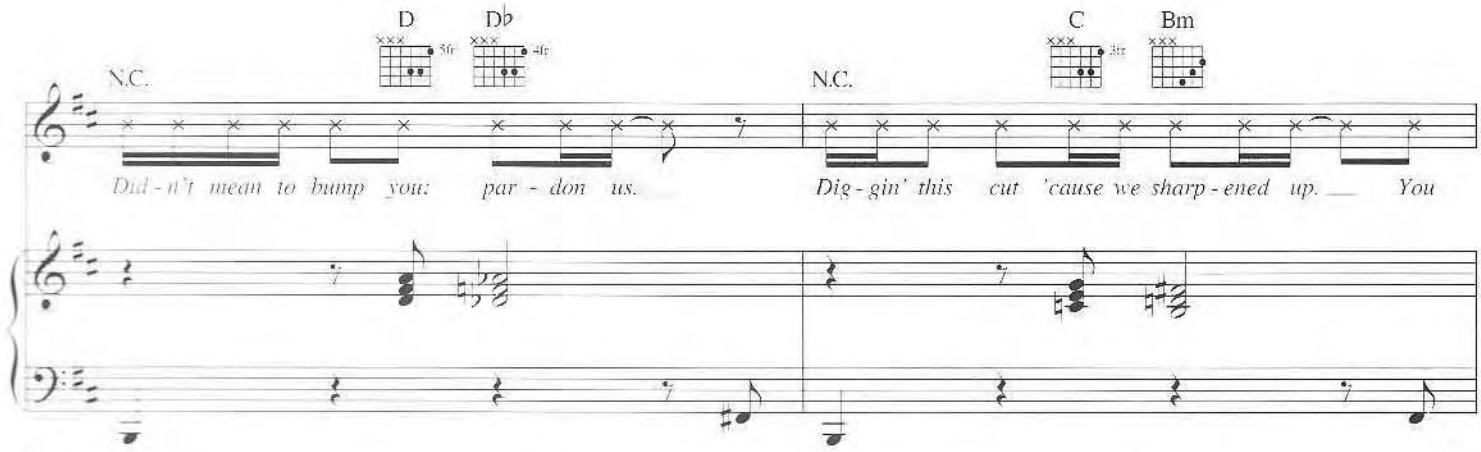
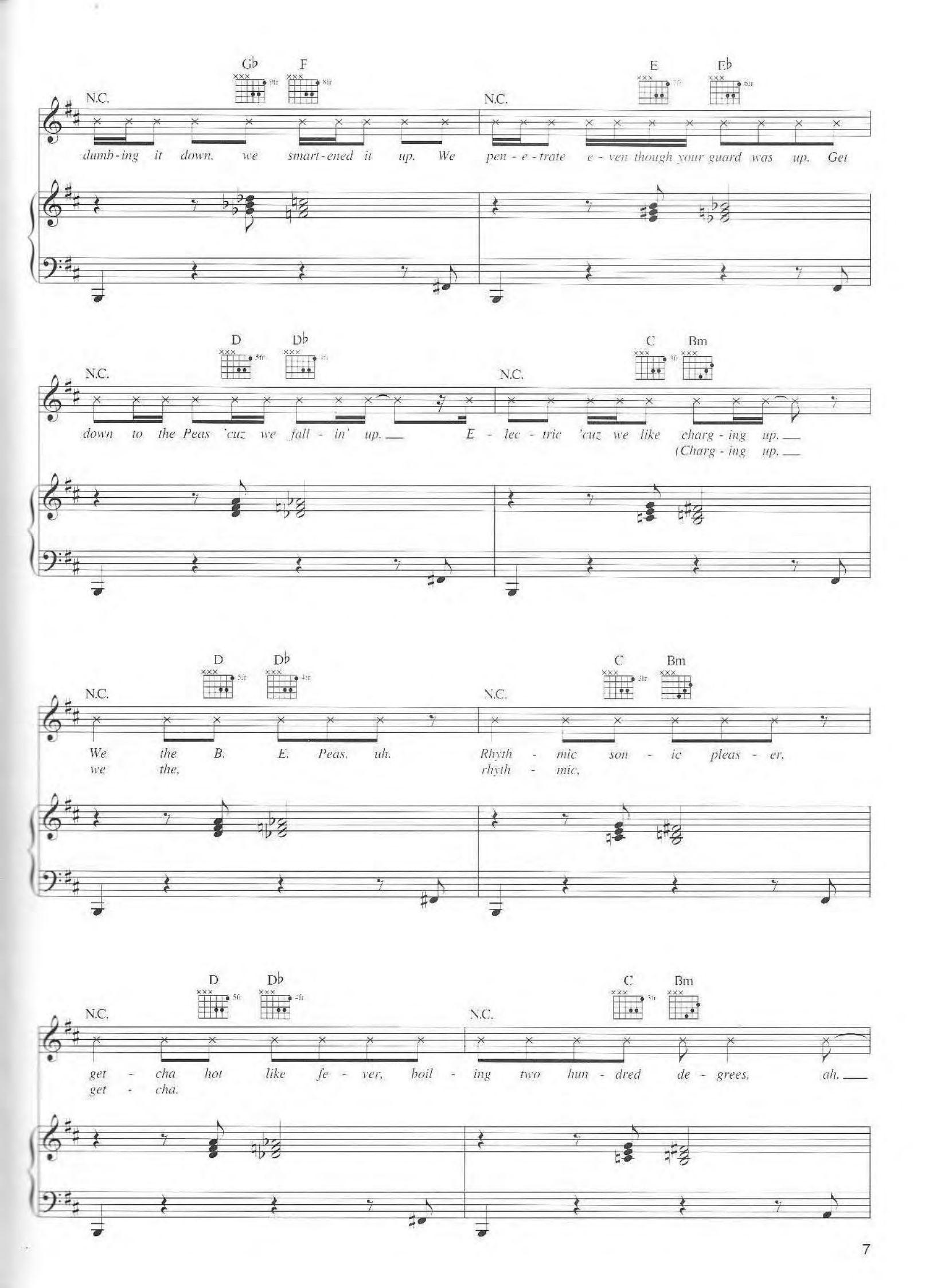

N.C.
G♭
F
N.C.
E
E♭
Hands high, touch the sky, get 'em up.
D
D♭
C
Bm
Get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up.
N.C.
D
D♭
N.C.
C
Bm
We gone make you move.
We gone make you hot. (Hot.) El -
N.C.
D
D♭
N.C.
C
Bm
bows a - bove your head, peo - ples. We hold - in' up the spot. (Get 'em up!)

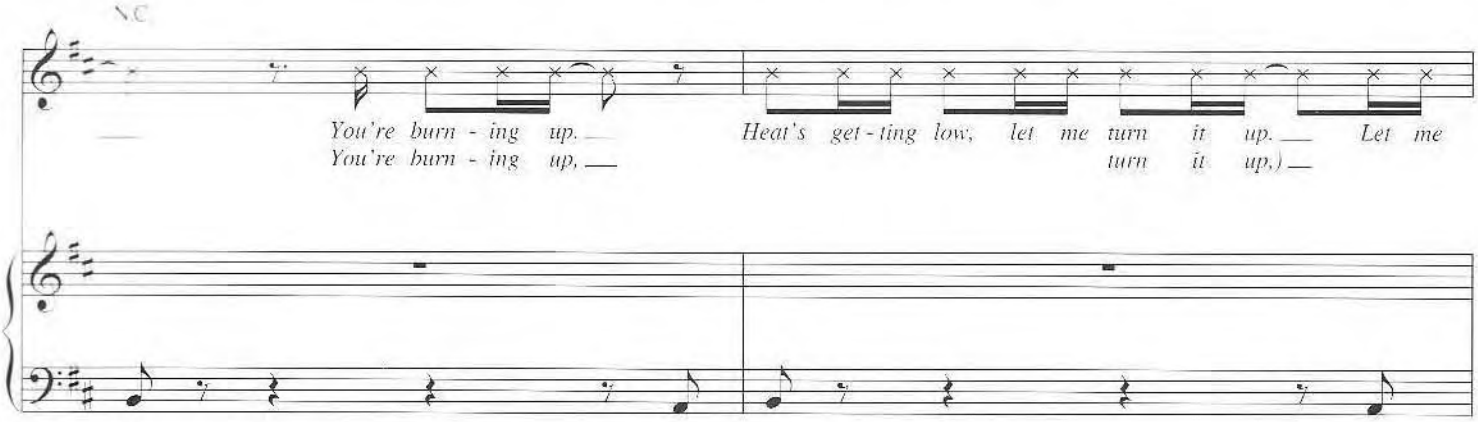

G♭
F
E
E♭
N.C.
N.C.
We go get it go - in' e - ven if y'all don't be know - in'. (Y'all don't

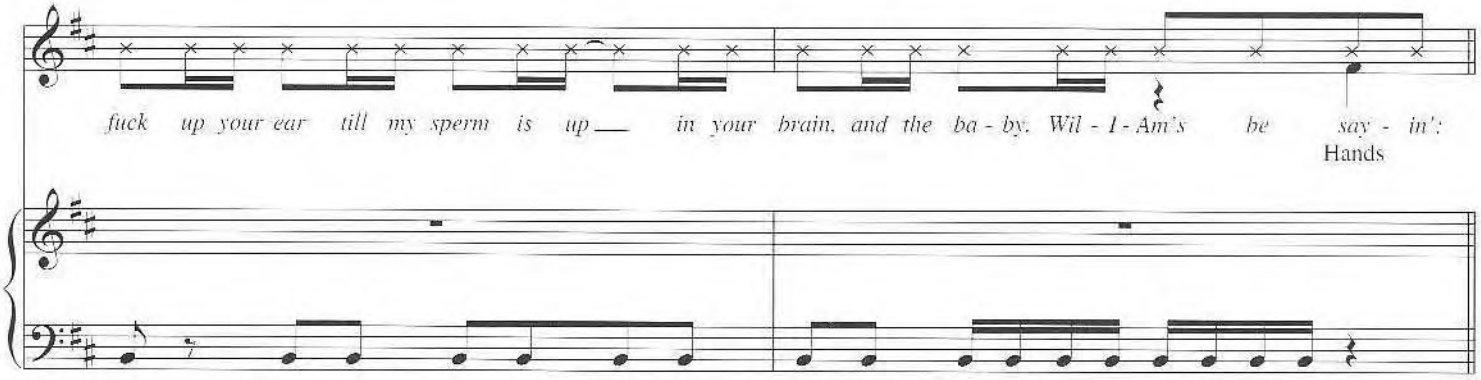

D♭
C
Bm
Tacet
N.C.
be know - in'.) 'Cuz this shit that we throw - ing get you go - ing, gone re -
(Backing voice:) (gone re -

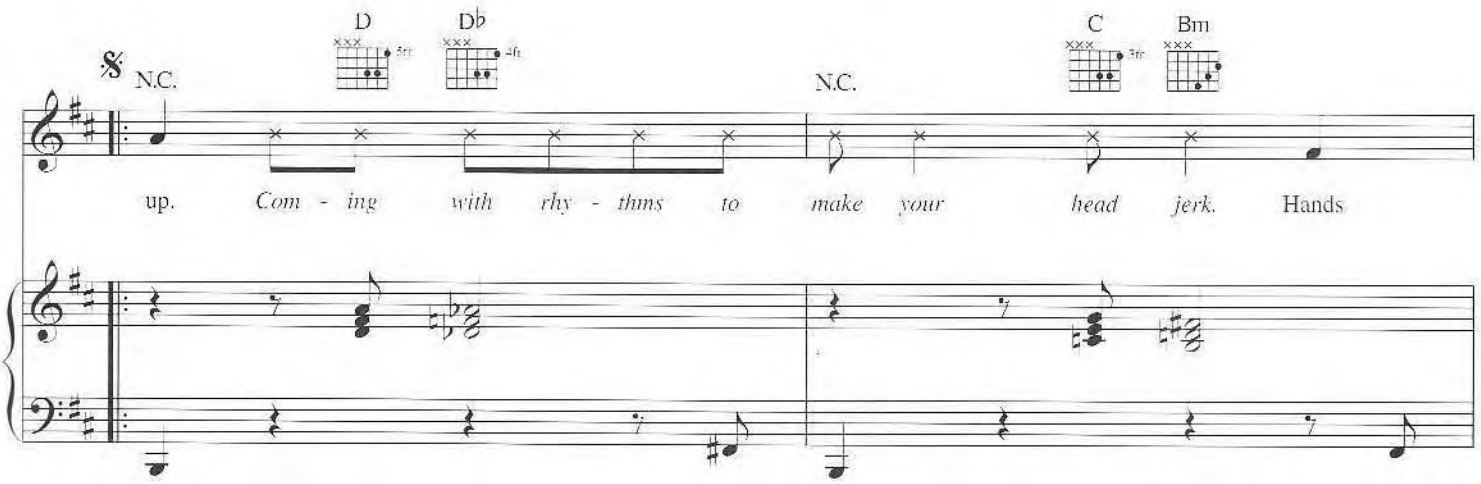

D
D♭
C
Bm
N.C.
N.C.
tard - ed. Start - ed up, bang - in' out hits. Now we chart - in' up.
tard - ed.)

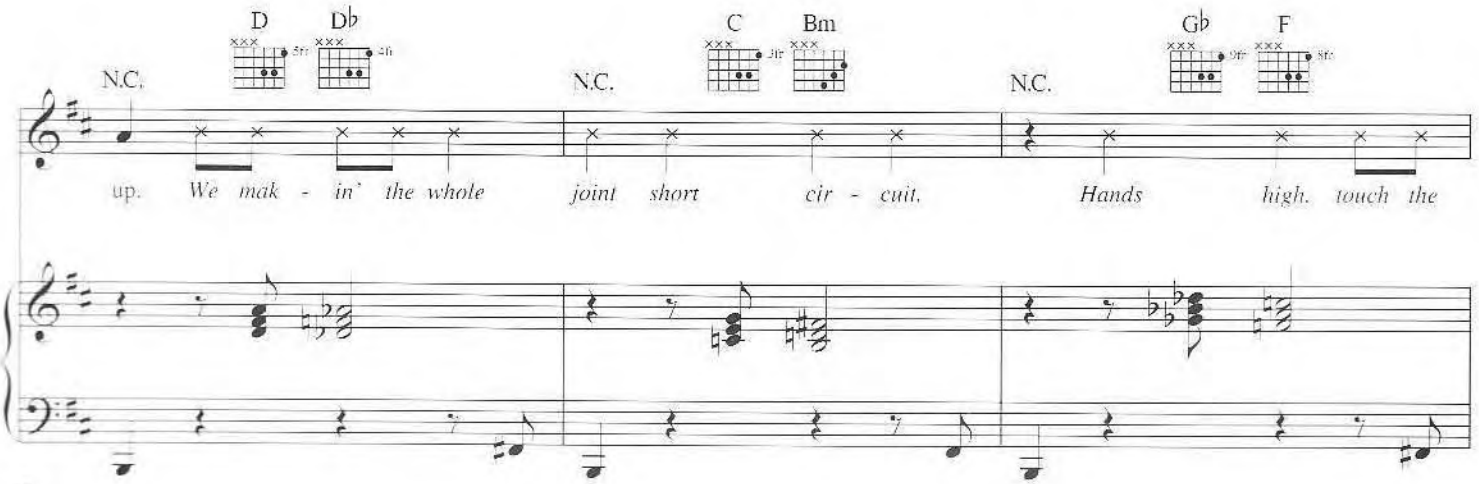

D
D♭
C
Bm
N.C.
N.C.
Did - n't mean to bump you: par - don us. Dig - gin' this cut 'cause we sharp - ened up. You

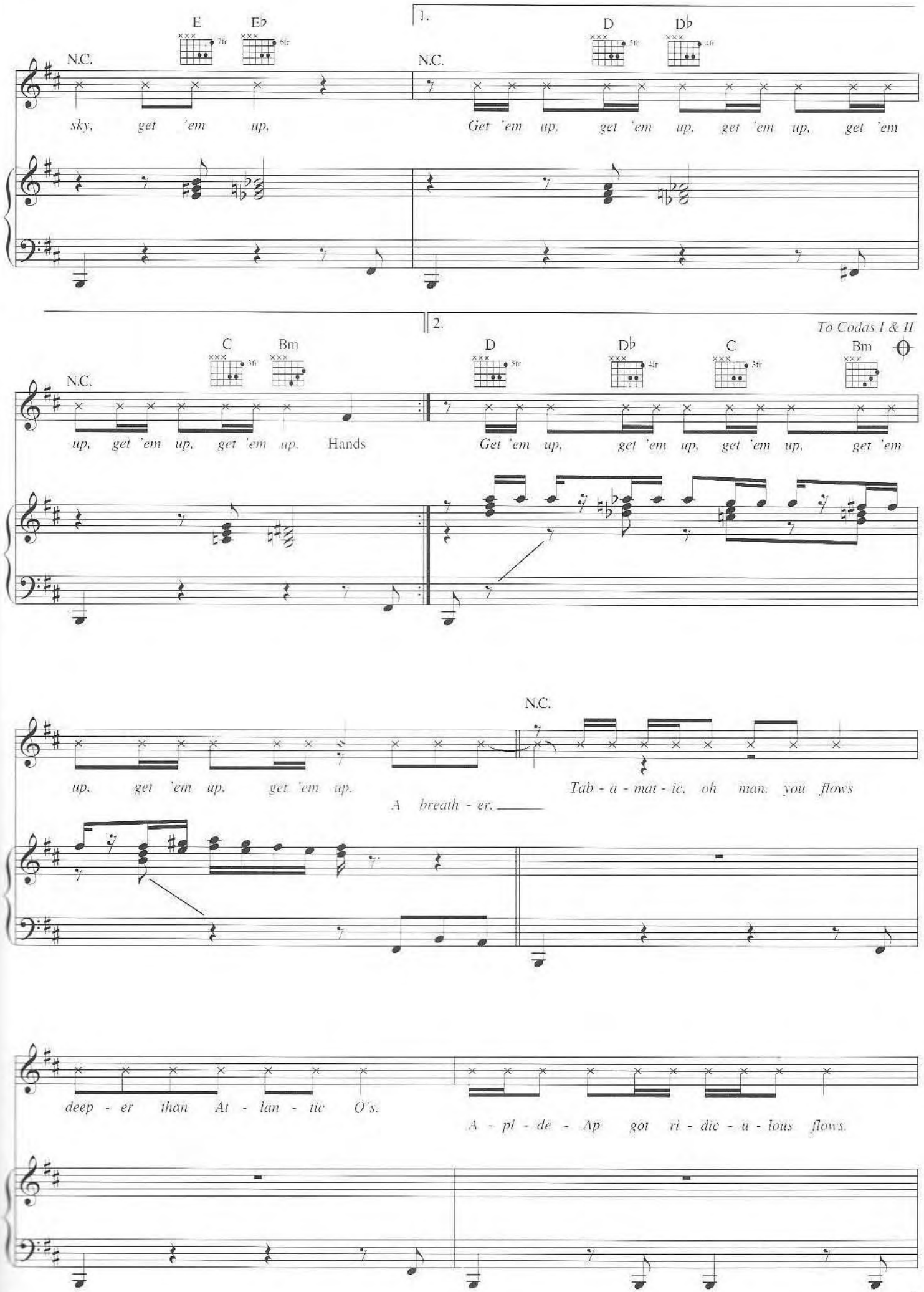

N.C.
Gb
F
N.C.
E
Eb
dumb-ing it down. we smart-ened it up. We pen-e-trate e-ven though your guard was up. Get
N.C.
D
Db
N.C.
C
Bm
down to the Peas 'cuz we fall-in' up. E-lec-tric 'cuz we like charg-ing up.
(Charg-ing up.
N.C.
D
Db
N.C.
C
Bm
We the B. E. Peas, uh. Rhyth-mic son-ic pleas-er,
we the, rhyth-mic,
N.C.
D
Db
N.C.
C
Bm
get-cha hot like fe-ver, boil-ing two hun-dred de-grees, ah.
get-cha.

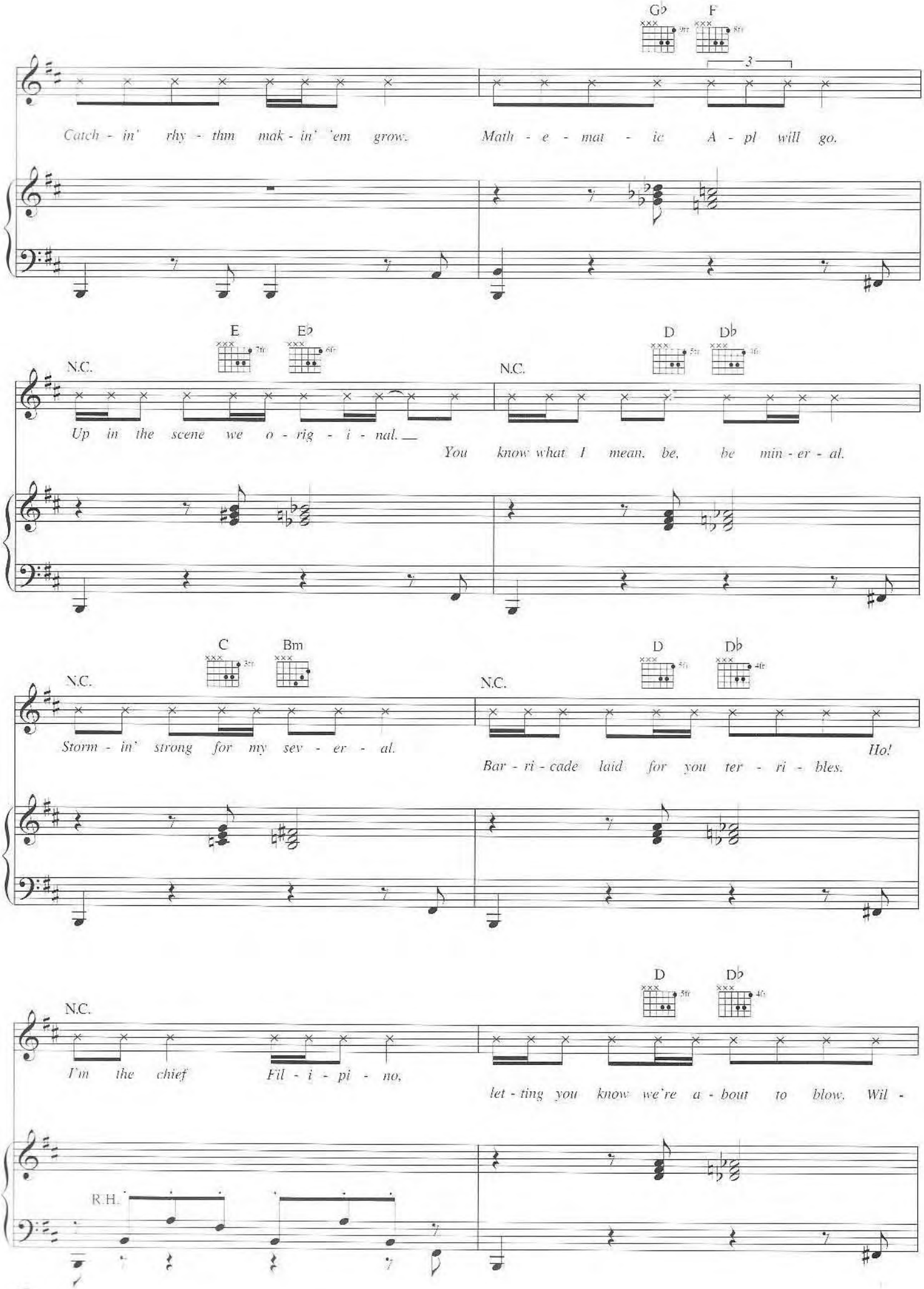

N.C.
You're burn - ing up.
You're burn - ing up,
Heat's get - ting low, let me turn it up.
turn it up,)
Let me

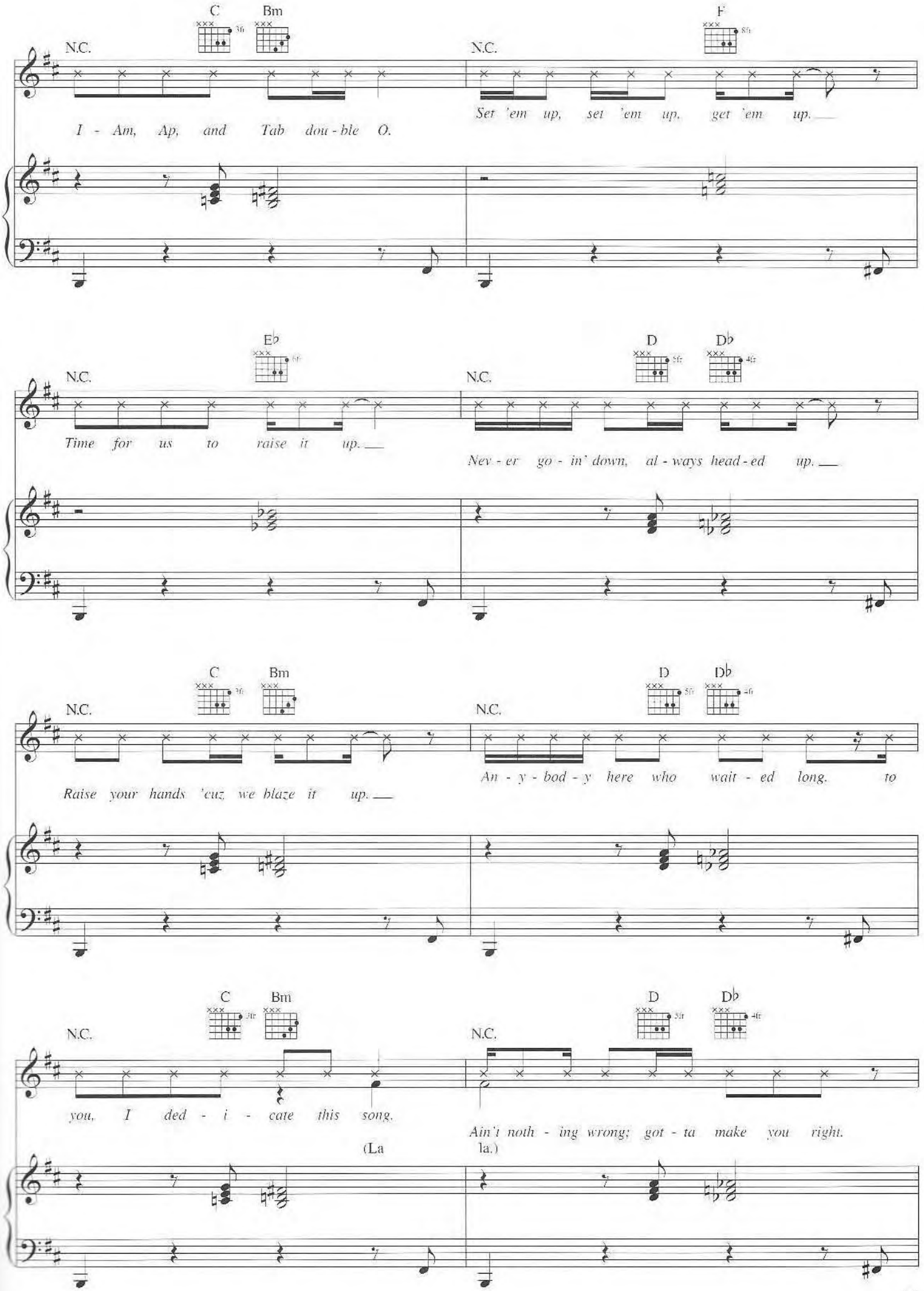

fuck up your ear till my sperm is up in your brain, and the ba - by, Wil - I - Am's be say - in':
Hands

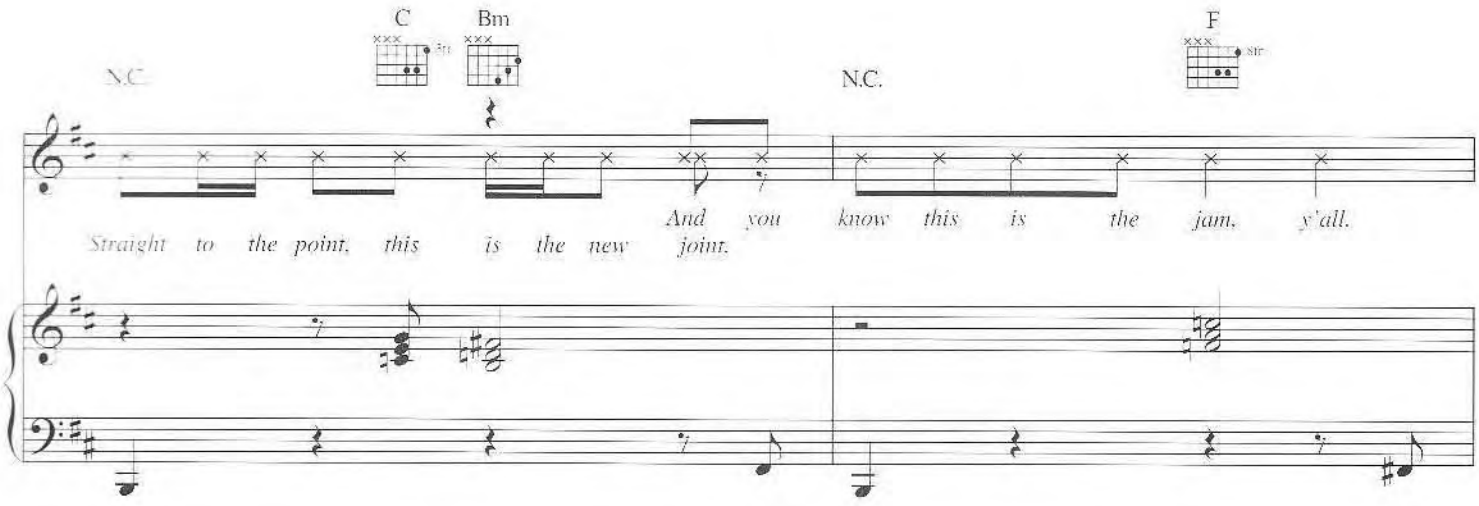

D
D♭
C
Bm
N.C.
N.C.
up. Com - ing with rhy - thms to make your head jerk.
Hands

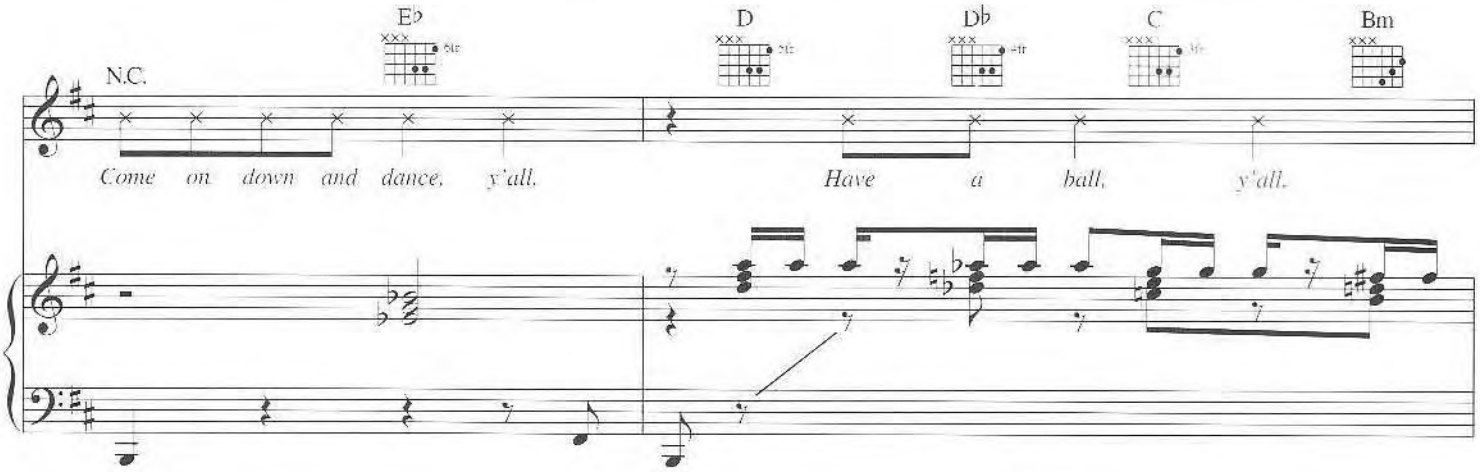

D
D♭
C
Bm
G♭
F
N.C.
N.C.
N.C.
up. We mak - in' the whole joint short cir - cuit.
Hands high. touch the

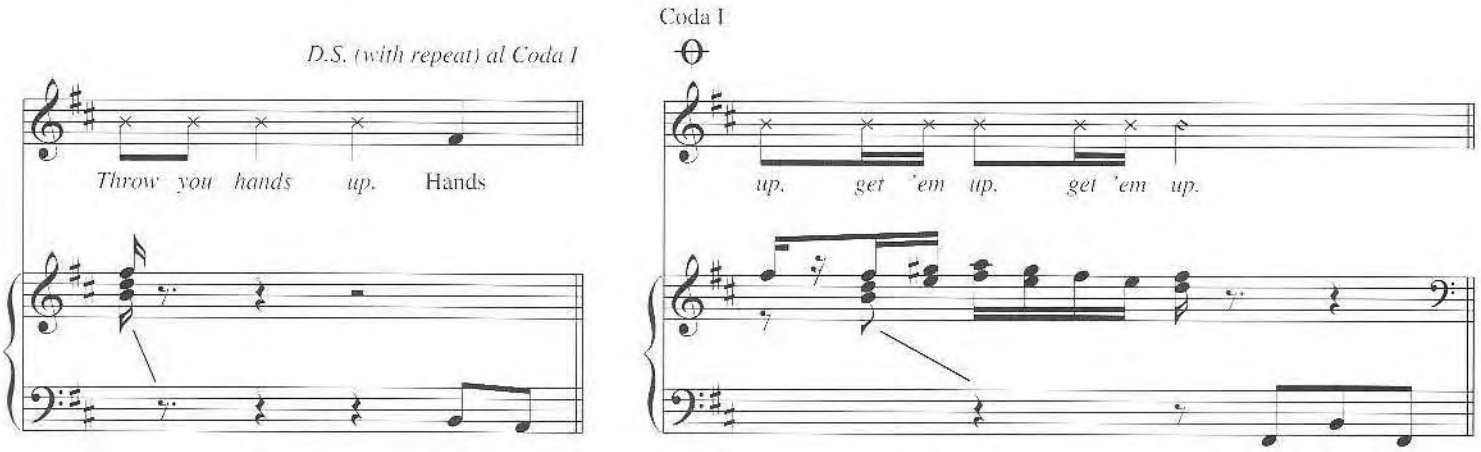

E
E♭
N.C.
sky, get 'em up,
1.
N.C.
D
D♭
Get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em
2.
To Codas I & II
C
Bm
N.C.
up, get 'em up, get 'em up, Hands
D
D♭
C
Bm
Get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em
N.C.
up, get 'em up, get 'em up,
A breath - er.
Tab - a - mat - ic, oh man, you flows
deep - er than At - lan - tic O's.
A - pl - de - Ap got ri - dic - u - lous flows.

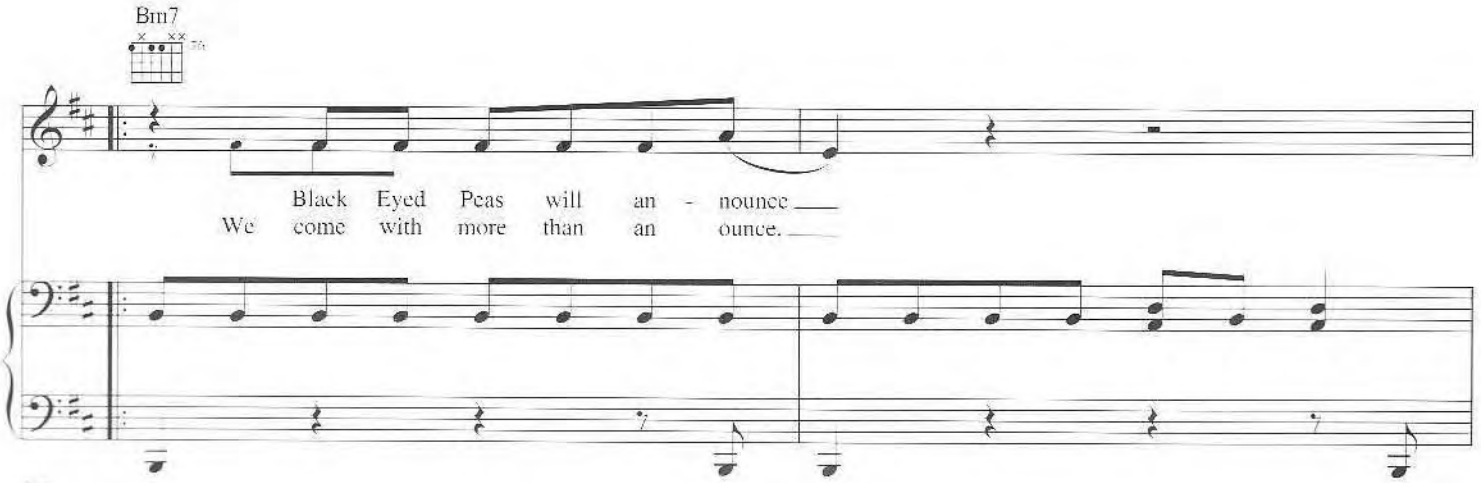

G♭
F
Catch - in' rhy - thm mak - in' 'em grow.
Math - e - mat - ic A - pl will go.
N.C.
E
E♭
Up in the scene we o - rig - i - nal.
N.C.
D
D♭
You know what I mean, be, be min - er - al.
N.C.
C
Bm
Storm - in' strong for my sev - er - al.
N.C.
D
D♭
Bar - ri - cade laid for you ter - ri - bles.
Ho!
N.C.
D
D♭
I'm the chief Fil - i - pi - no,
let - ting you know we're a - bout to blow. Wil -
R.H.

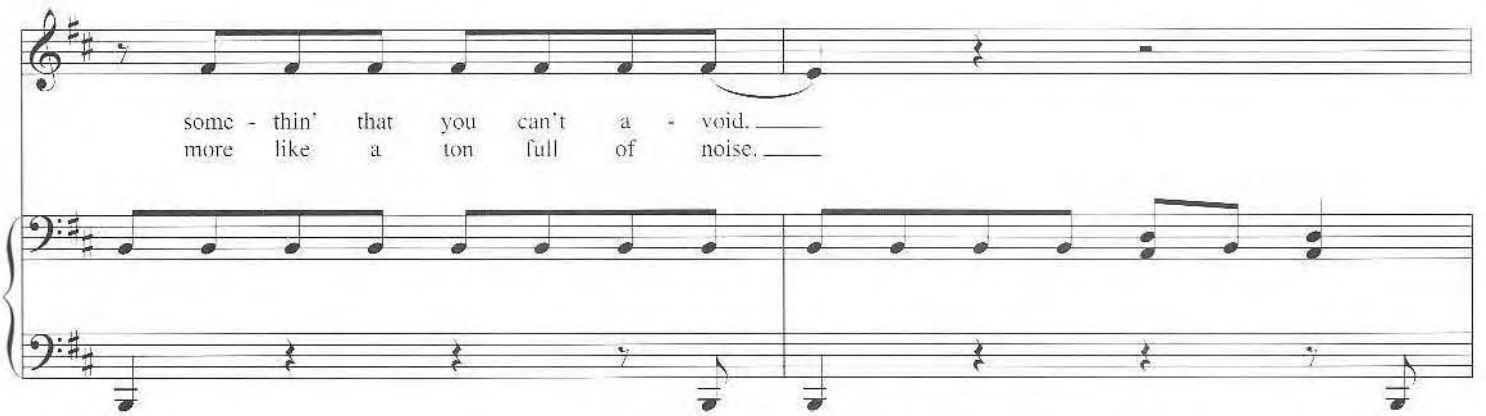

C
Bm
N.C.
I - Am, Ap, and Tab dou - ble O.
N.C.
F
Set 'em up, set 'em up, get 'em up.
E♭
N.C.
Time for us to raise it up.
N.C.
D
D♭
Nev - er go - in' down, al - ways head - ed up.
C
Bm
N.C.
Raise your hands 'cuz we blaze it up.
N.C.
D
D♭
An - y - bod - y here who wait - ed long. to
C
Bm
N.C.
you. I ded - i - cate this song.
(La
N.C.
D
D♭
Ain't noth - ing wrong; got - ta make you right.
la.)

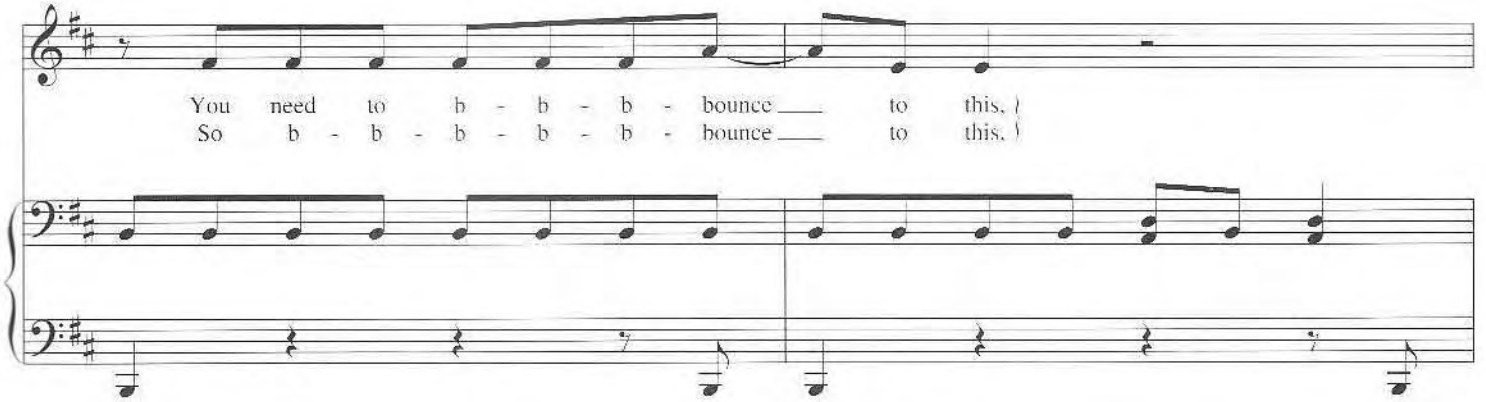

N.C.
C
Bm
N.C.
F
Straight to the point, this is the new joint.
And you know this is the jam, y'all.

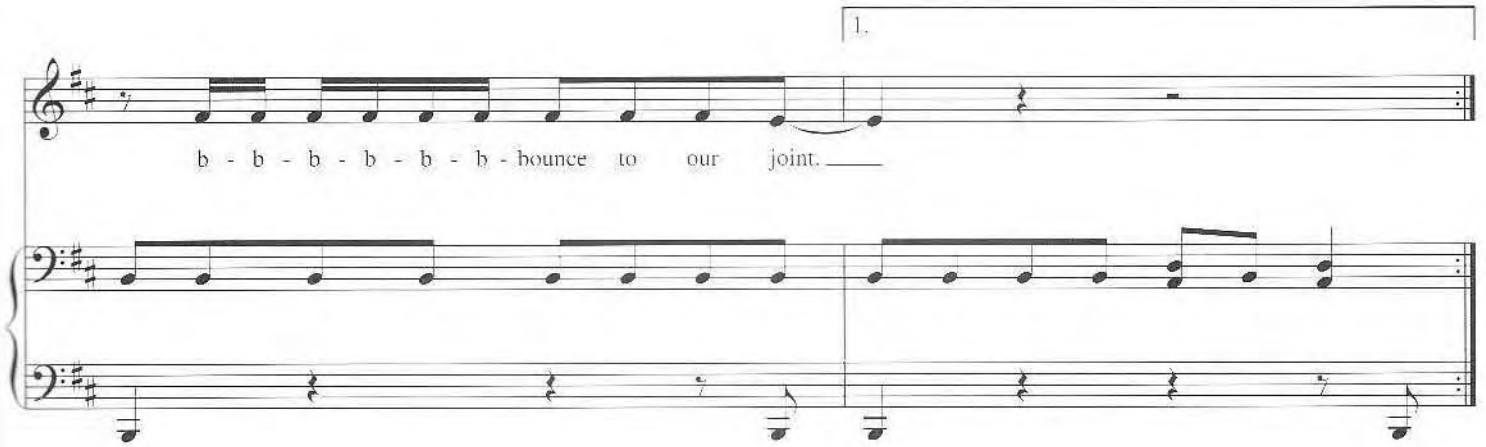

N.C.
E♭
D
D♭
C
Bm
Come on down and dance, y'all.
Have a ball, y'all.

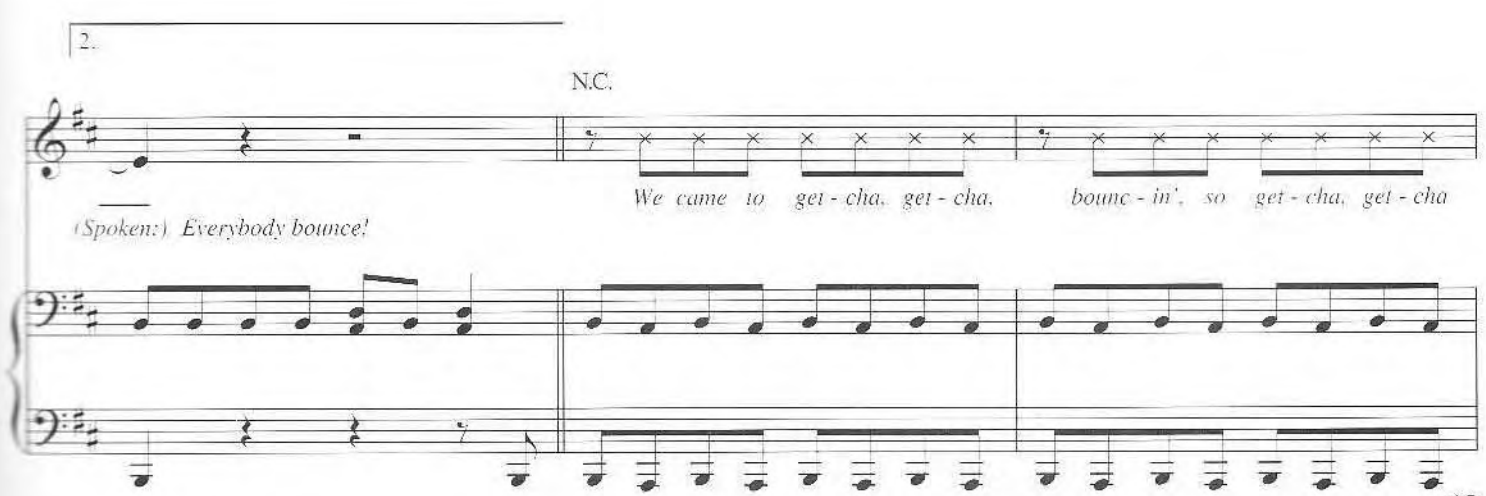

D.S. (with repeat) al Coda I
Coda I
Throw you hands up. Hands
up. get 'em up. get 'em up.

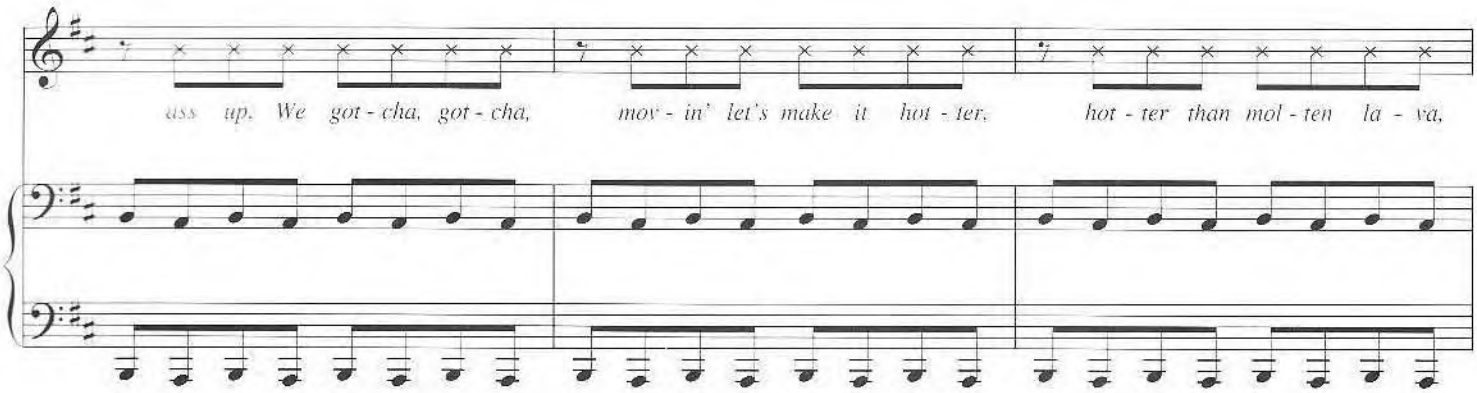

Bm7
Black Eyed Peas will an - nounce
We come with more than an ounce.

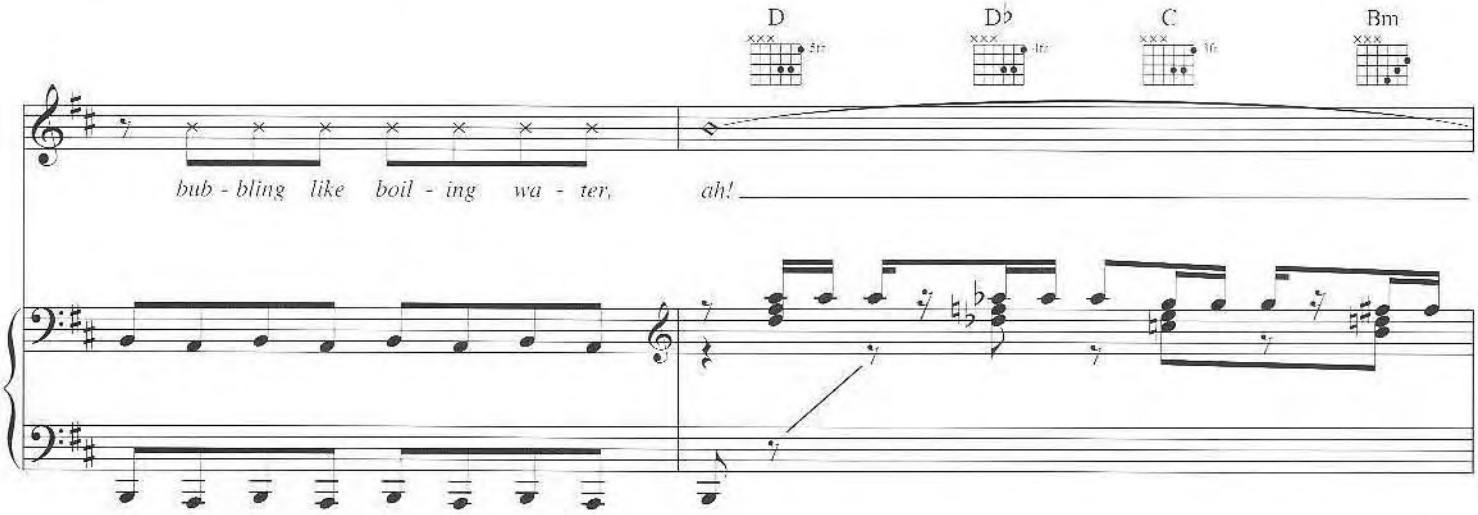

some - thin' that you can't a - void.
more like a ton full of noise.

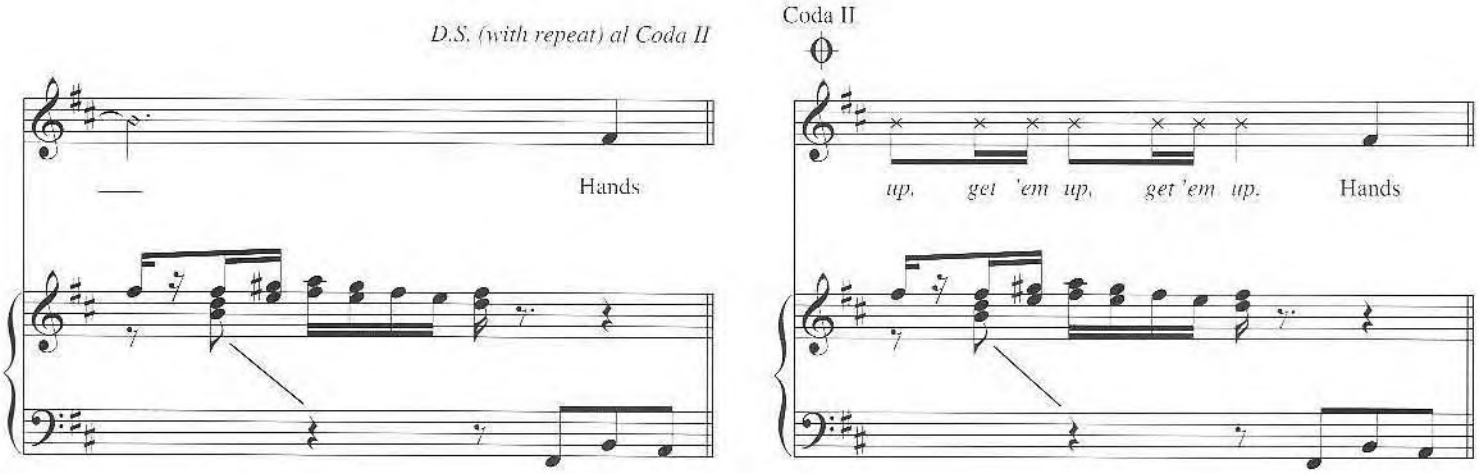

You need to b - b - b - bounce to this.
So b - b - b - b - b - bounce to this.

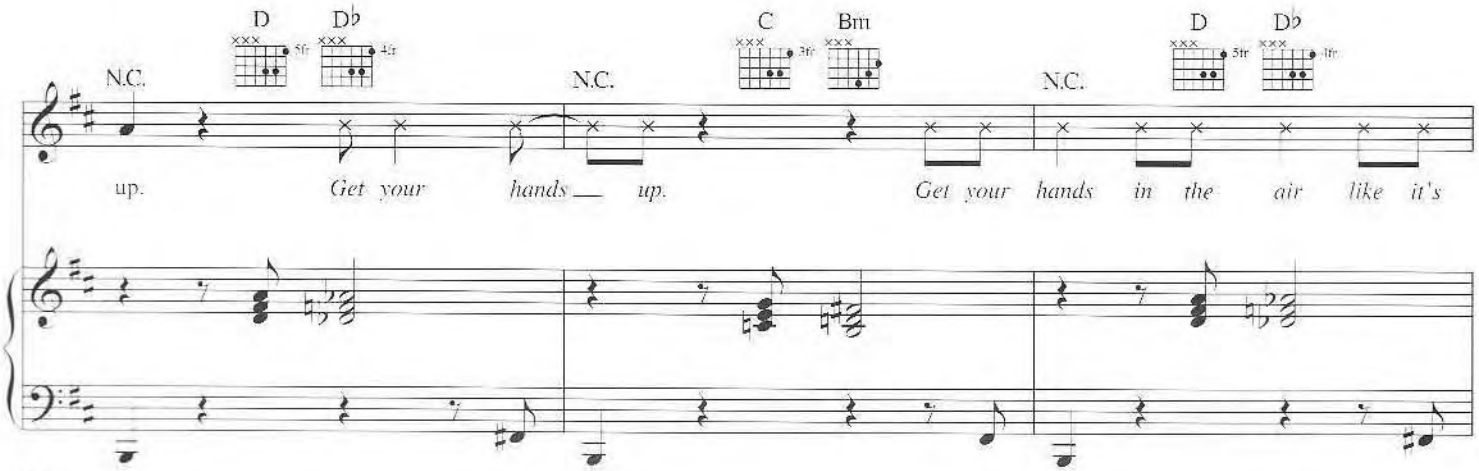

1.
b - b - b - b - b - b - bounce to our joint.

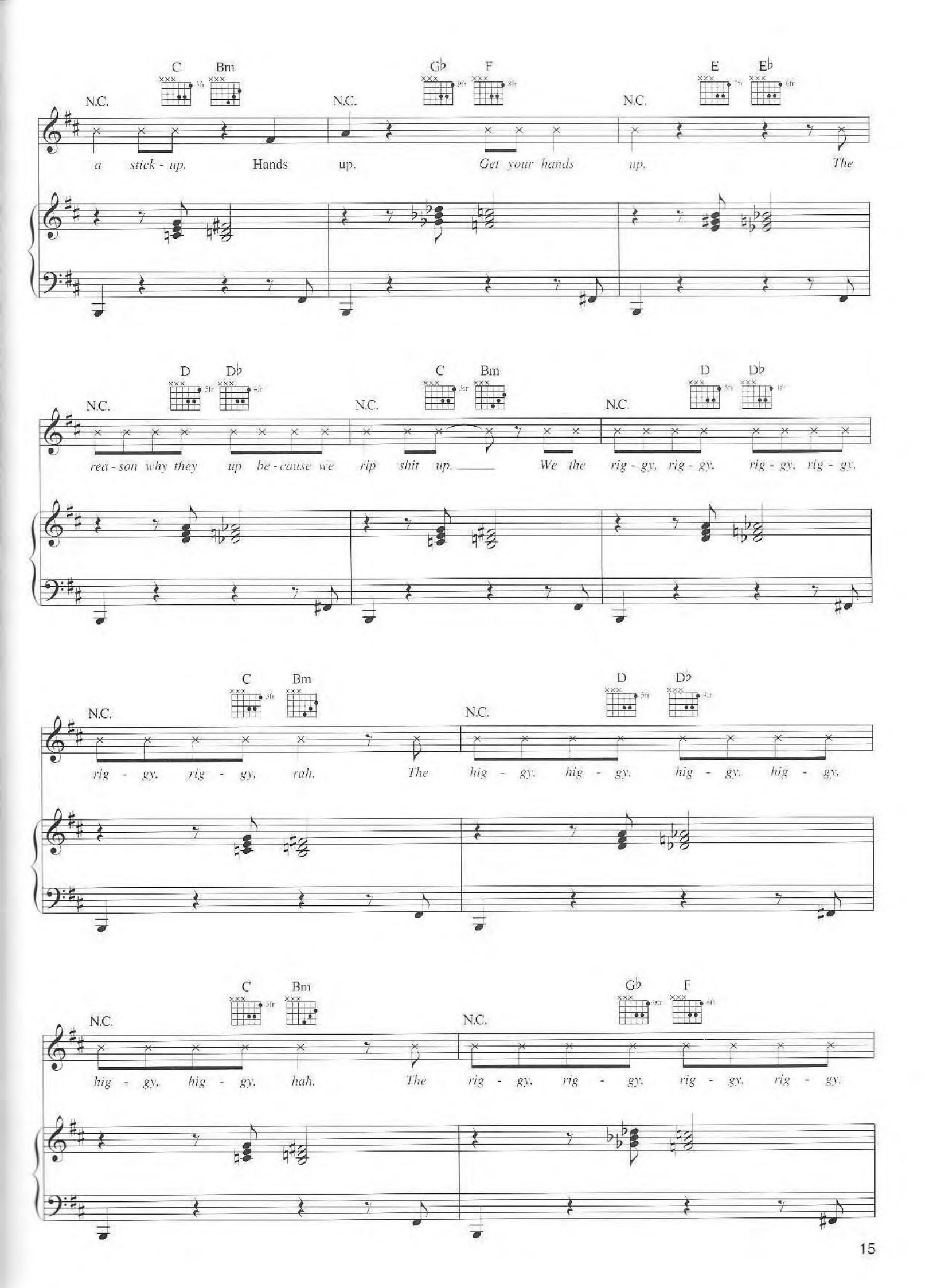

2.
N.C.
(Spoken:) Everybody bounce!
We came to get - cha, get - cha, bounc - in', so get - cha, get - cha

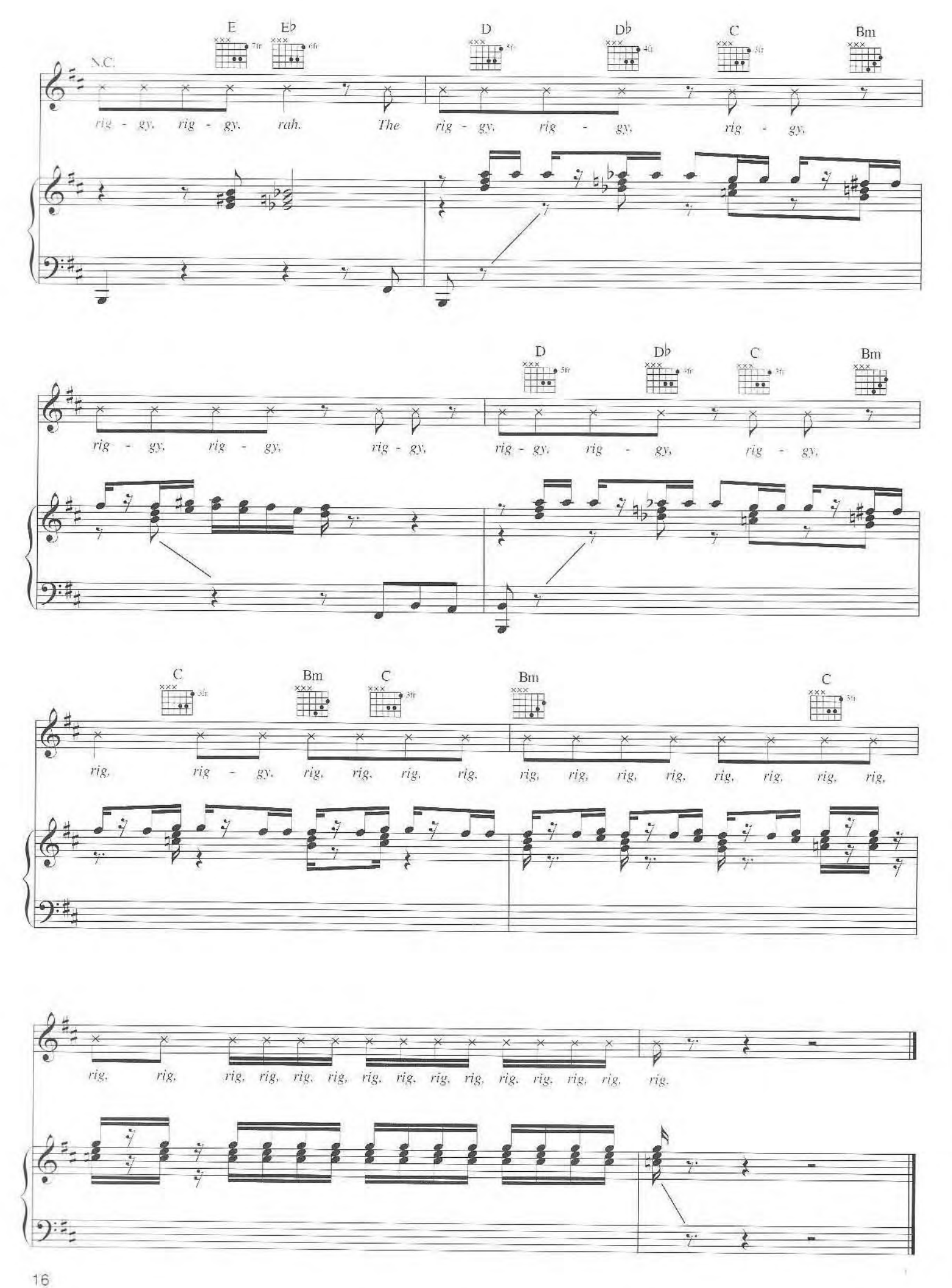

ass up. We got - cha, got - cha, mov - in' let's make it hot - ter, hot - ter than mol - ten la - va,


D
D♭
C
Bm
bub - bling like boil - ing wa - ter, ah!


D.S. (with repeat) al Coda II
Hands
Coda II
up, get 'em up, get 'em up. Hands


N.C.
D
D♭
N.C.
C
Bm
N.C.
D
D♭
up. Get your hands up. Get your hands in the air like it's


C Bm G♭ F E E♭
N.C. N.C. N.C.
a stick - up. Hands up. Get your hands up. The
D D♭ C Bm D D♭
N.C. N.C. N.C.
rea - son why they up be - cause we rip shit up. We the rig - gy, rig - gy, rig - gy, rig - gy,
C Bm D D♭
N.C. N.C.
rig - gy, rig - gy, rah. The hig - gy, hig - gy, hig - gy, hig - gy,
C Bm G♭ F
N.C. N.C.
hig - gy, hig - gy, hah. The rig - gy, rig - gy, rig - gy, rig - gy,


N.C.
E
E♭
D
D♭
C
Bm
rig - gy, rig - gy, rah. The rig - gy, rig - gy, rig - gy,
D
D♭
C
Bm
rig - gy, rig - gy, rig - gy, rig - gy, rig - gy, rig - gy,
C
Bm
C
Bm
C
rig, rig - gy, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig,
rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig, rig.

Labor Day
(It's a Holiday)

Words and Music by Will Adams, Allan Pineda, James Brown,
Phelps Catfish Collins, William Earl Collins, John W. Griggs,
Clayton Isiah Gunnels, Darrell Jamison, Robert McCollough,
Clyde Stubblefield, Frank Clifford Waddy and Thomas Van Musser

Moderately fast

Bm7

(Ah! Ooh, ooh.) (Rap:) When I step in the room, I bring the heat like the month of June.

mf

Crank the vol - ume, make the bass go boom. Wild out like we some wild ba - boons.

(Ooh, ooh.) We go ba - nan - as to the time. I wan - na throw bows, give me el - bow room. (Move,

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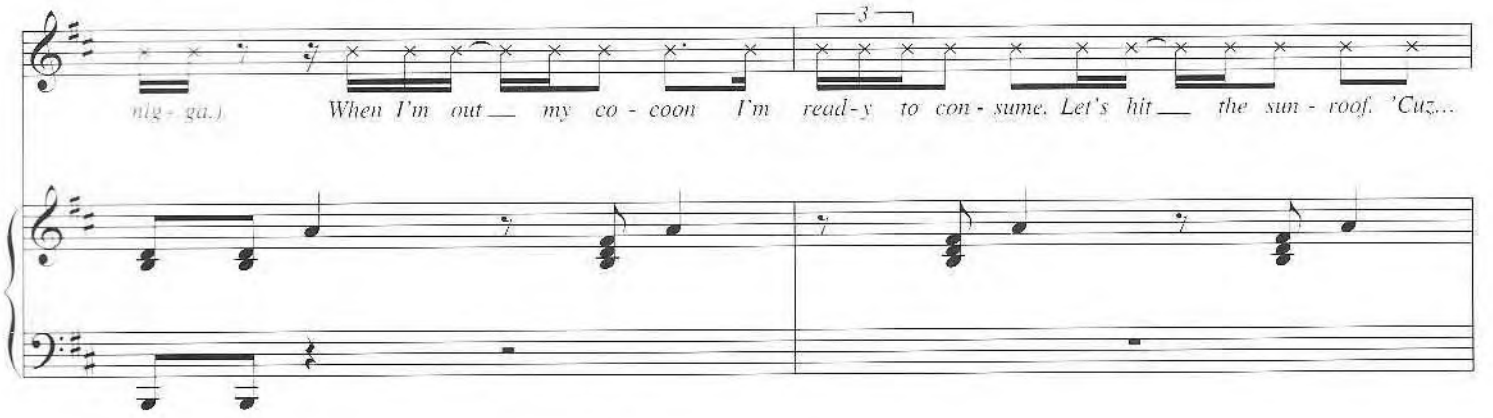
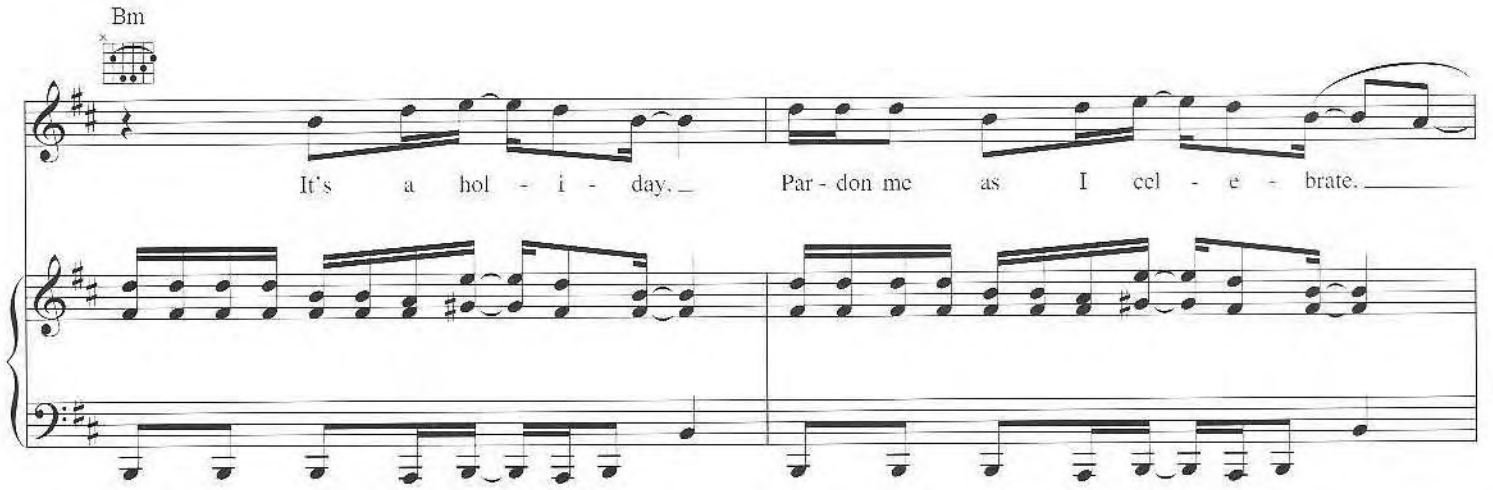
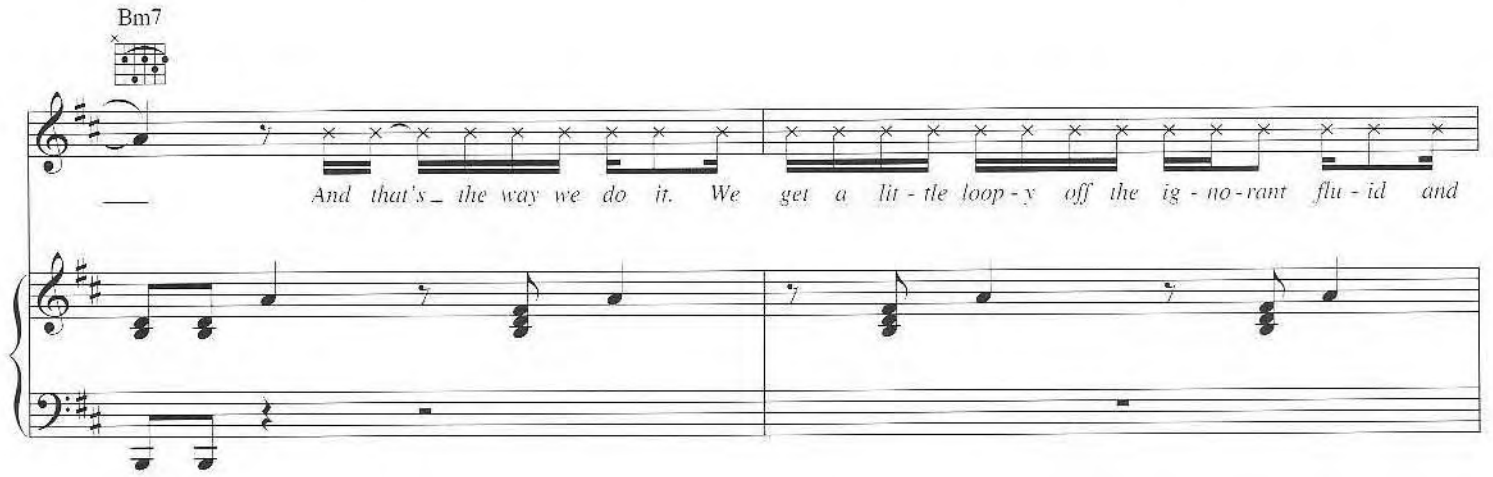
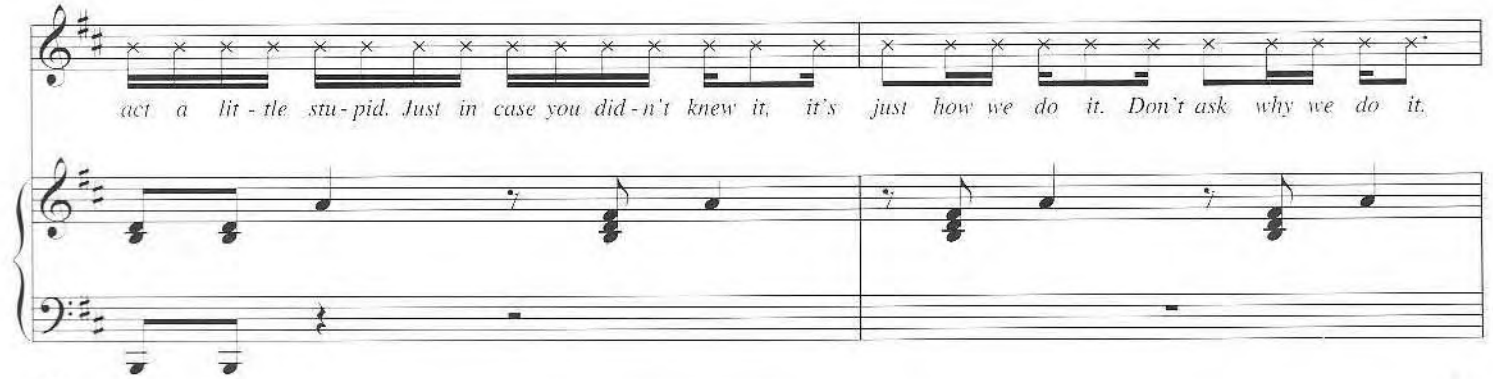
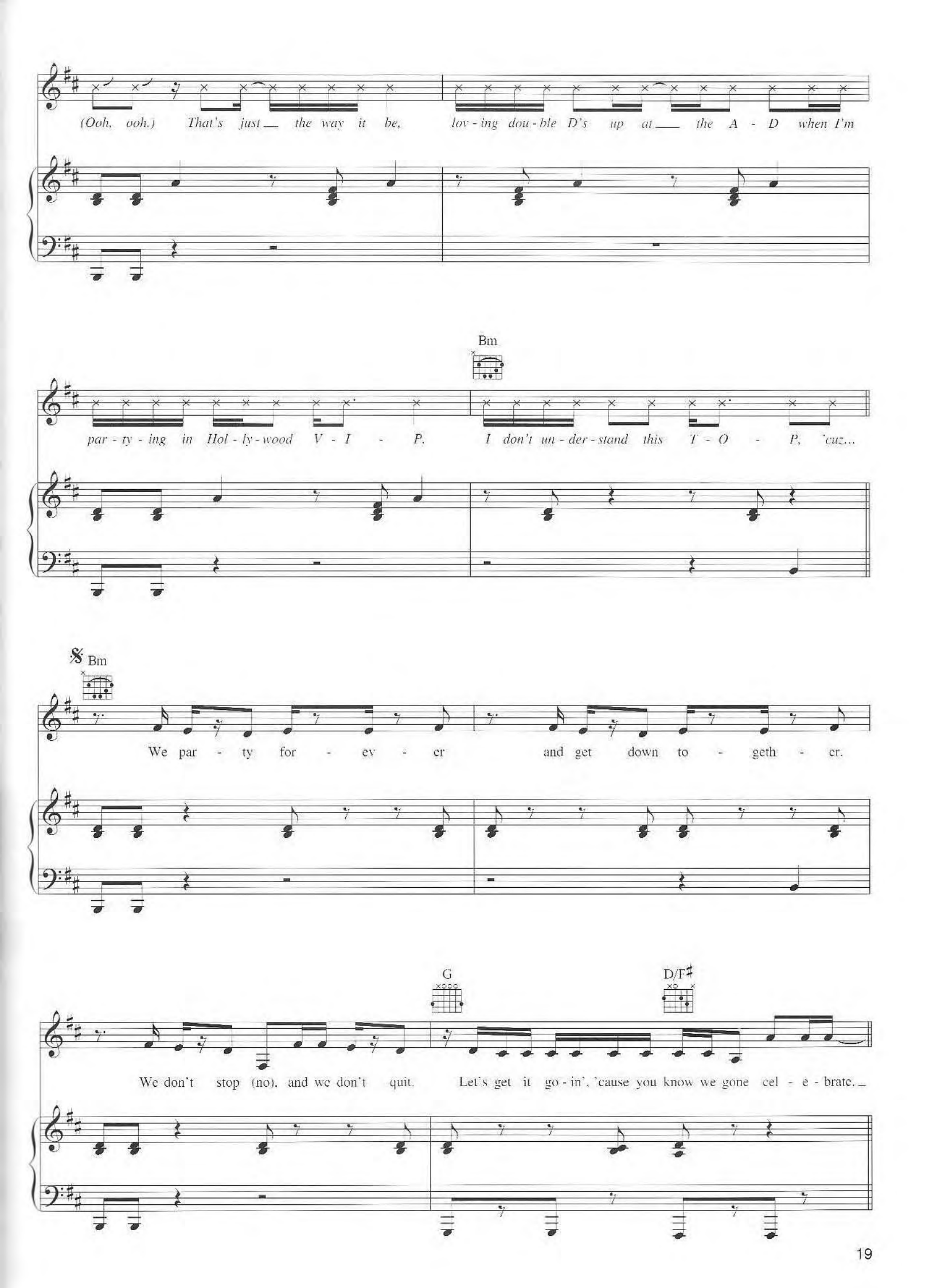
Contains elements from "The Grunt"

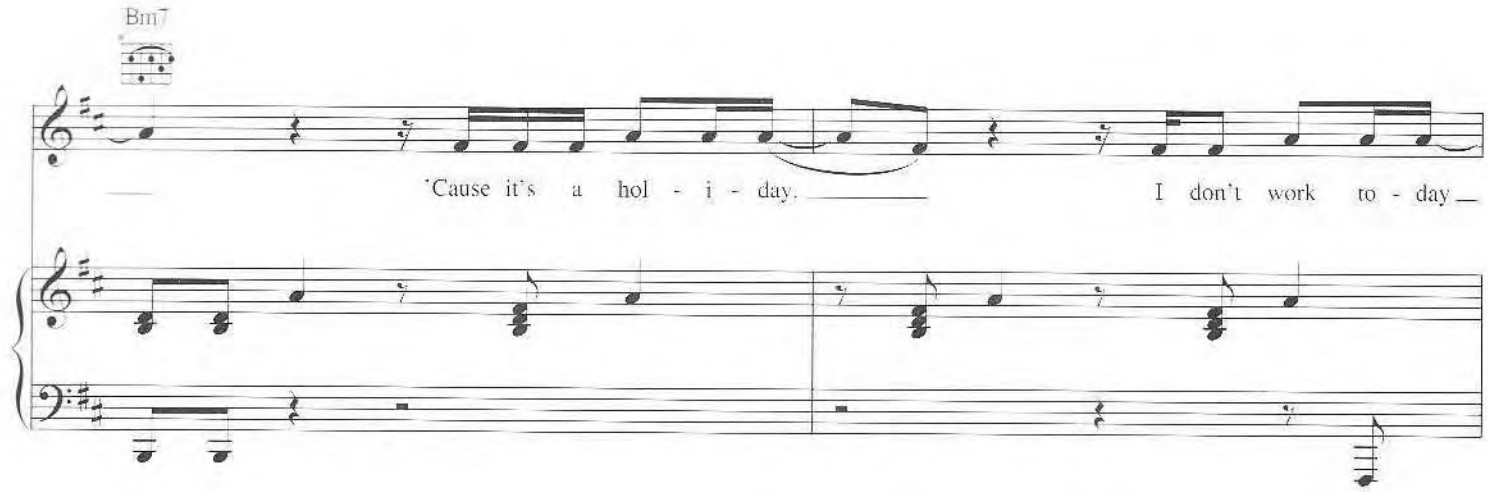

3
nig - ga.)
When I'm out my co - coon I'm read - y to con - sume. Let's hit the sun - roof. 'Cuz...

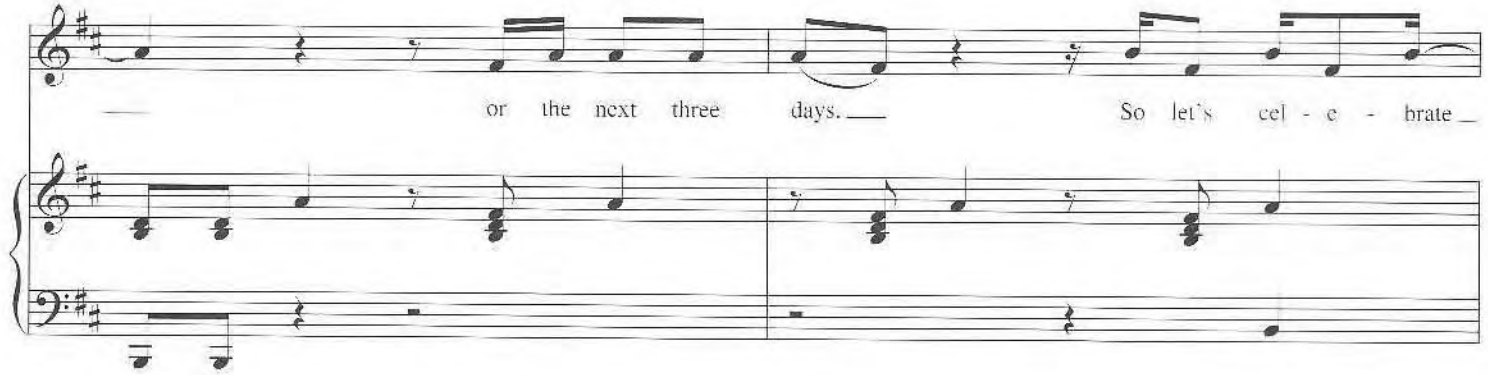

Bm
It's a hol - i - day. Par - don me as I cel - e - brate.

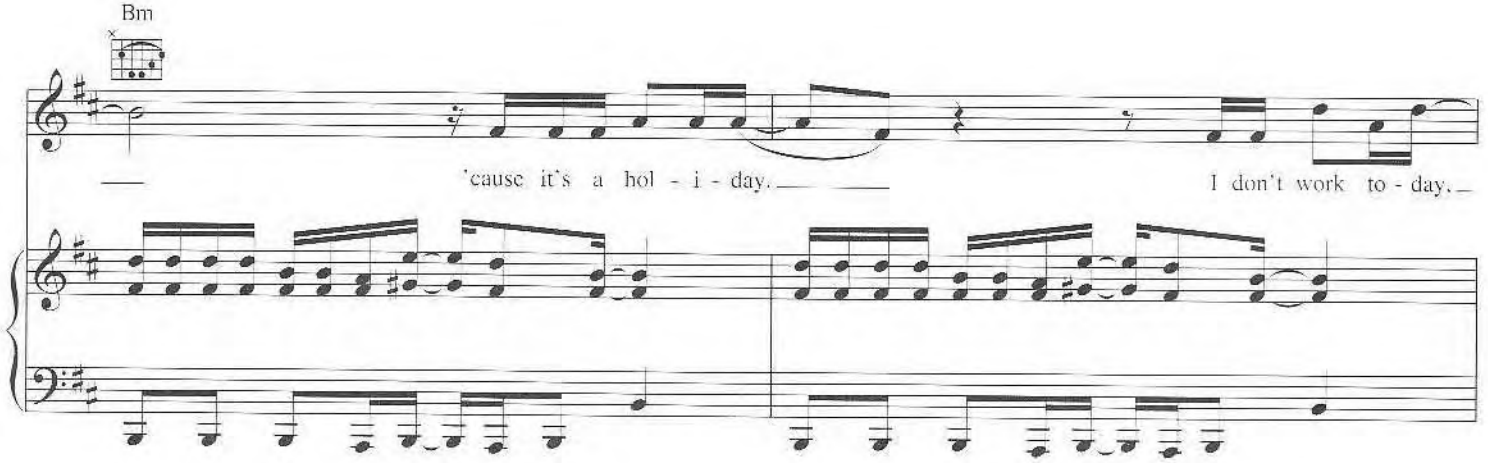

Bm7
And that's the way we do it. We get a lit - tle loop - y off the ig - no - rant flu - id and

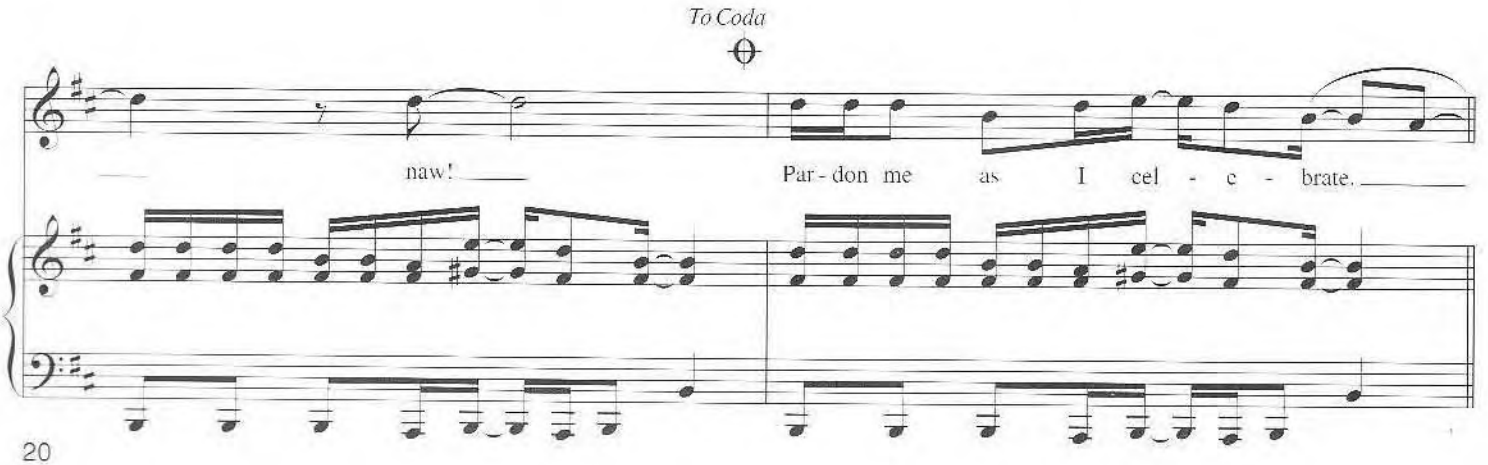

act a lit - tle stu - pid. Just in case you did - n't knew it, it's just how we do it. Don't ask why we do it.

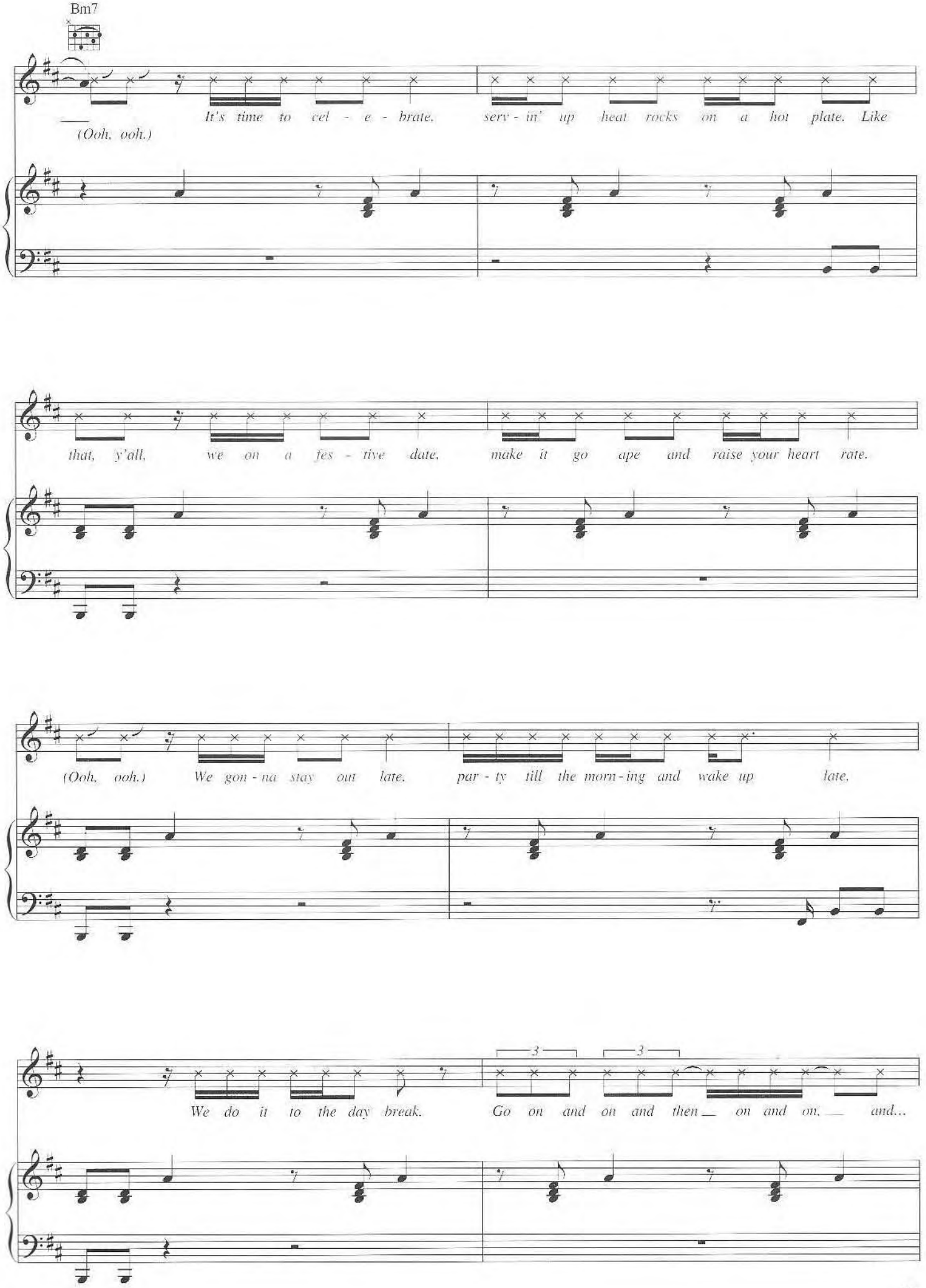

(Ooh, ooh.) That's just the way it be, lov - ing dou - ble D's up at the A - D when I'm
Bm
par - ty - ing in Hol - ly - wood V - I - P. I don't un - der - stand this T - O - P, 'cuz...
Bm
We par - ty for - ev - er and get down to - geth - er.
G
D/F♯
We don't stop (no), and we don't quit. Let's get it go - in', 'cause you know we gone cel - e - brate.

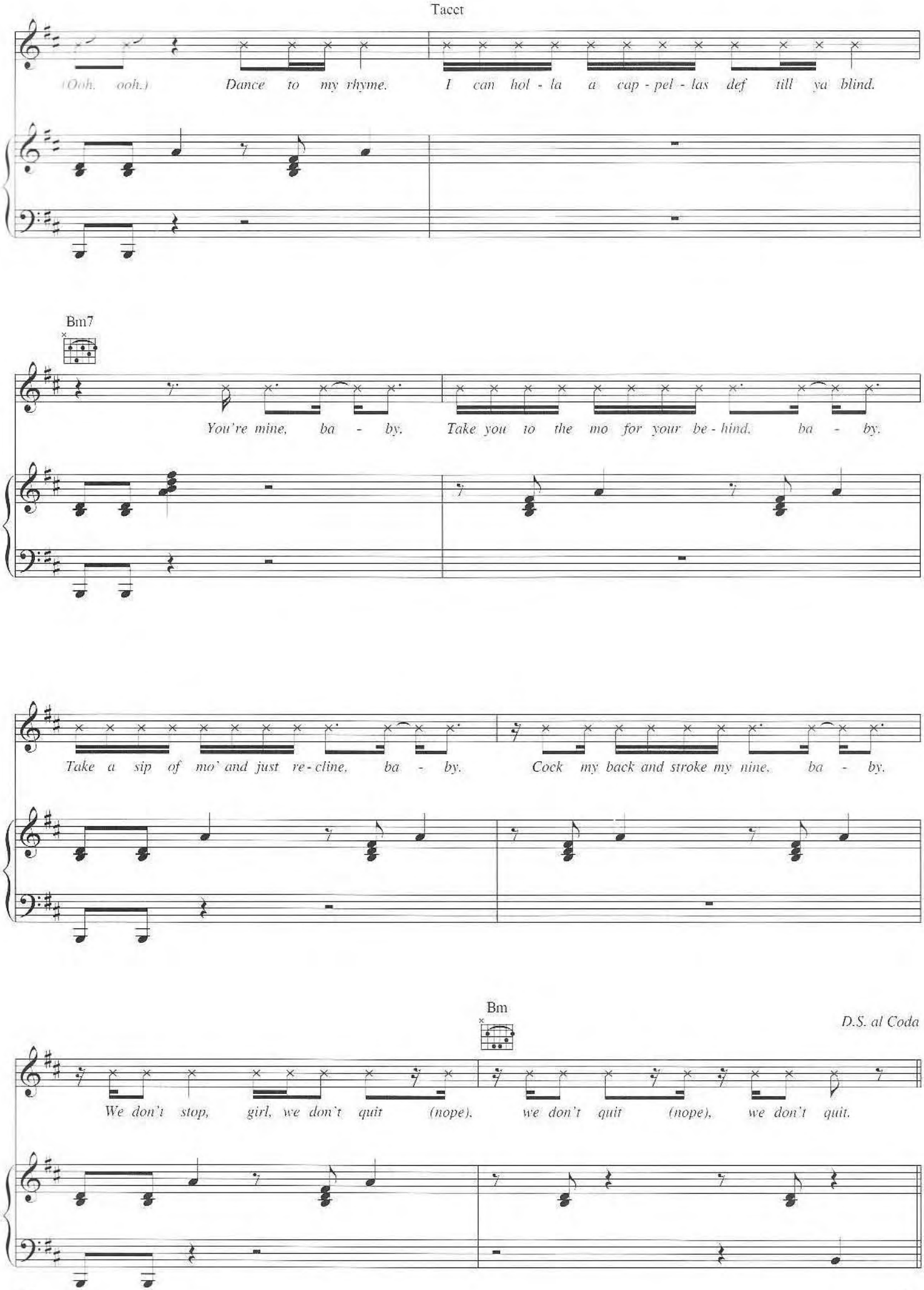

Bm7
'Cause it's a hol - i - day.
I don't work to - day

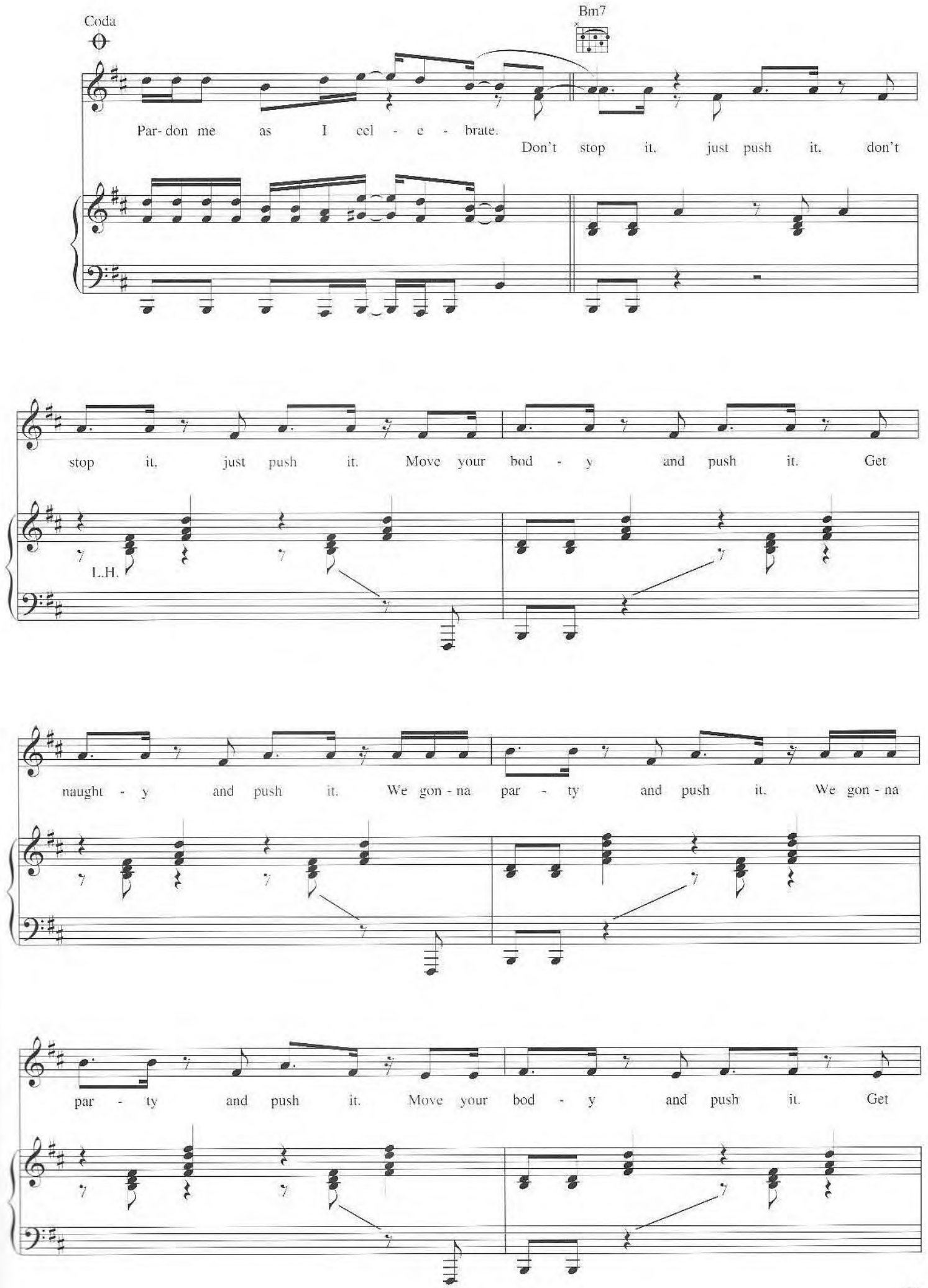

or the next three days.
So let's cel - e - brate

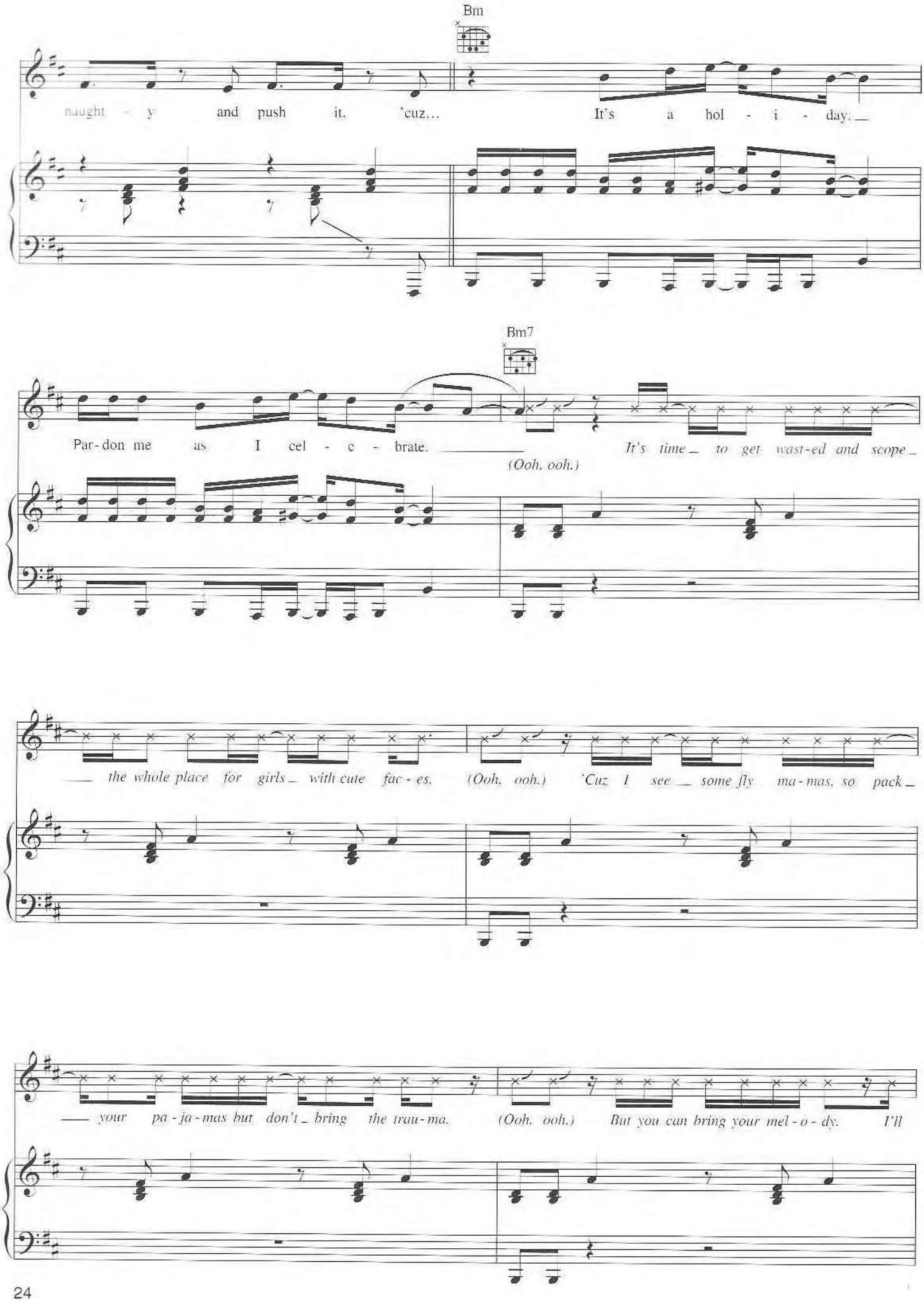

Bm
'cause it's a hol - i - day.
I don't work to - day.

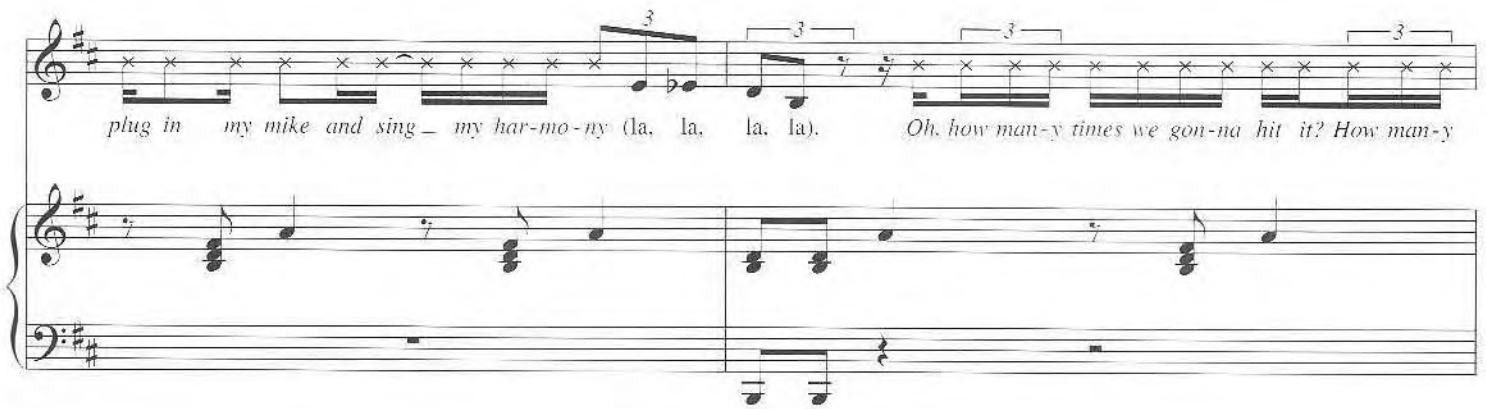

To Coda
naw!
Par - don me as I cel - e - brate.

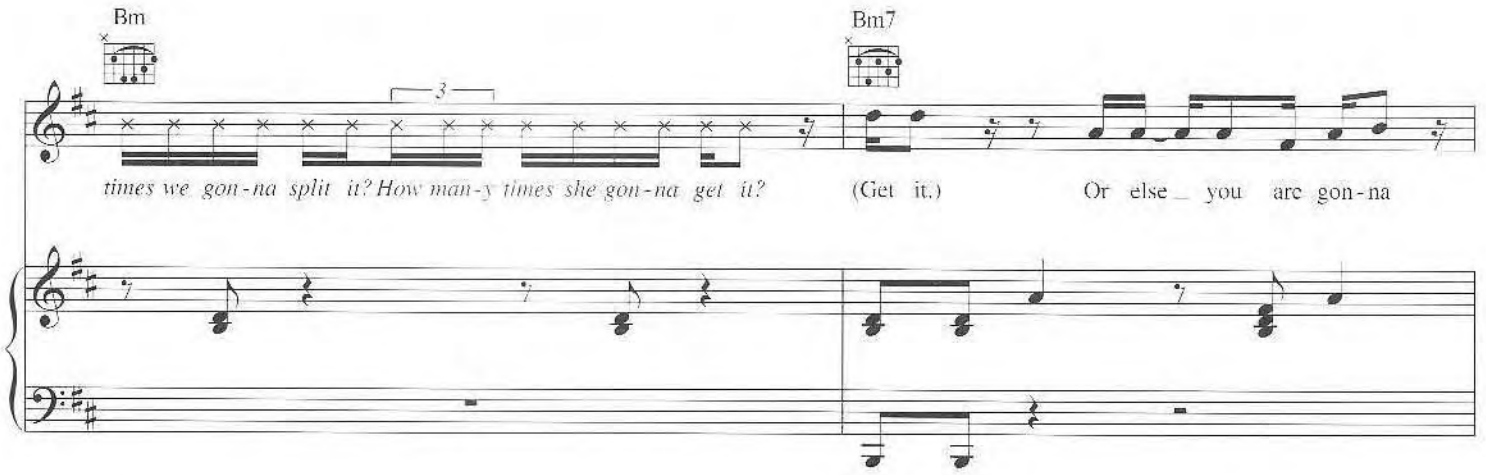

Bm7
(Ooh, ooh.)
It's time to cel - e - brate, serv - in' up heat rocks on a hot plate. Like
that, y'all, we on a fes - tive date, make it go ape and raise your heart rate.
(Ooh, ooh.) We gon - na stay out late, par - ty till the morn - ing and wake up late.
We do it to the day break. Go on and on and then on and on, and...
3
3

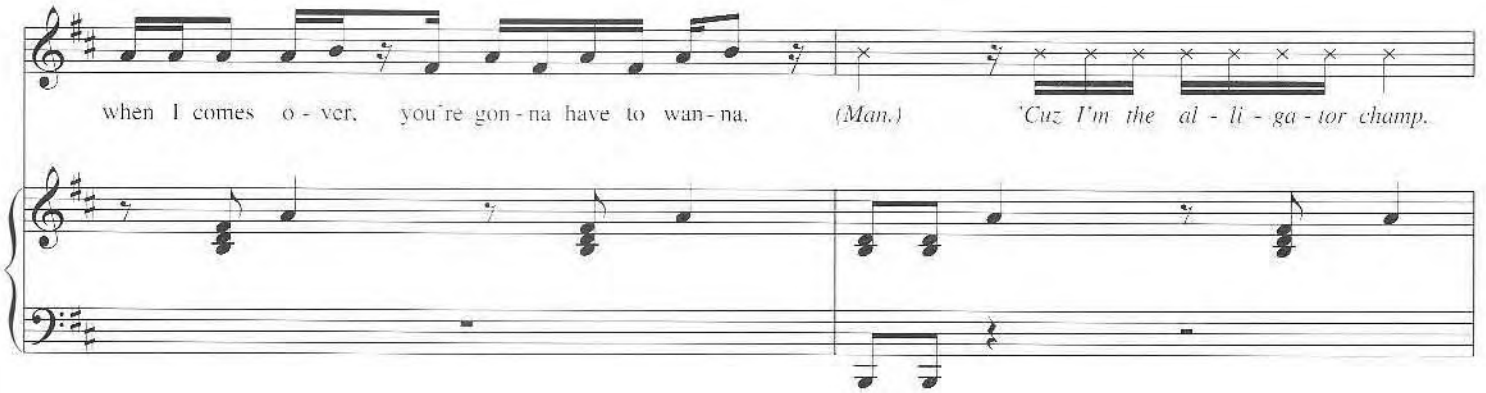

Tacet
(Ooh, ooh.) Dance to my rhyme. I can hol - la a cap - pel - las def till ya blind.
Bm7
You're mine, ba - by. Take you to the mo for your be - hind, ba - by.
Take a sip of mo' and just re - cline, ba - by. Cock my back and stroke my nine, ba - by.
Bm
D.S. al Coda
We don't stop, girl, we don't quit (nope), we don't quit (nope), we don't quit.

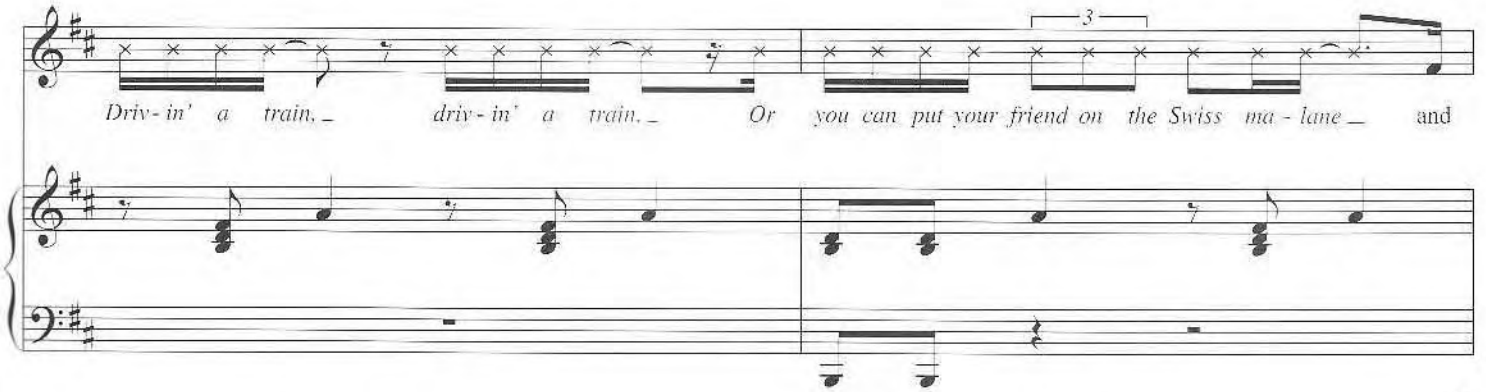

Coda
Bm7
Par- don me as I cel - e - brate.
Don't stop it. just push it. don't
stop it. just push it. Move your bod - y and push it. Get
L.H.
naught - y and push it. We gon - na par - ty and push it. We gon - na
par - ty and push it. Move your bod - y and push it. Get

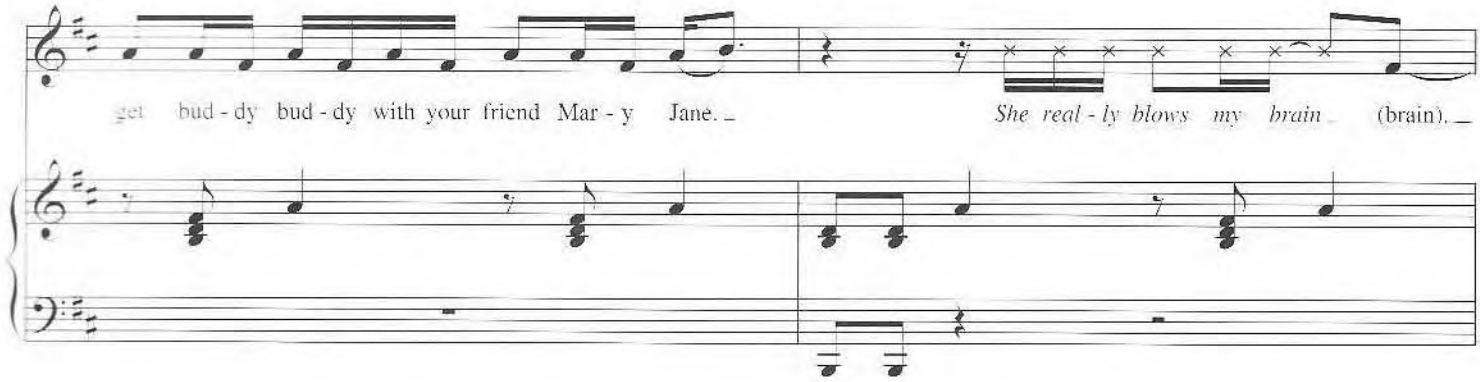

Bm
naught - y and push it. 'cuz... It's a hol - i - day.
Bm7
Par-don me as I cel - e - brate. It's time to get wast-ed and scope
(Ooh, ooh.)
the whole place for girls with cute fac - es. (Ooh, ooh.) 'Cuz I see some fly ma-mas, so pack
your pa - ja - mas but don't bring the trau-ma. (Ooh, ooh.) But you can bring your mel - o - dy. I'll

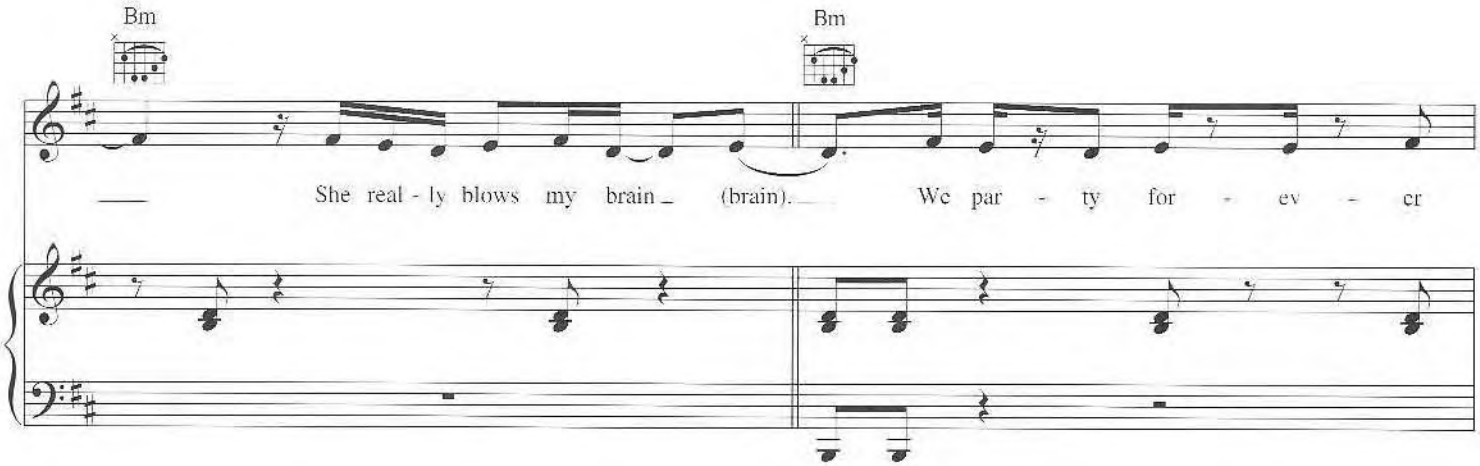

plug in my mike and sing my har-mo-ny (la, la, la, la). Oh, how man-y times we gon-na hit it? How man-y

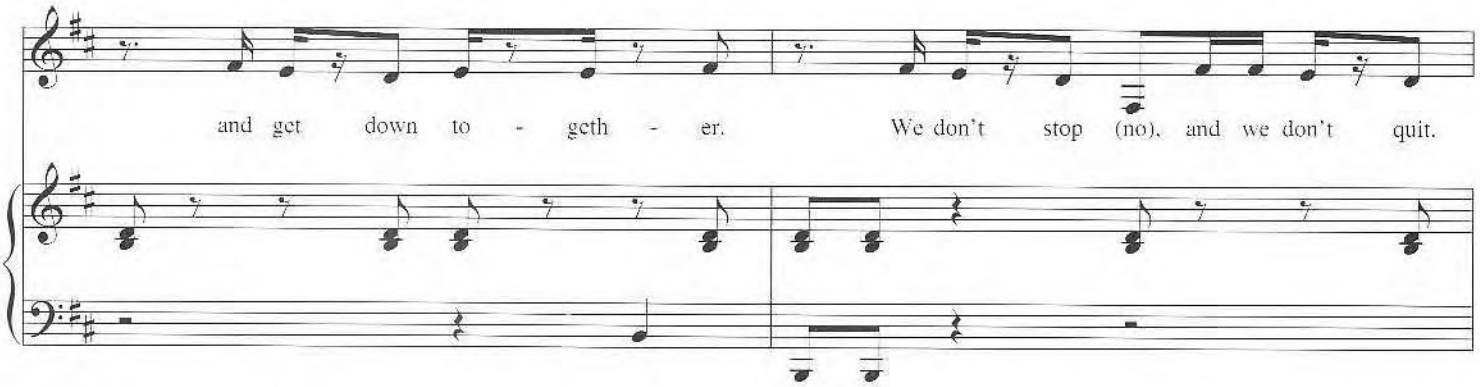

Bm
Bm7
times we gon-na split it? How man-y times she gon-na get it? (Get it.) Or else you are gon-na

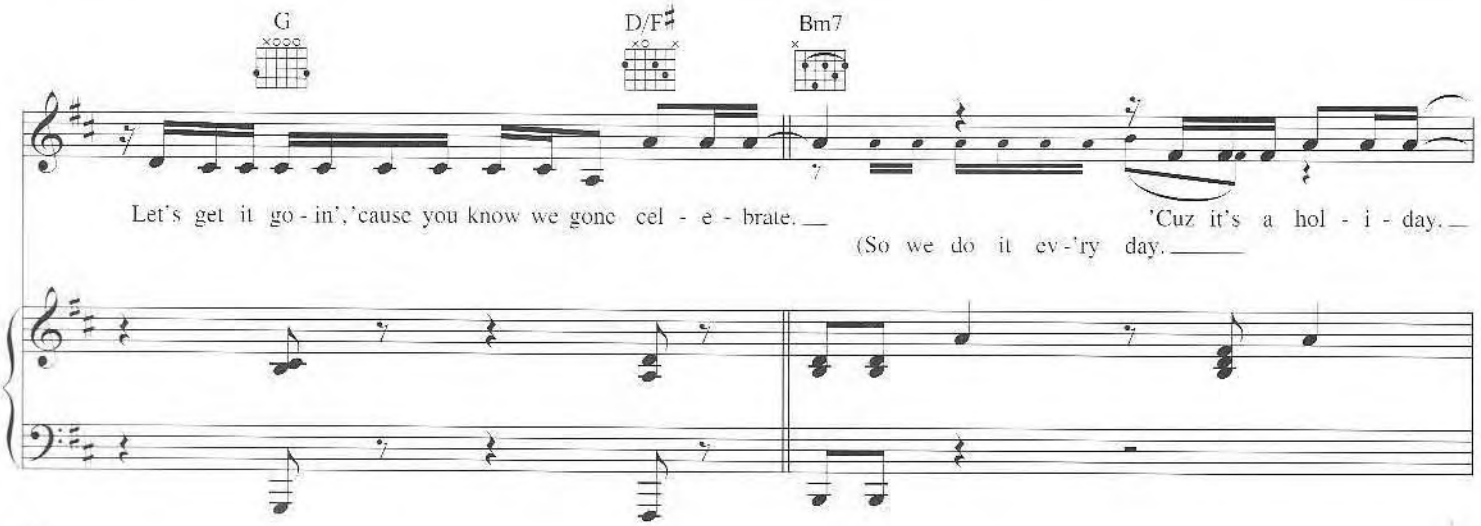

when I comes o-ver, you're gon-na have to wan-na. (Man.) 'Cuz I'm the al-li-ga-tor champ.

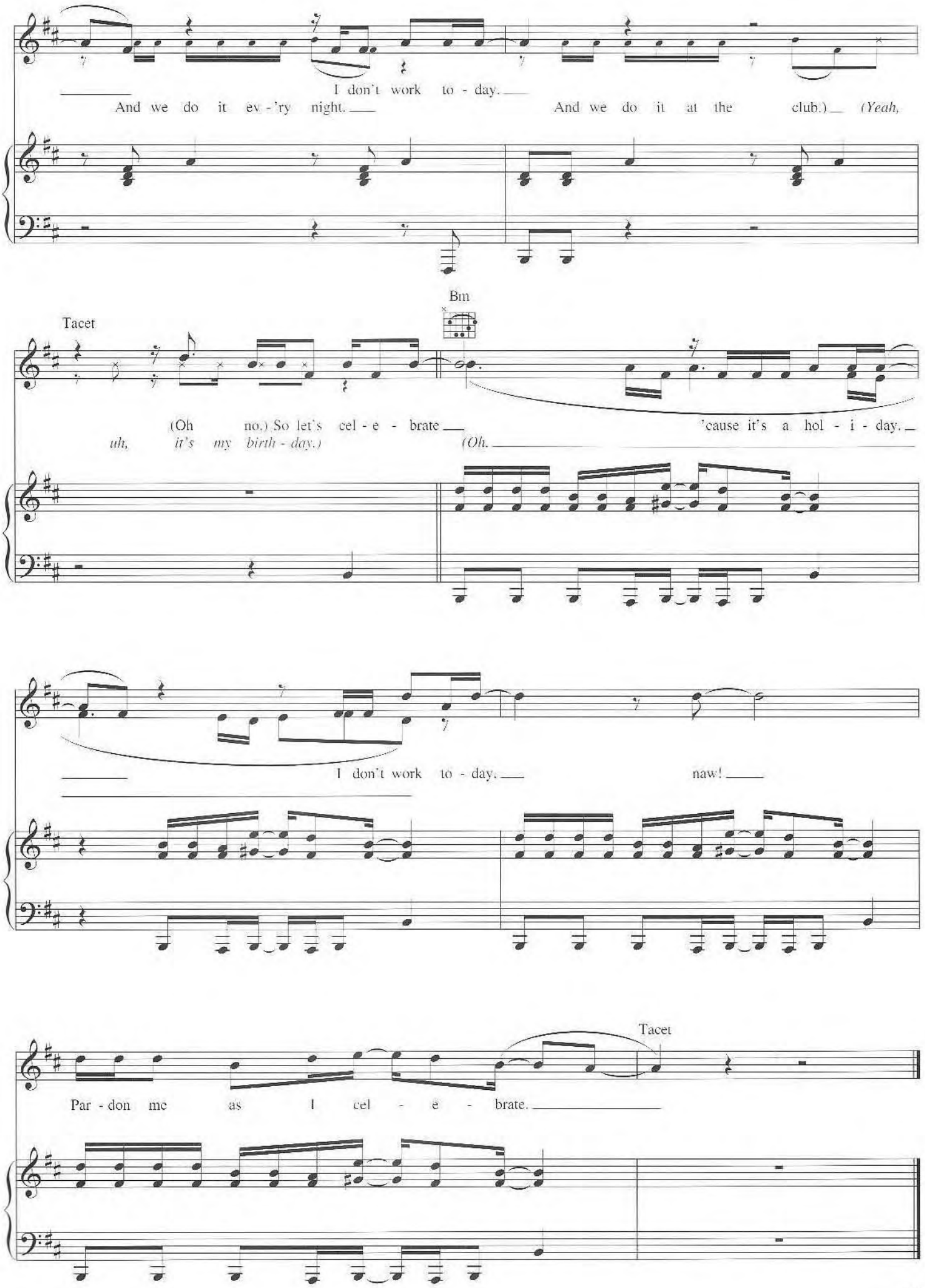

Driv-in' a train, driv-in' a train, Or you can put your friend on the Swiss ma-lane and


get bud - dy bud - dy with your friend Mar - y Jane.
She real - ly blows my brain (brain).


Bm
Bm
She real - ly blows my brain (brain).
We par - ty for - ev - er

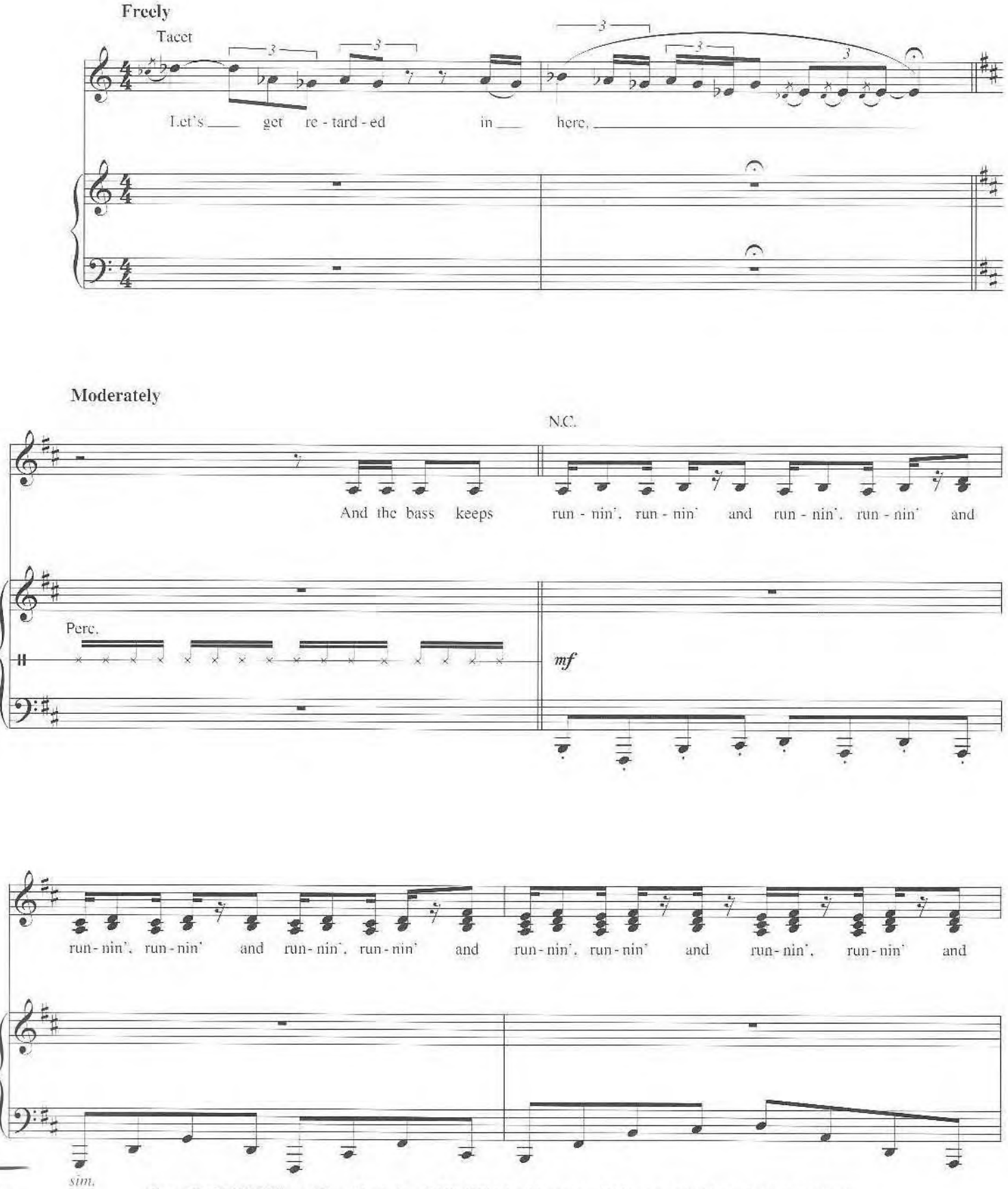

and get down to - geth - er.
We don't stop (no), and we don't quit.


G
D/F♯
Bm7
Let's get it go - in', 'cause you know we gone cel - e - brate.
'Cuz it's a hol - i - day.
(So we do it ev - 'ry day.


I don't work to - day.
And we do it ev - 'ry night.
And we do it at the club.) (Yeah,
Bm
Tacet
(Oh no.) So let's cel - e - brate
'cause it's a hol - i - day.
uh, it's my birth - day.)
(Oh.
I don't work to - day.
naw!
Tacet
Par - don me as I cel - e - brate.

Let's Get Retarded

Words and Music by Will Adams, Allan Pineda,
Jaime Gomez, Michael Fratantuno,
George Pajon Jr. and Terence Yoshiaki



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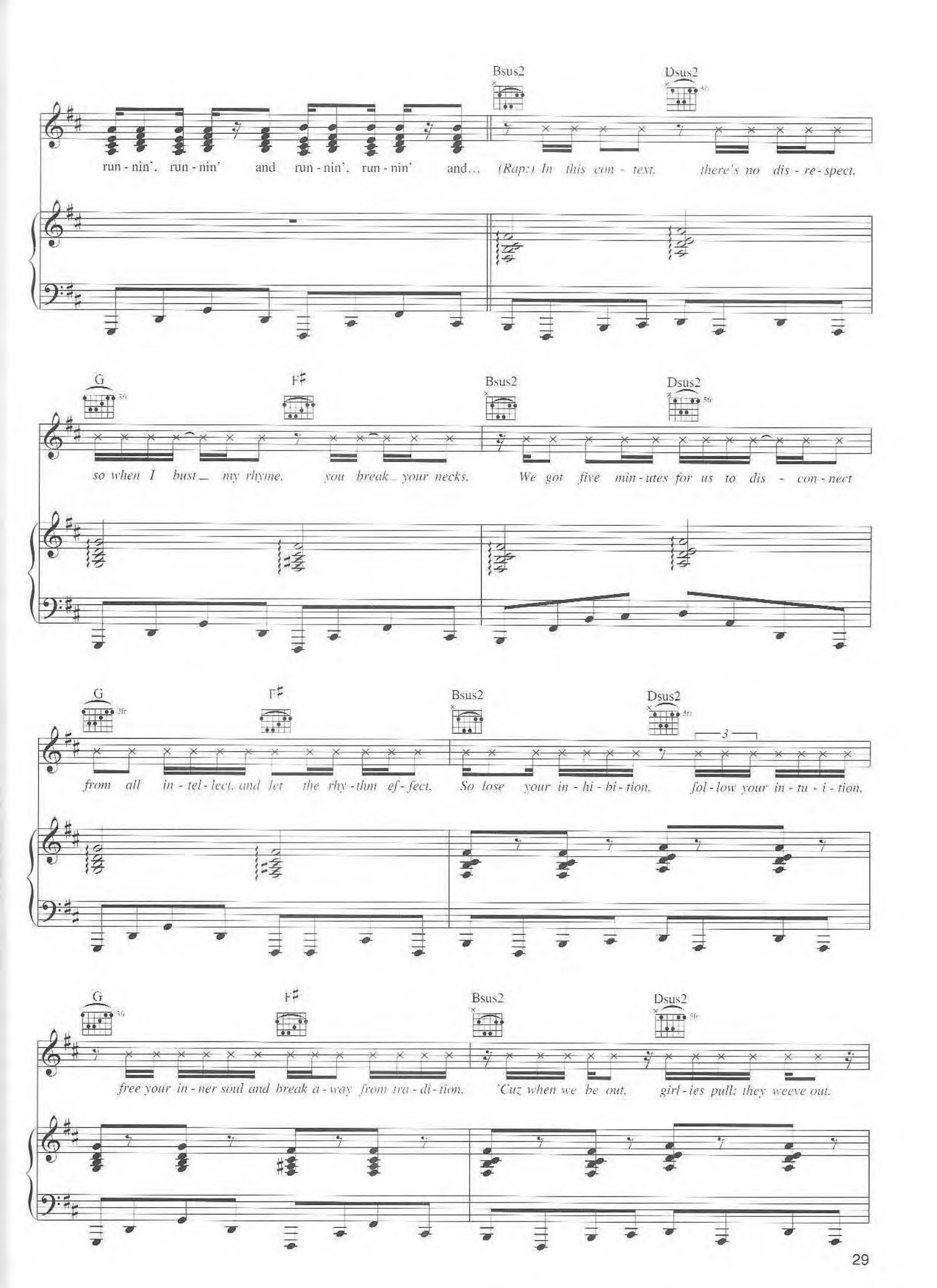
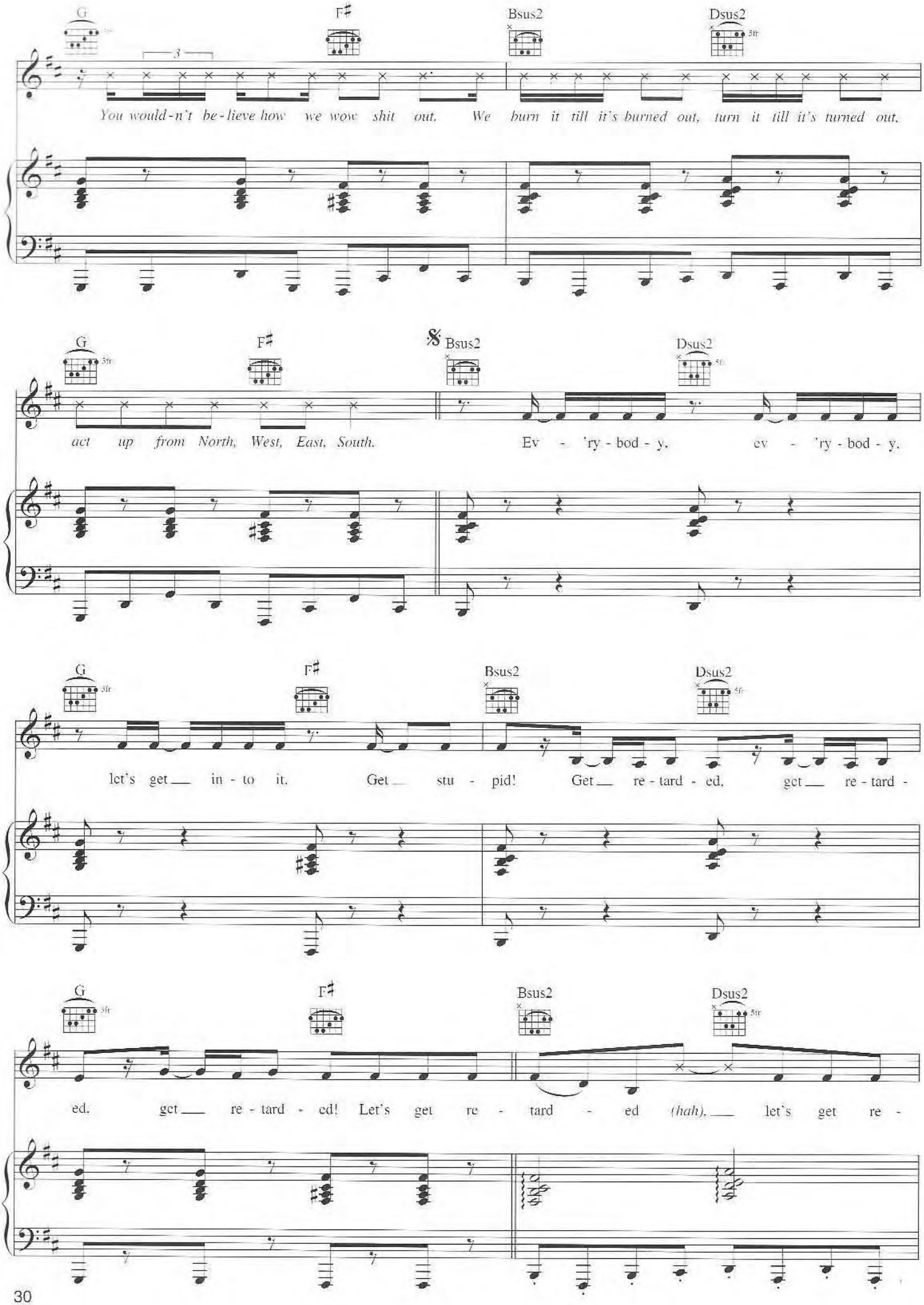
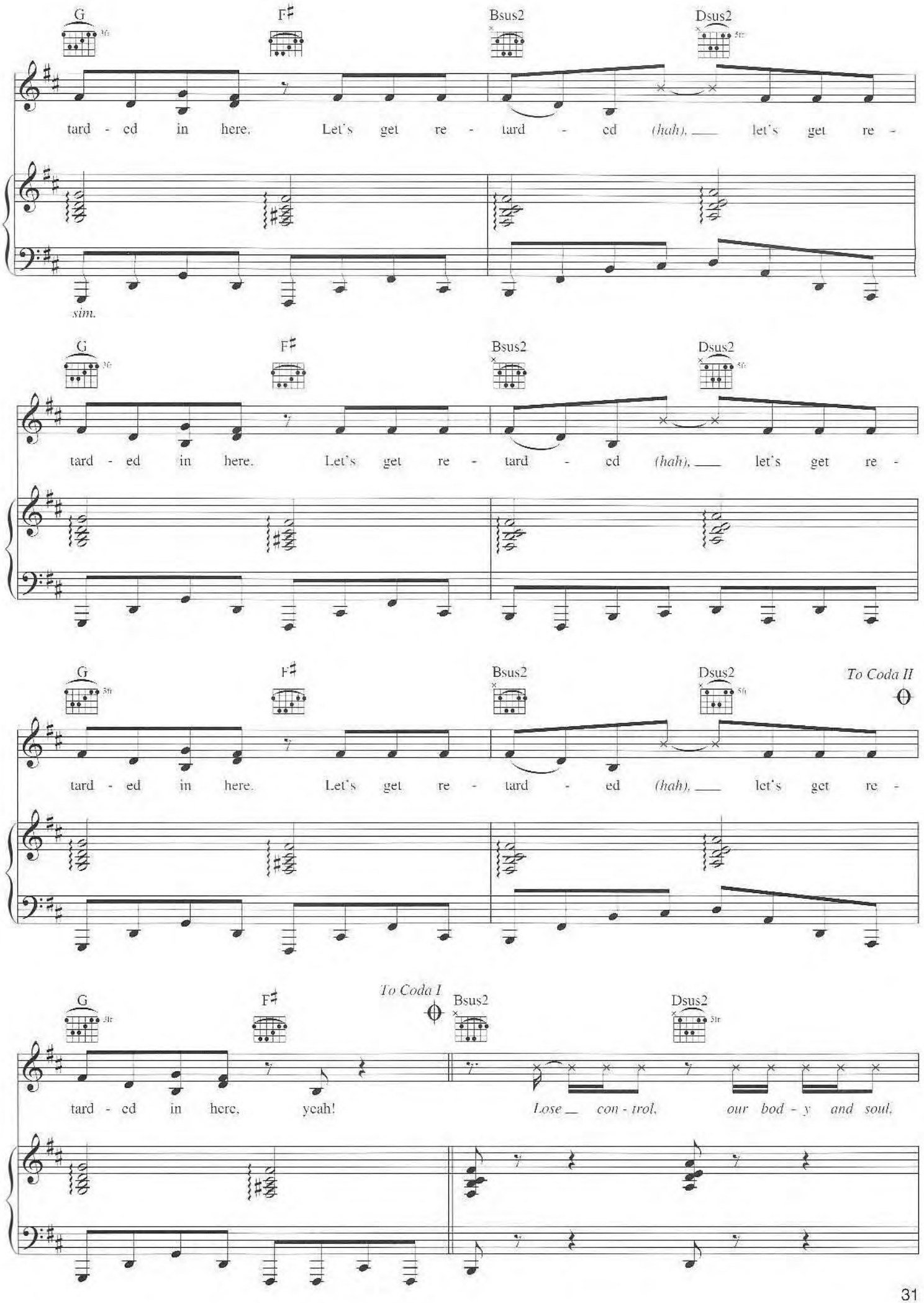
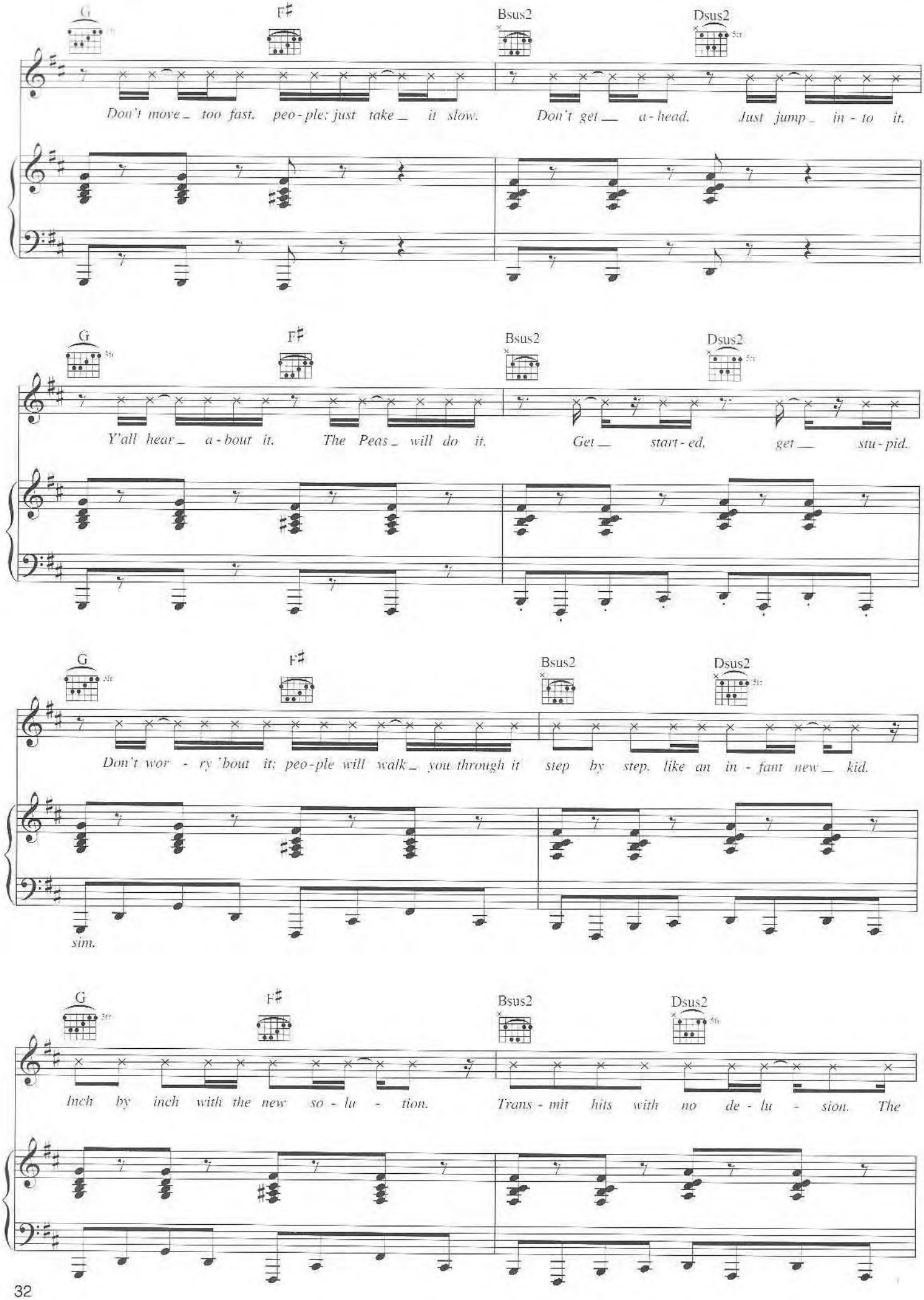
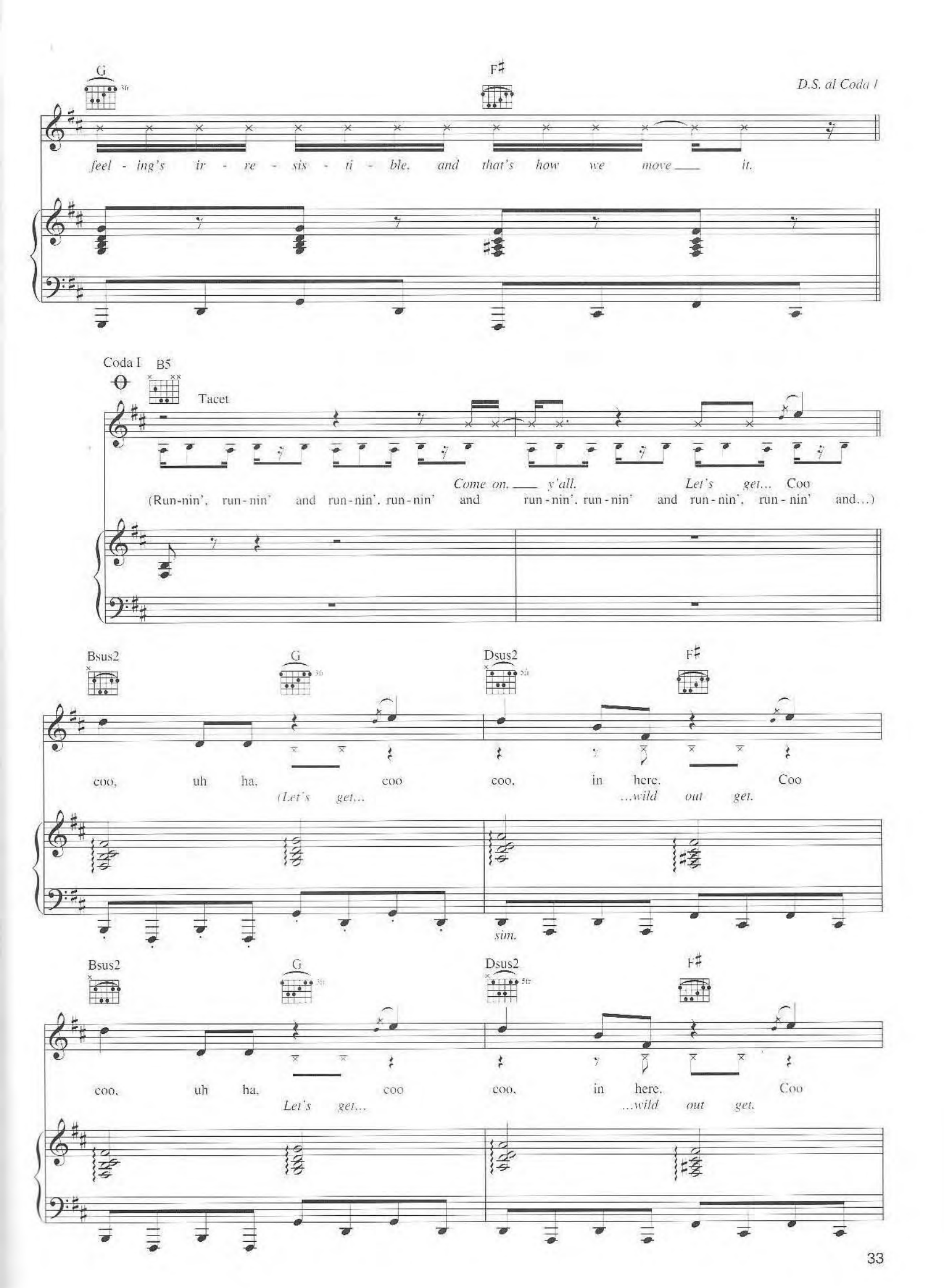
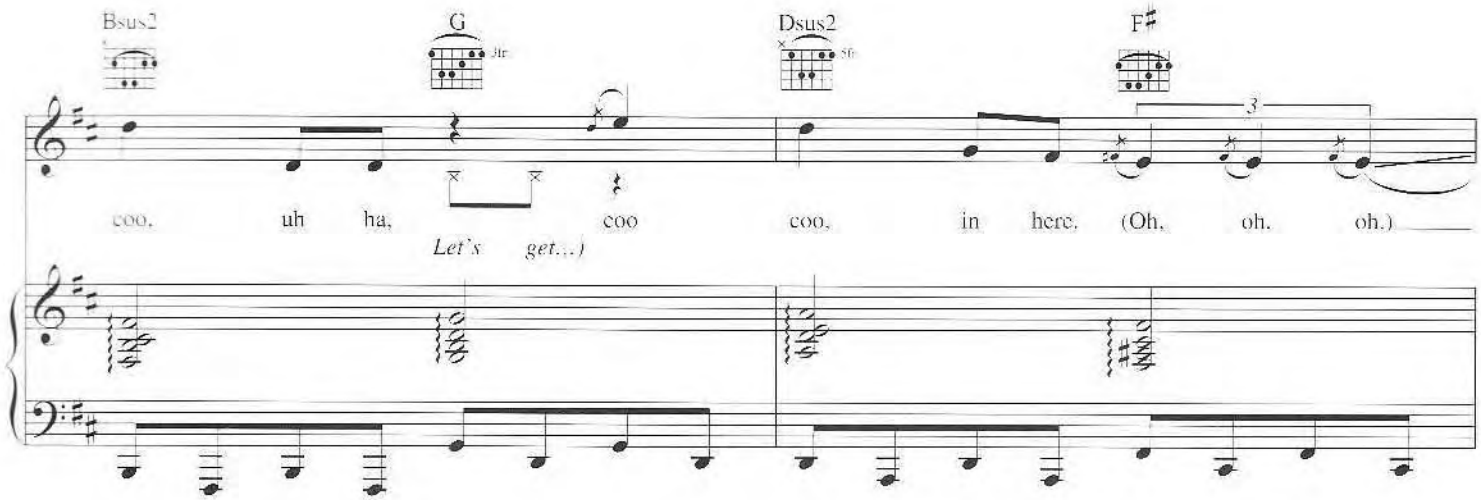

Bsus2
Dsus2
run - nin', run - nin' and run - nin', run - nin' and... (Rap:) In this con - text, there's no dis - re - spect,
G
F♯
Bsus2
Dsus2
so when I bust my rhyme, you break your necks. We got five min - utes for us to dis - con - nect
G
F♯
Bsus2
Dsus2
from all in - tel - lect, and let the rhy - thm ef - fect. So lose your in - hi - bi - tion, fol - low your in - tu - i - tion,
G
F♯
Bsus2
Dsus2
free your in - ner soul and break a - way from tra - di - tion. 'Cuz when we be out, girl - ies pull; they weeve out.

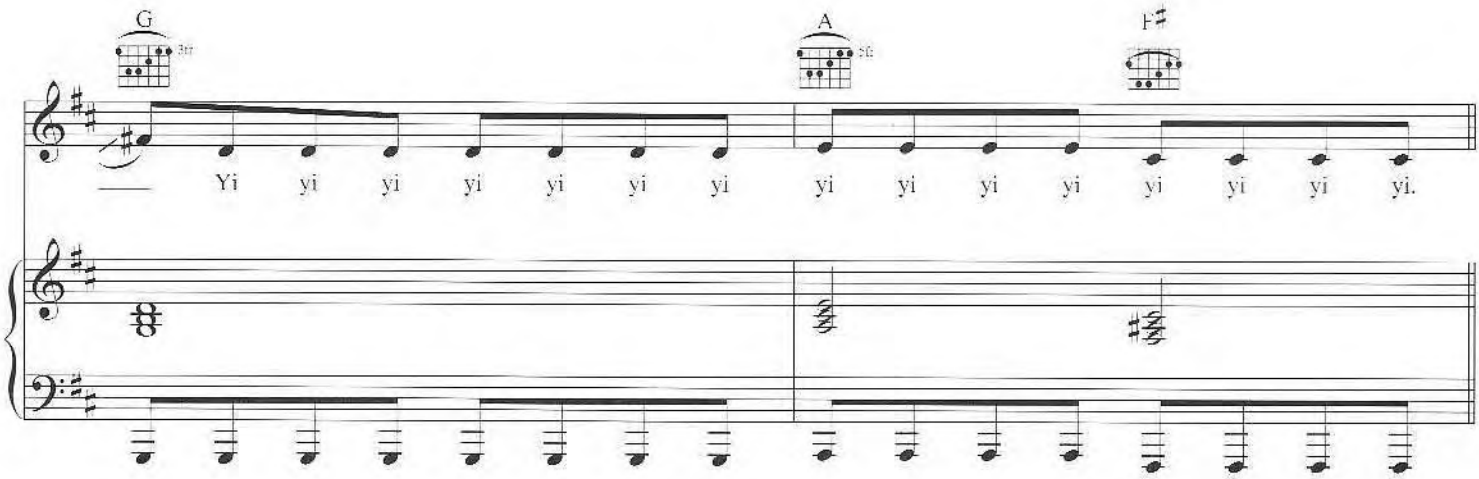

G
F♯
Bsus2
Dsus2
You would-n't be-lieve how we wow shit out. We burn it till it's burned out, turn it till it's turned out,
act up from North, West, East, South.
Ev - 'ry - bod - y, ev - 'ry - bod - y,
let's get in - to it. Get stu - pid! Get re - tard - ed, get re - tard -
ed. get re - tard - ed! Let's get re - tard - ed (hah), let's get re -

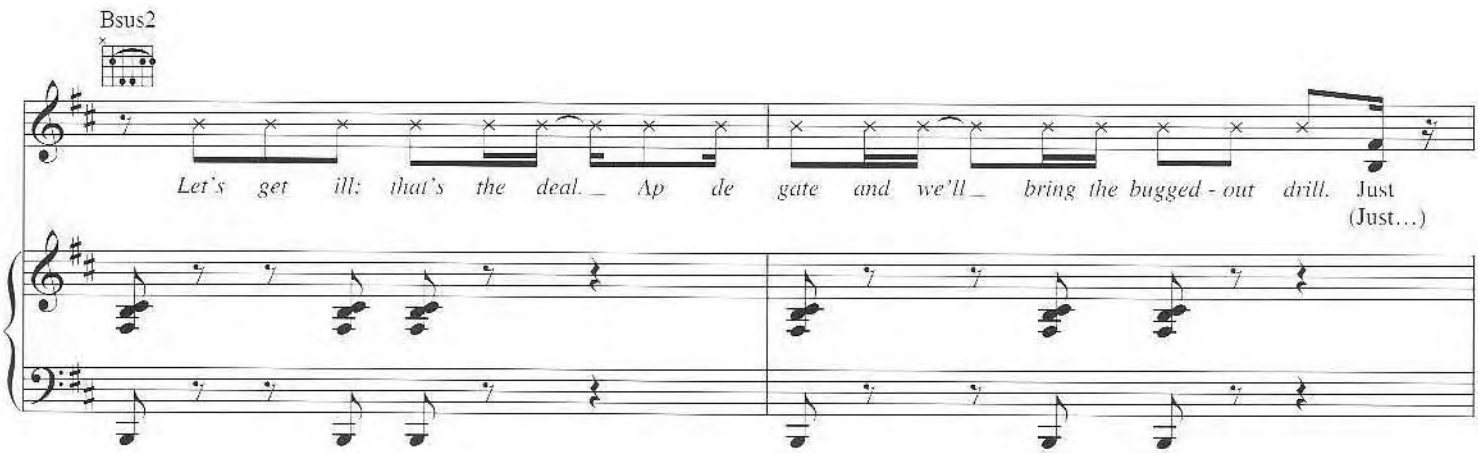

G
F♯
Bsus2
Dsus2
tard - ed in here. Let's get re - tard - ed (hah), let's get re -
sim.
tard - ed in here. Let's get re - tard - ed (hah), let's get re -
To Coda II
tard - ed in here. Let's get re - tard - ed (hah), let's get re -
To Coda I
tard - ed in here, yeah!
Lose con - trol, our bod - y and soul,

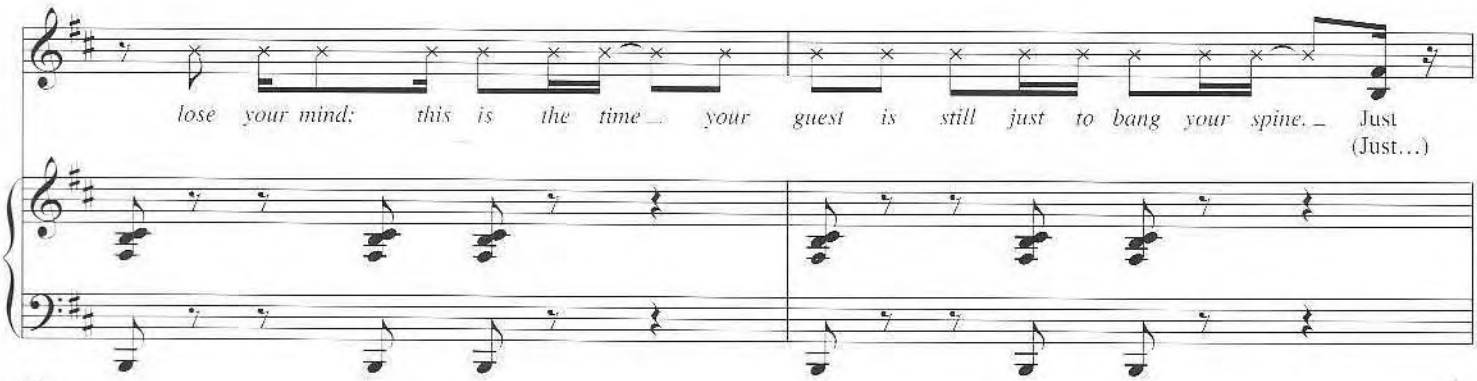

G
F♯
Bsus2
Dsus2
Don't move too fast, peo-ple; just take it slow. Don't get a-head. Just jump in-to it.
Y'all hear a-bout it. The Peas will do it. Get start-ed, get stu-pid.
Don't wor-ry 'bout it; peo-ple will walk you through it step by step, like an in-fant new kid.
sim.
Inch by inch with the new so-lu-tion. Trans-mit hits with no de-lu-sion. The

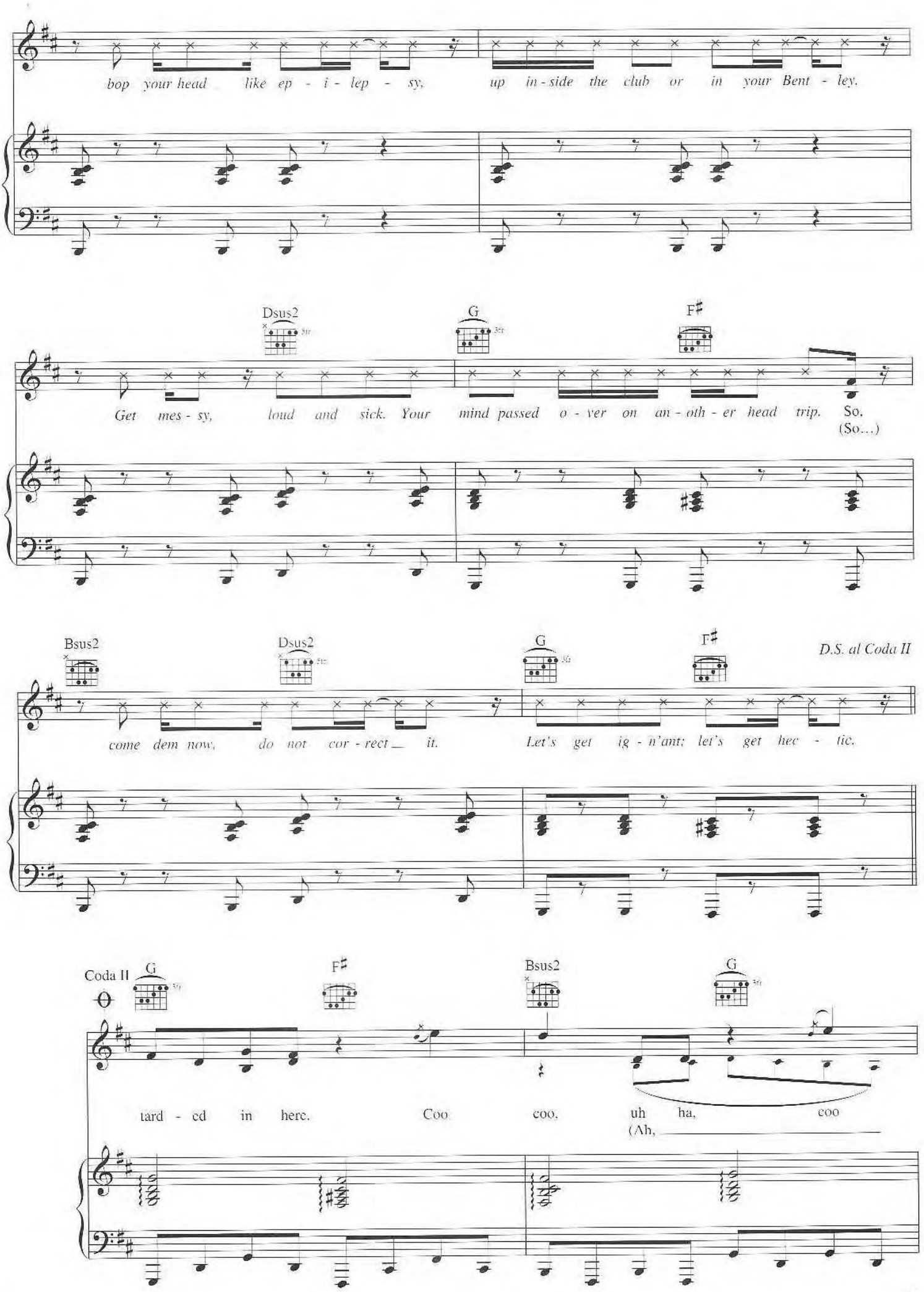

G
F♯
D.S. al Coda I
feel - ing's ir - re - sis - ti - ble, and that's how we move it.
Coda I
B5
Tacet
Come on, y'all. Let's get... Coo
(Run-nin', run-nin' and run-nin', run-nin' and run-nin', run-nin' and run-nin', run-nin' and...)
Bsus2
G
Dsus2
F♯
coo, uh ha, coo coo, in here. Coo
(Let's get... ...wild out get.
sim.
Bsus2
G
Dsus2
F♯
coo, uh ha, coo coo, in here. Coo
Let's get... ...wild out get.

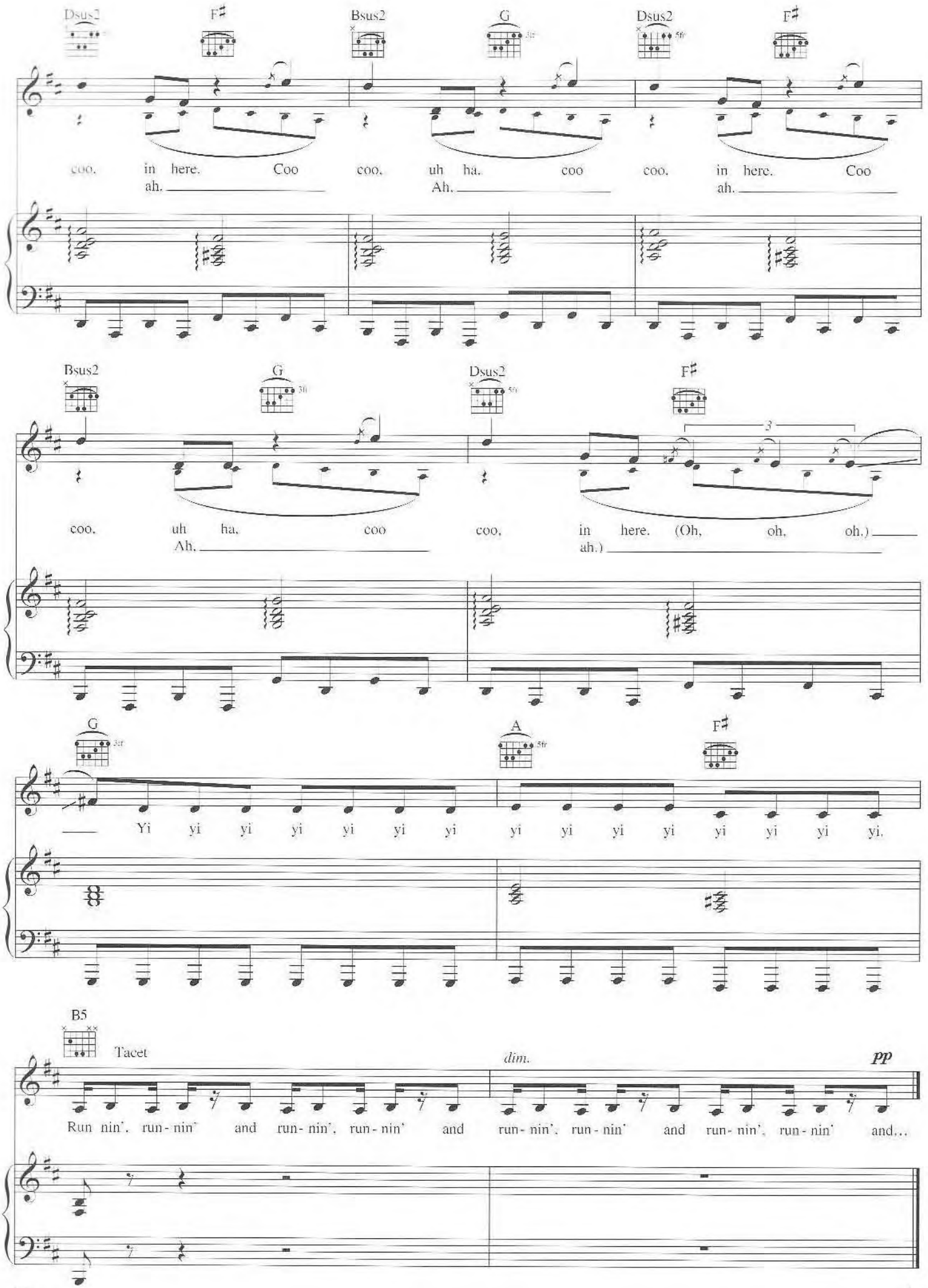

Bsus2
G
Dsus2
F♯
coo, uh ha, coo coo, in here. (Oh, oh. oh.)
Let's get...)


G
A
F♯
Yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi.


Bsus2
Let's get ill: that's the deal. Ap de gate and we'll bring the bugged - out drill. Just
(Just...)

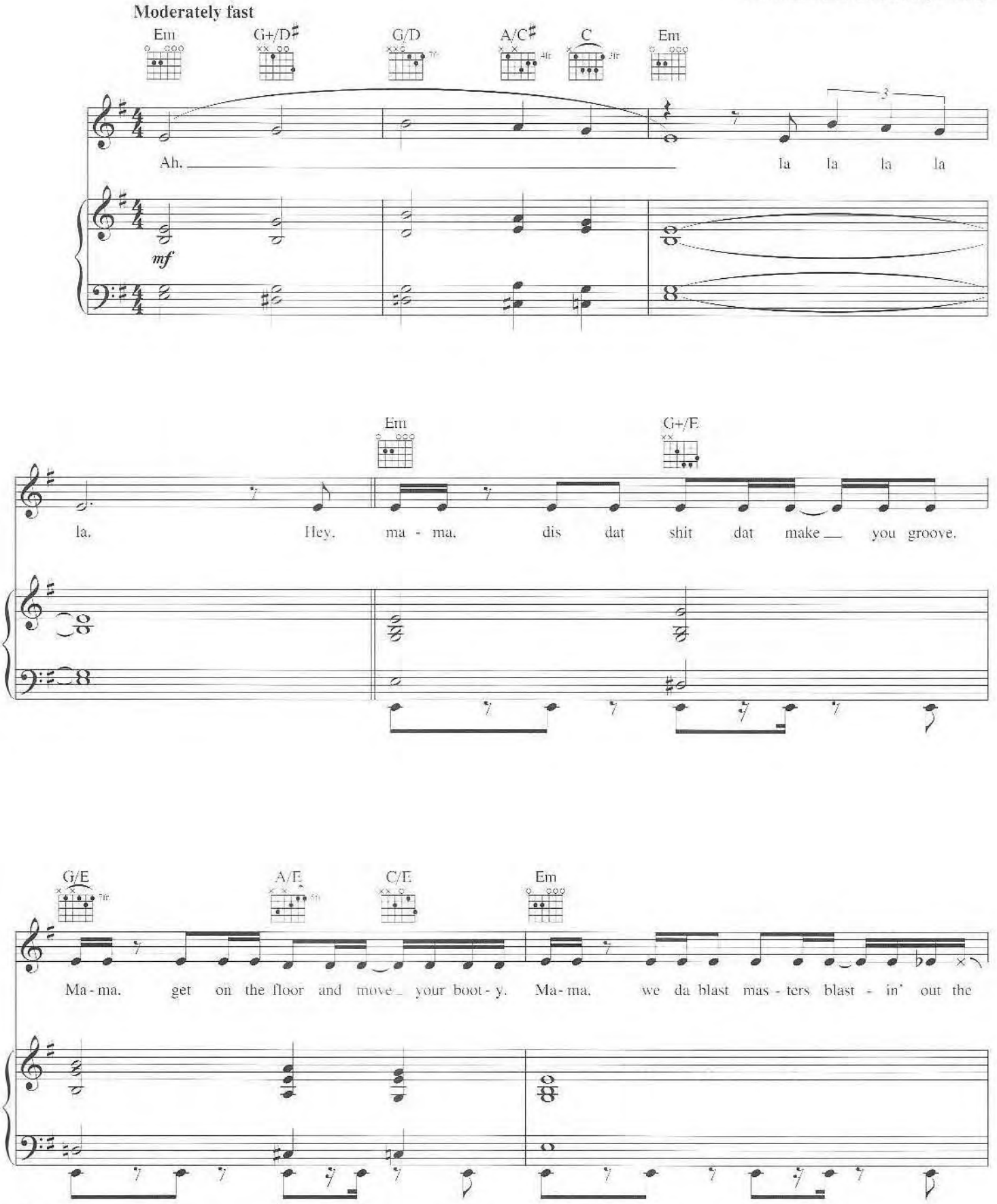

lose your mind: this is the time your guest is still just to bang your spine. Just
(Just...)


bop your head like ep - i - lep - sy, up in-side the club or in your Bent - ley.
Dsus2
G
F♯
Get mes - sy, loud and sick. Your mind passed o - ver on an - oth - er head trip. So.
(So...)
Bsus2
Dsus2
G
F♯
D.S. al Coda II
come dem now, do not cor - rect it. Let's get ig - n'ant; let's get hec - tic.
Coda II
G
F♯
Bsus2
G
tard - ed in here. Coo coo, uh ha, coo
(Ah,


Dsus2
F♯
Bsus2
G
Dsus2
F♯
coo, in here. Coo coo, uh ha, coo coo, in here. Coo
ah. Ah. ah.
Bsus2
G
Dsus2
F♯
coo, uh ha, coo coo, in here. (Oh, oh, oh.)
Ah. ah.)
G
A
F♯
Yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi.
B5
Tacet
dim.
pp
Run nin', run-nin' and run-nin', run-nin' and run-nin', run-nin' and run-nin', run-nin' and...

Hey Mama

Words and Music by
Will Adams and Anthony Henry



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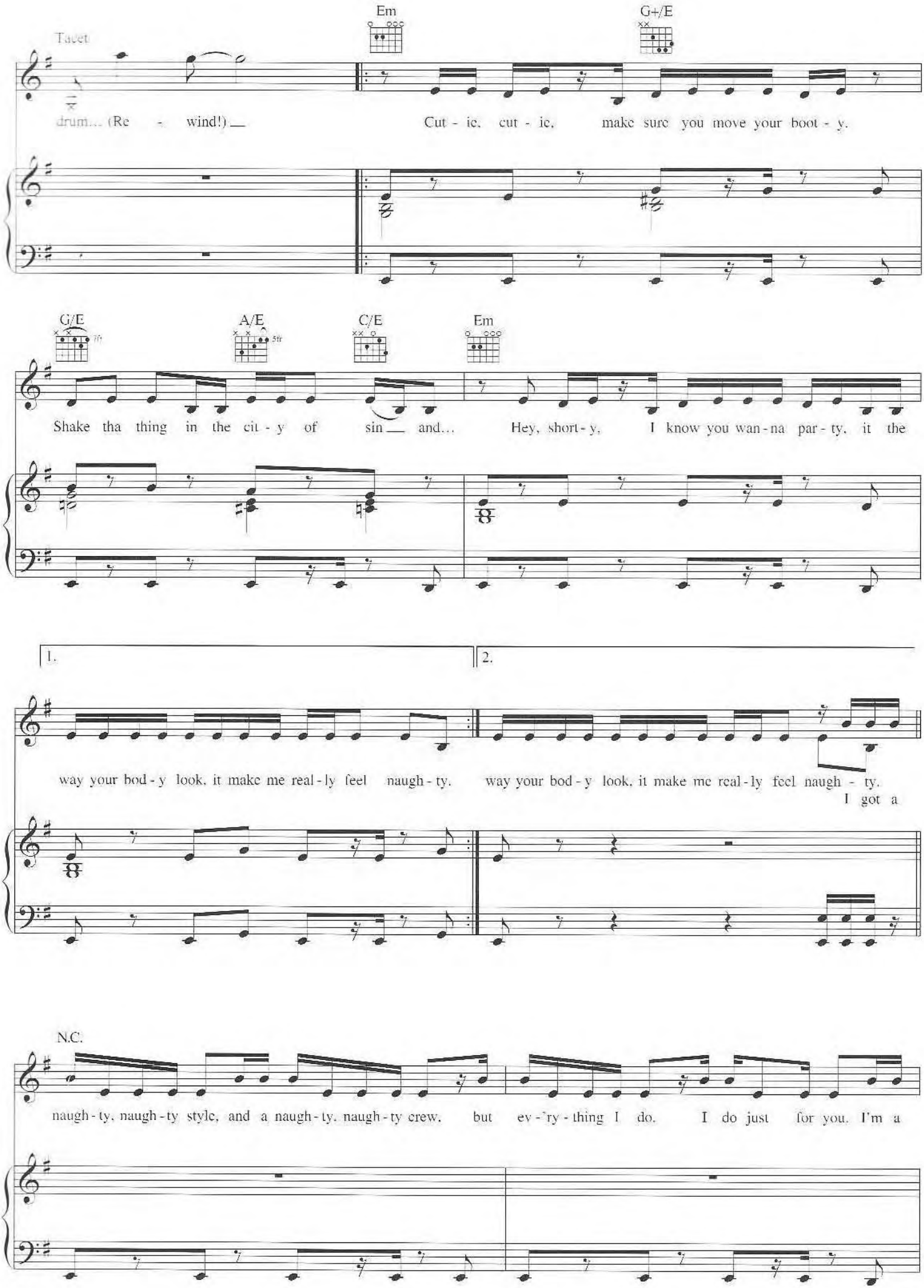
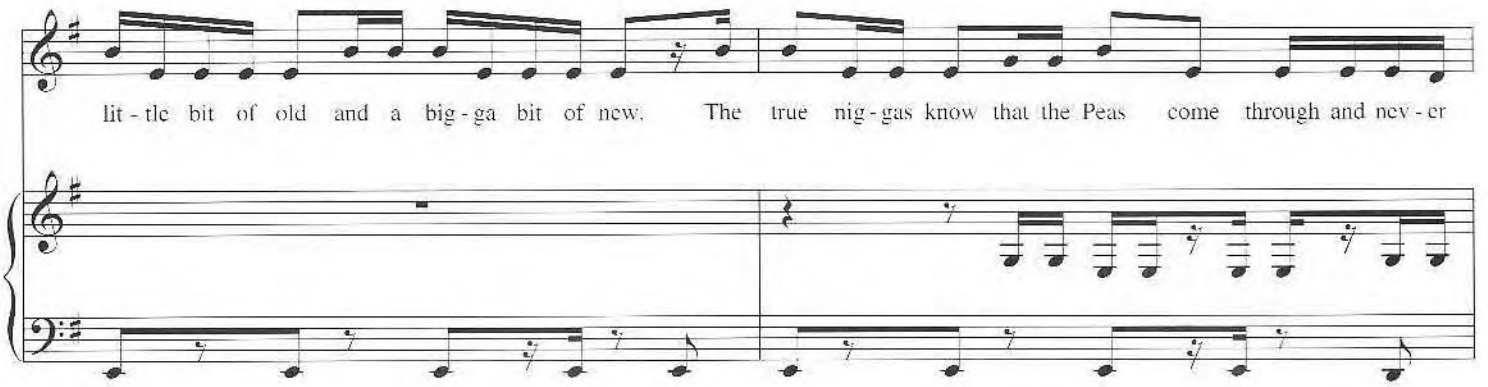
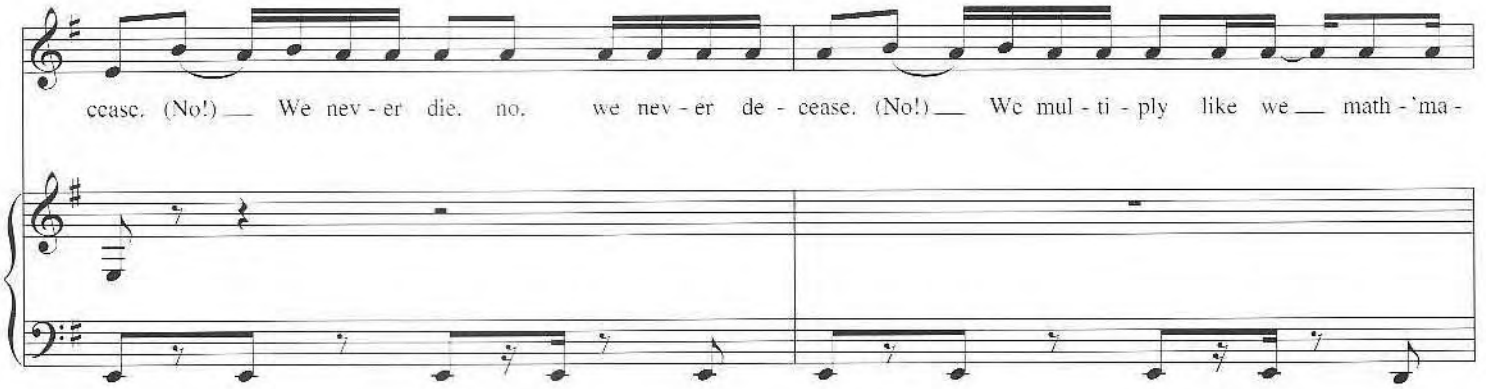
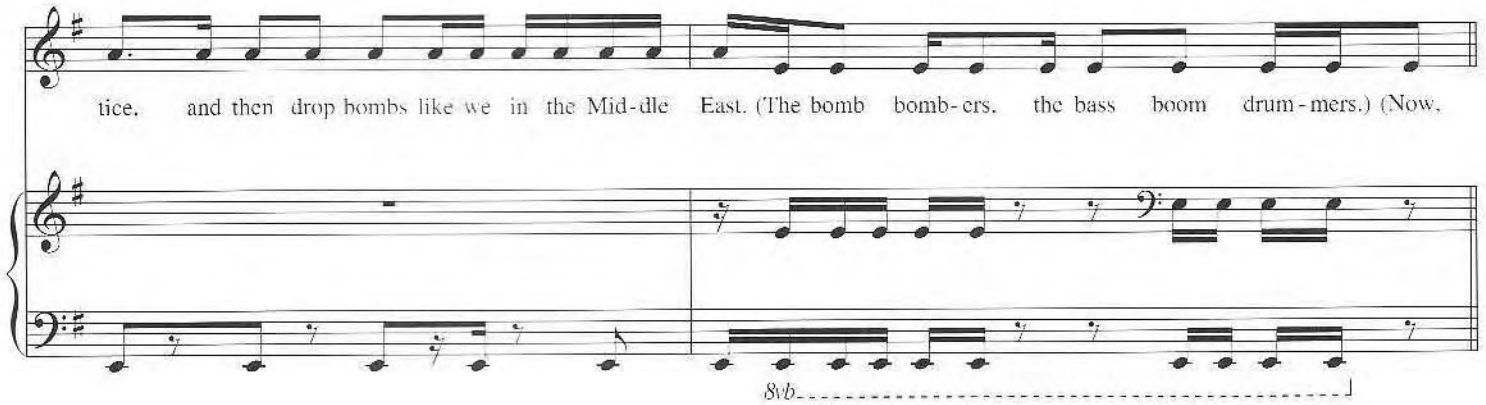
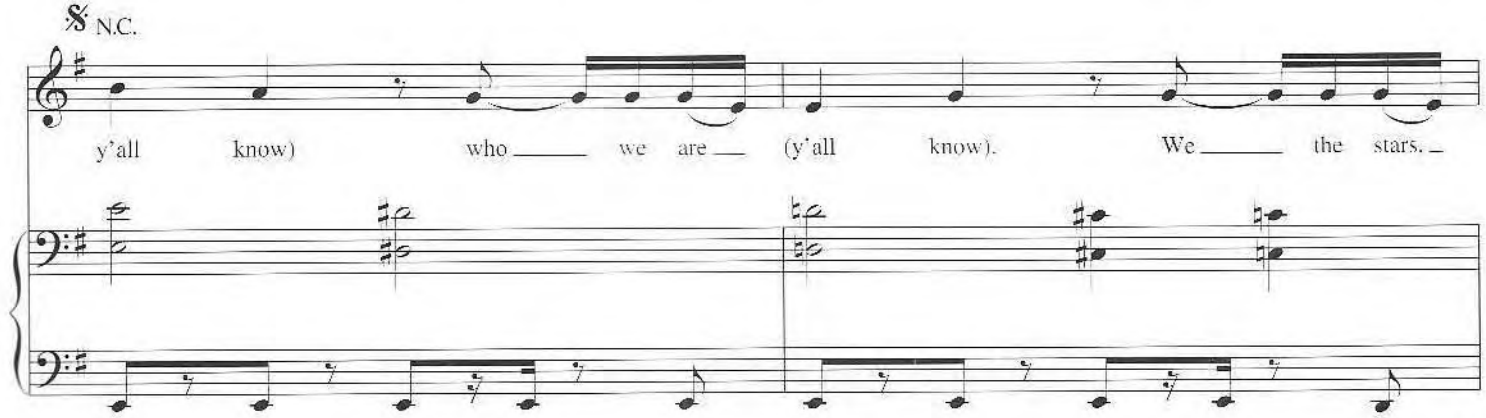
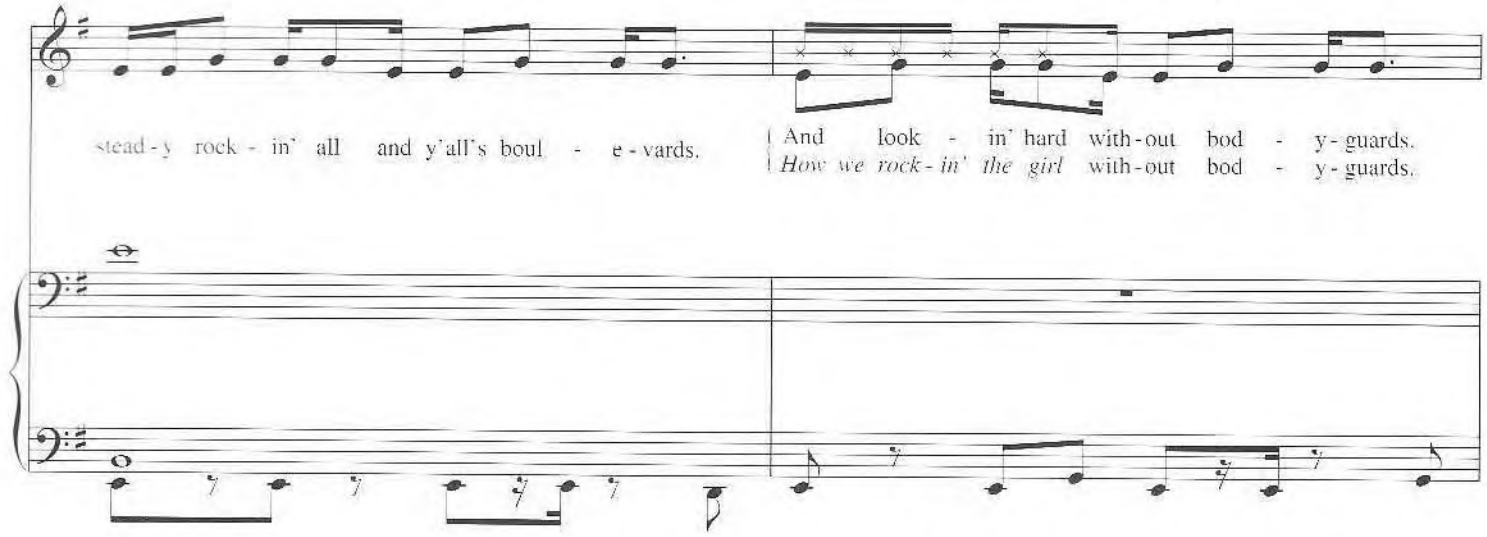

Tacet
Em
G+/E
drum... (Re - wind!)
Cut - ie, cut - ie, make sure you move your boot - y.
G/E
A/E
C/E
Em
Shake tha thing in the cit - y of sin and...
Hey, short - y, I know you wan - na par - ty, it the
1.
2.
way your bod - y look, it make me real - ly feel naugh - ty.
way your bod - y look, it make me real - ly feel naugh - ty.
I got a
N.C.
naugh - ty, naugh - ty style, and a naugh - ty, naugh - ty crew, but ev - 'ry - thing I do, I do just for you. I'm a

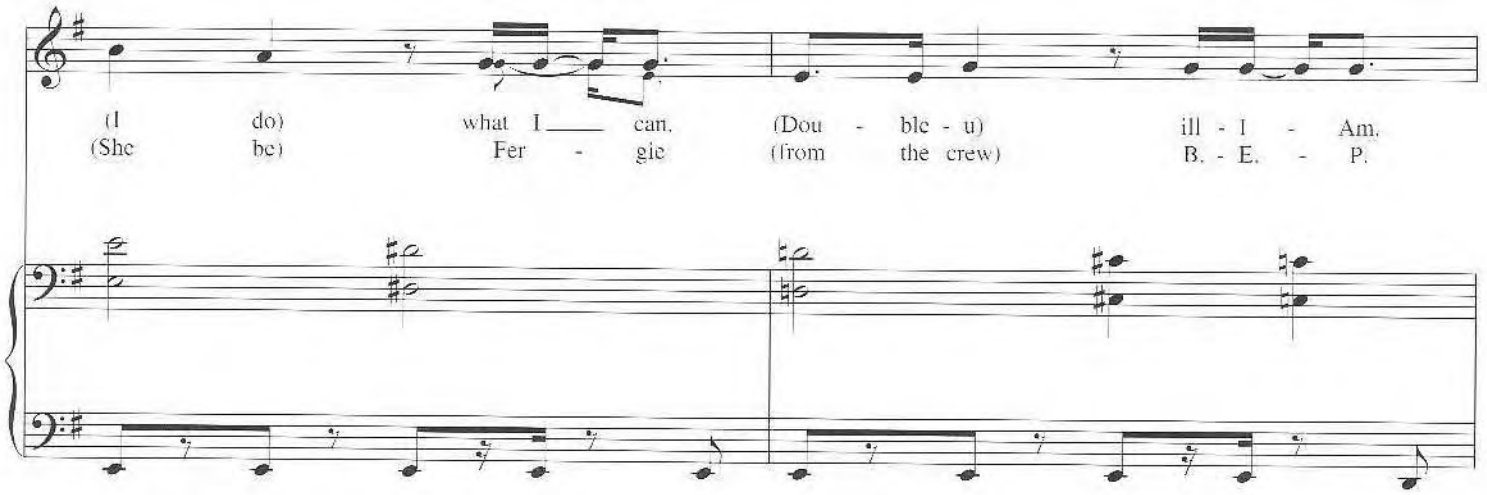

lit - tle bit of old and a big - ga bit of new. The true nig - gas know that the Peas come through and nev - er

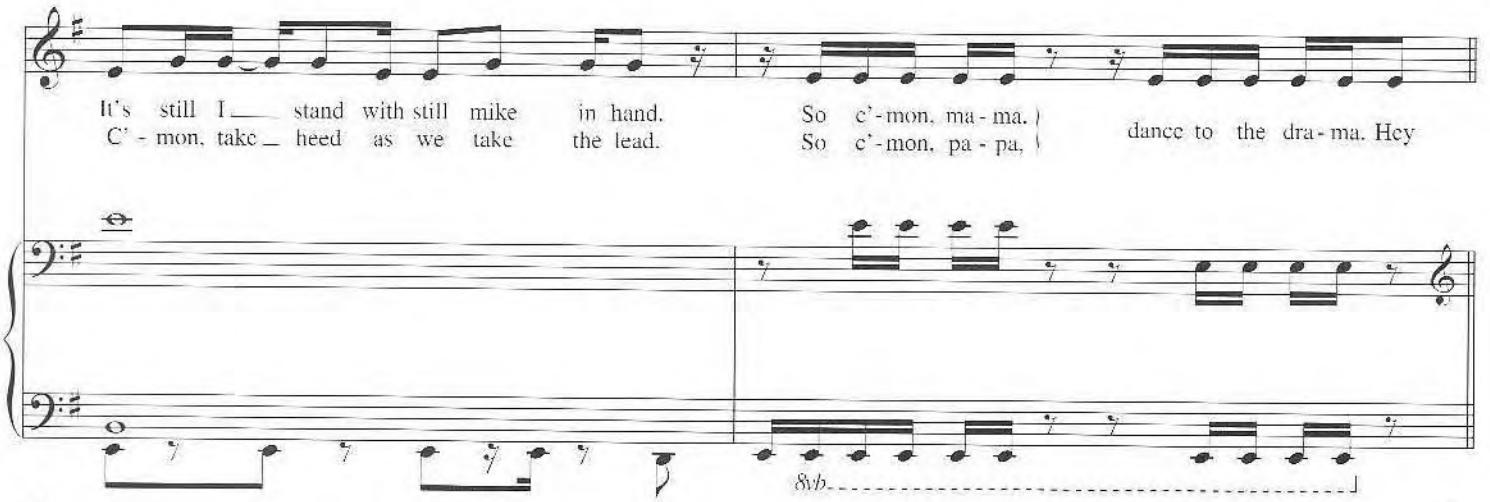

cease. (No!) We nev - er die. no. we nev - er de - cease. (No!) We mul - ti - ply like we math - 'ma -

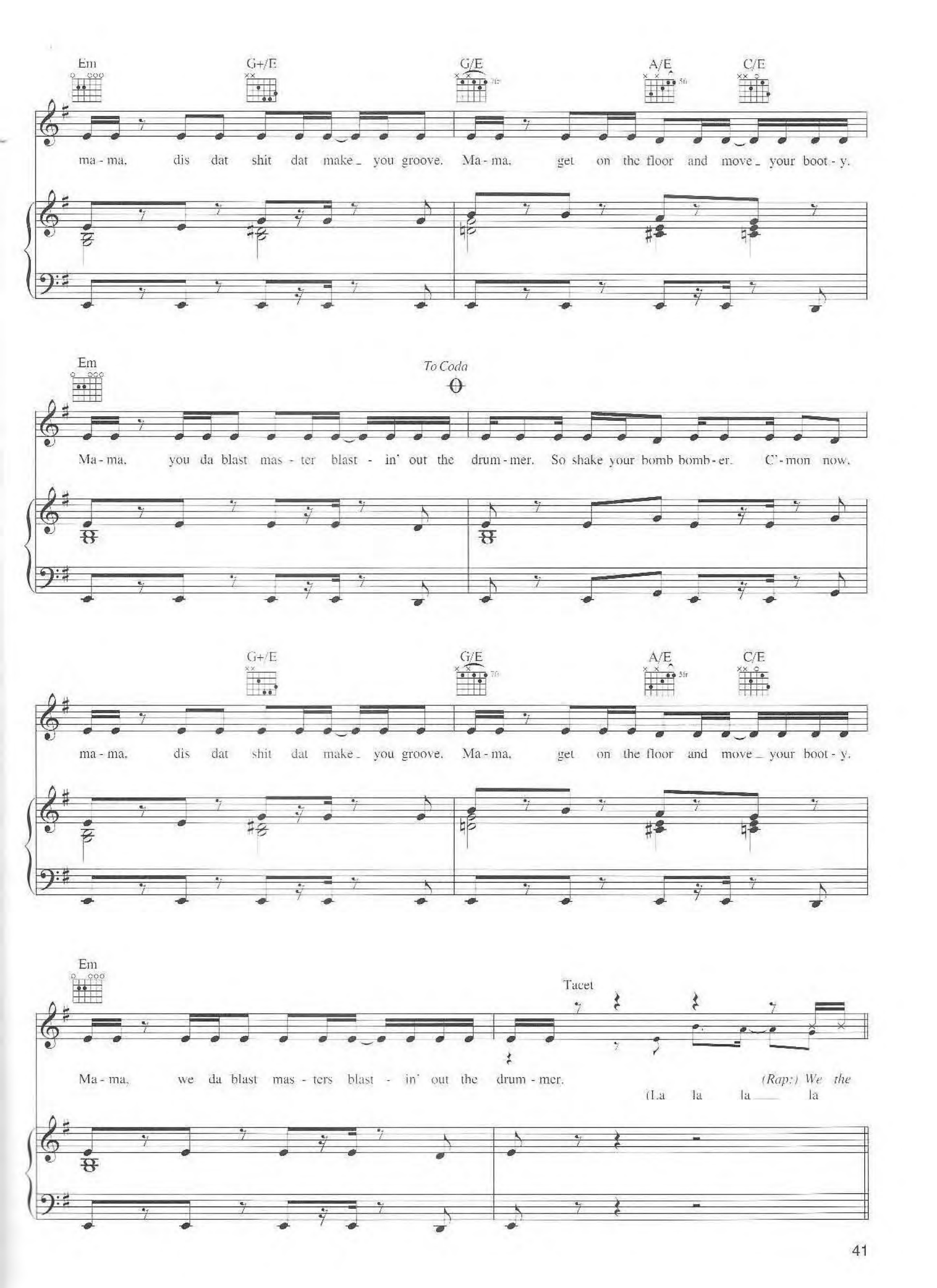

tice. and then drop bombs like we in the Mid - dle East. (The bomb bomb - ers. the bass boom drum - mers.) (Now,
8vb

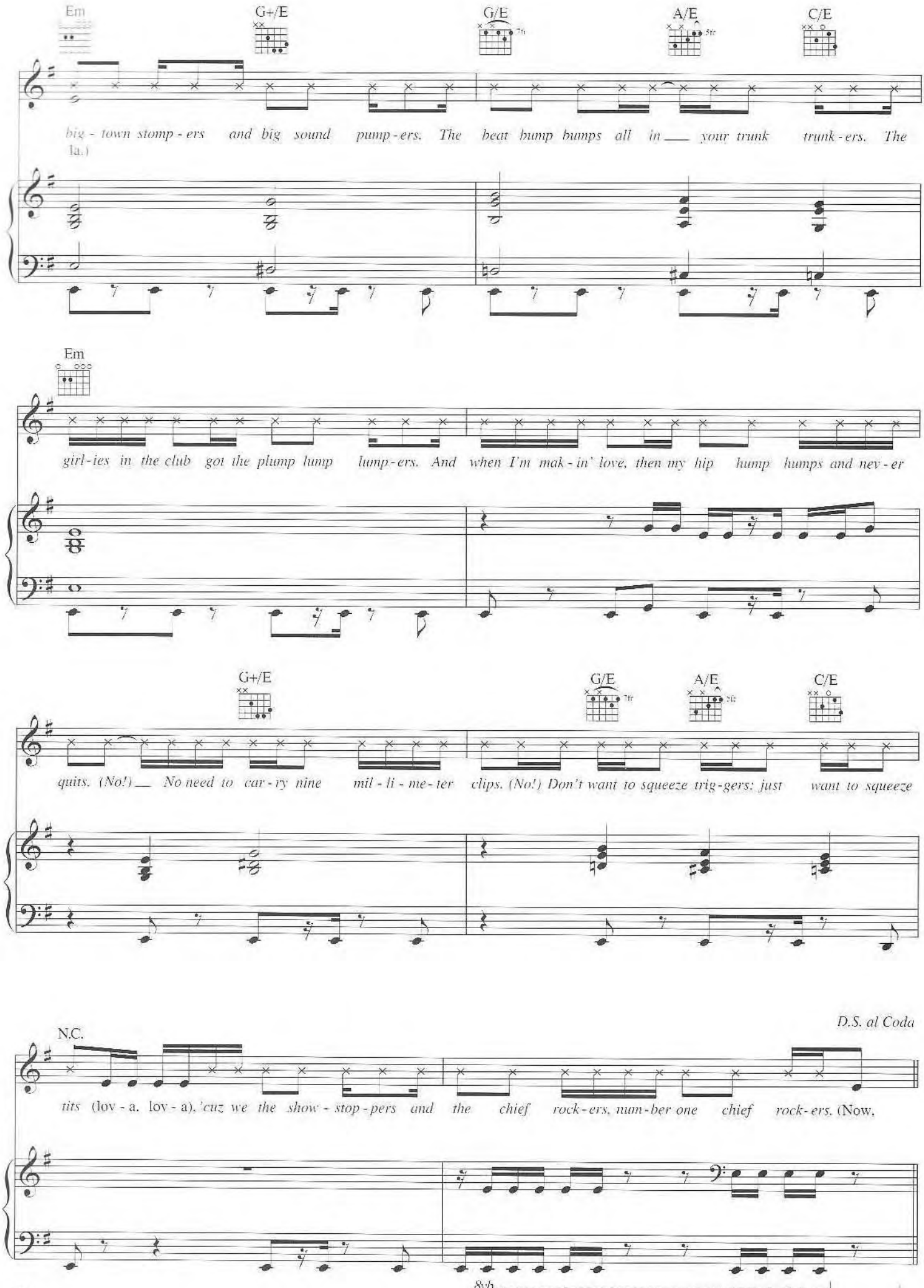

𝄋 N.C.
y'all know) who we are (y'all know). We the stars.

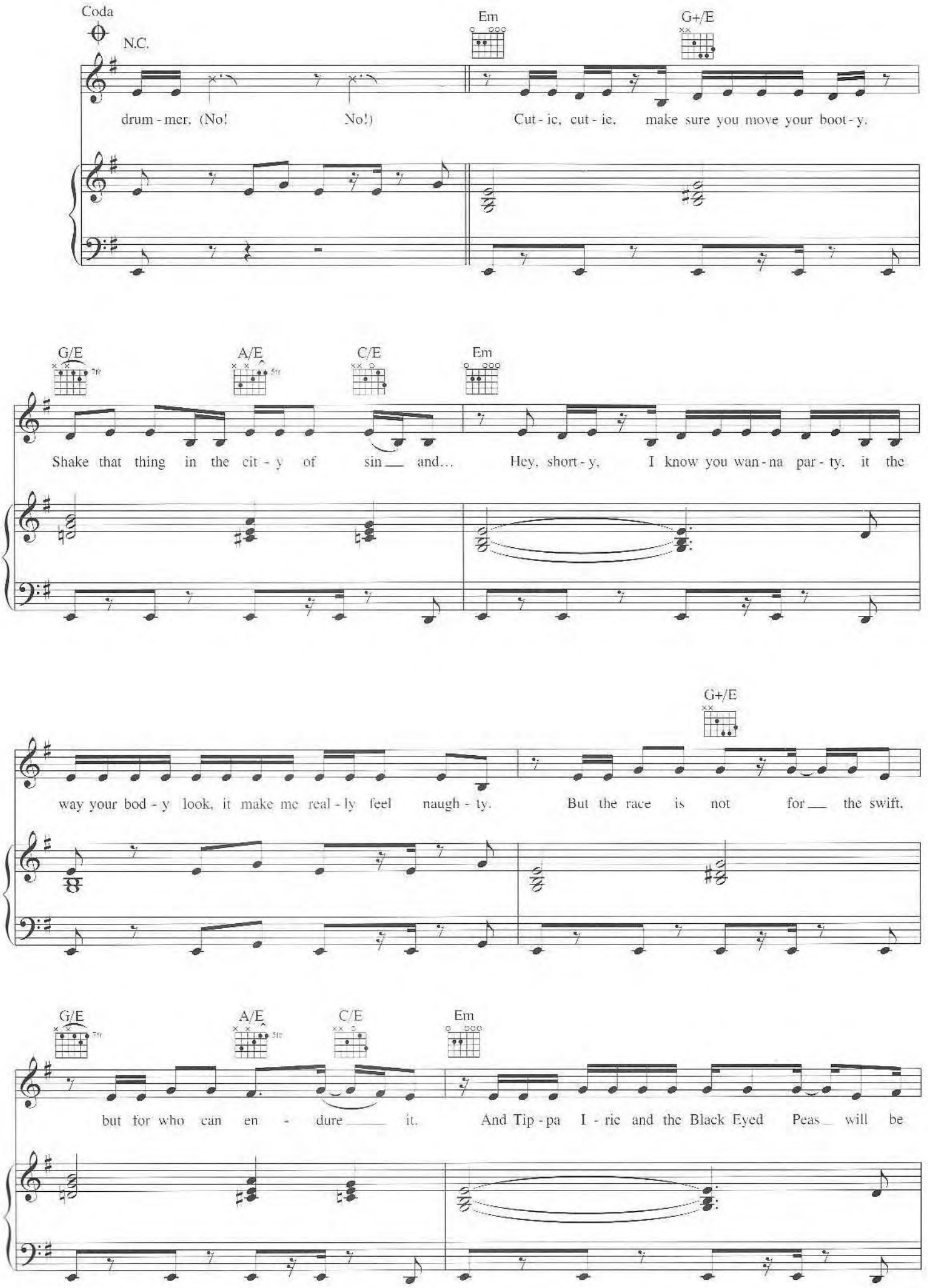

stead - y rock - in' all and y'all's boul - e - vards.
And look - in' hard with - out bod - y - guards.
How we rock - in' the girl with - out bod - y - guards.

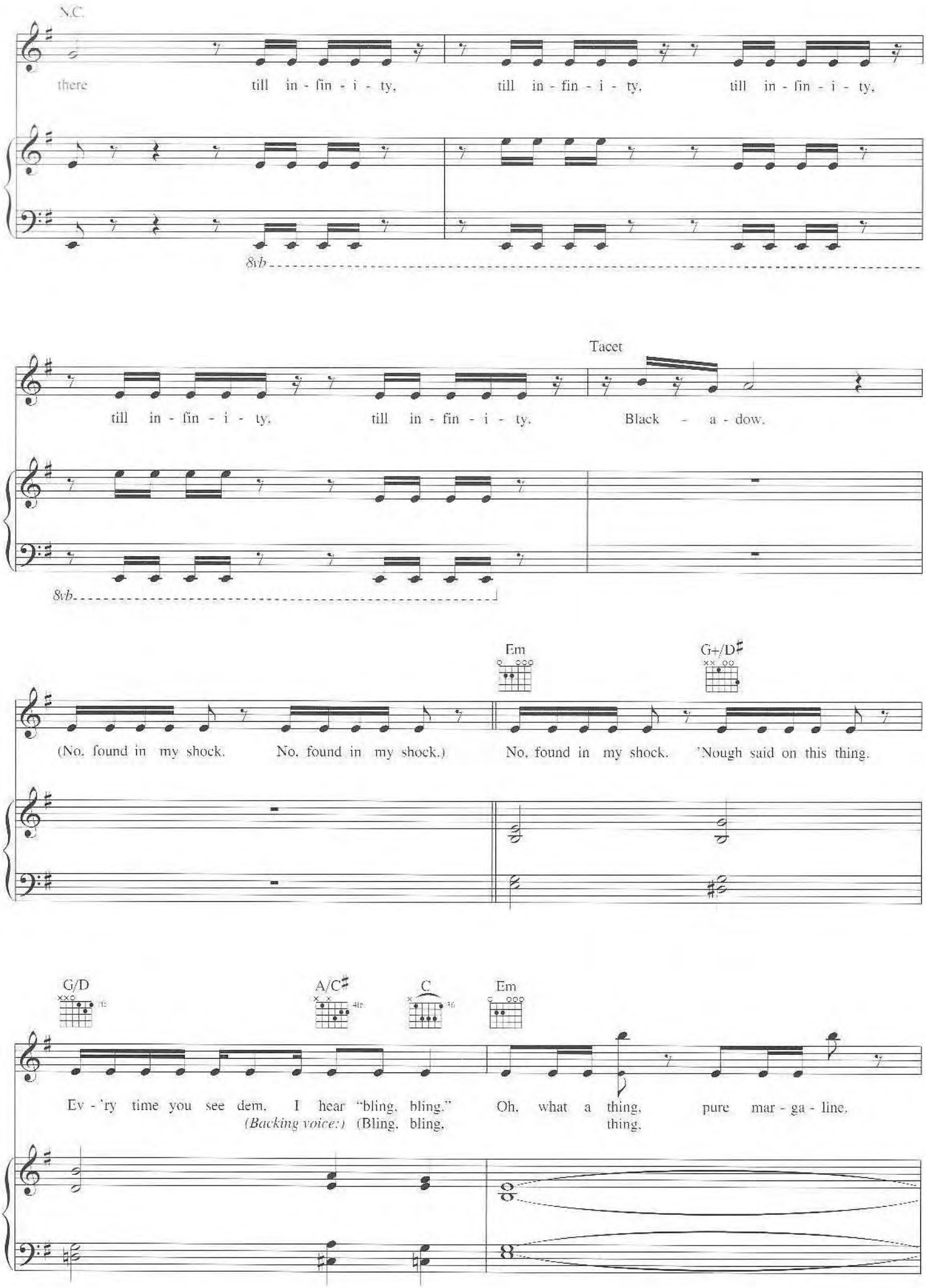

(I do) what I ___ can. (Dou - ble - u) ill - I - Am.
(She be) Fer - gie (from the crew) B. - E. - P.

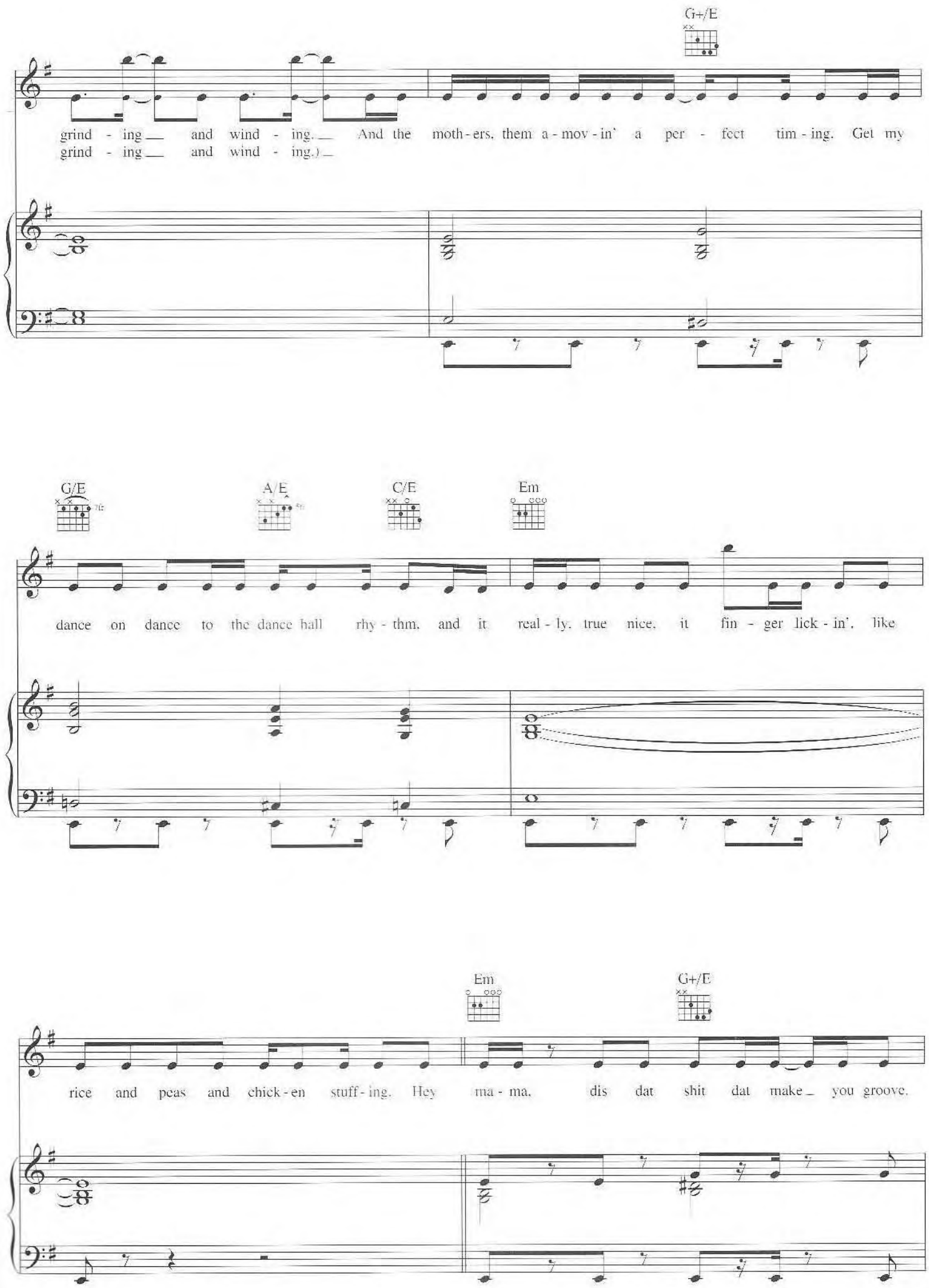

It's still I ___ stand with still mike in hand.
C' - mon, take _ heed as we take the lead.
So c' - mon, ma - ma.
So c' - mon, pa - pa,
dance to the dra - ma. Hey
8vb

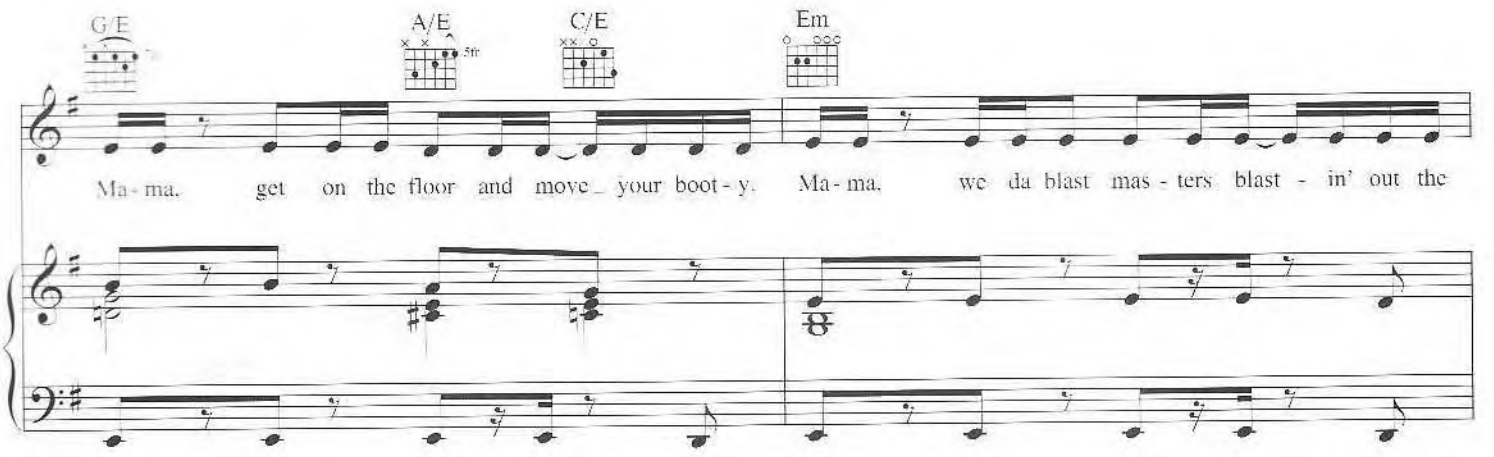

Em
G+/E
G/E
A/E
C/E
ma - ma, dis dat shit dat make you groove. Ma - ma, get on the floor and move your boot - y.
Em
To Coda
Ma - ma, you da blast mas - ter blast - in' out the drum - mer. So shake your bomb bomb - er. C'-mon now,
G+/E
G/E
A/E
C/E
ma - ma, dis dat shit dat make you groove. Ma - ma, get on the floor and move your boot - y.
Em
Tacet
Ma - ma, we da blast mas - ters blast - in' out the drum - mer.
(Rap:) We the
(La la la la la

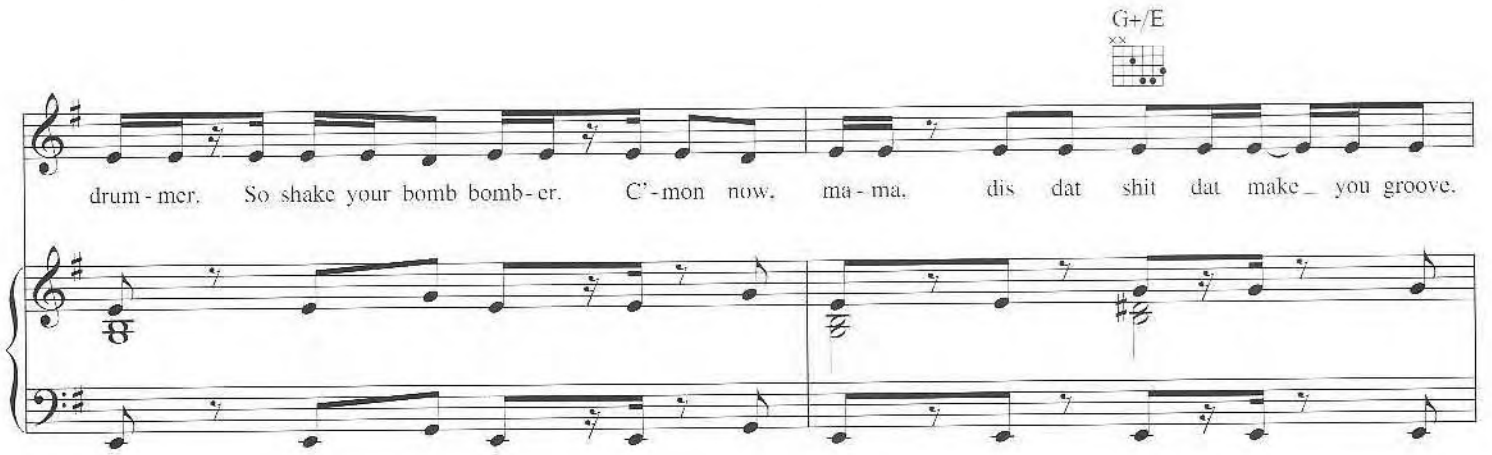

Em
G+/E
G/E
A/E
C/E
big - town stomp - ers and big sound pump - ers. The beat bump bumps all in ___ your trunk trunk - ers. The
la.)
Em
girl - ies in the club got the plump lump lump - ers. And when I'm mak - in' love, then my hip hump humps and nev - er
G+/E
G/E
A/E
C/E
quits. (No!) ___ No need to car - ry nine mil - li - me - ter clips. (No!) Don't want to squeeze trig - gers: just want to squeeze
D.S. al Coda
N.C.
tits (lov - a. lov - a). 'cuz we the show - stop - pers and the chief rock - ers, num - ber one chief rock - ers. (Now,
8vb

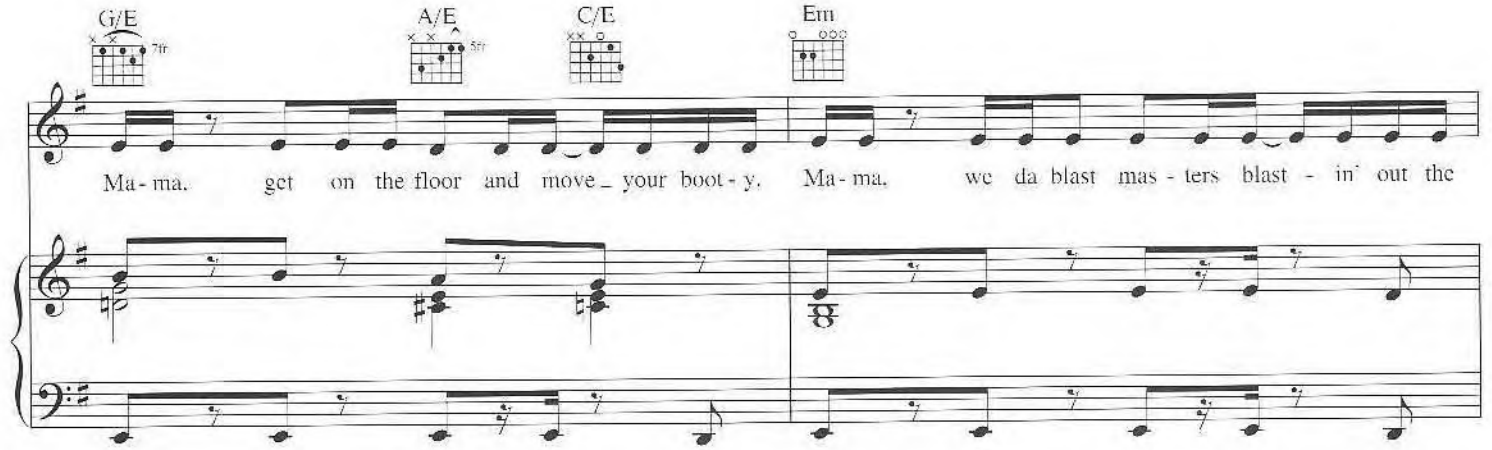

Coda
N.C.
Em
G+/E
drum - mer. (No! No!) Cut - ie, cut - ie, make sure you move your boot - y.
G/E
A/E
C/E
Em
Shake that thing in the cit - y of sin___ and... Hey, short - y, I know you wan - na par - ty, it the
G+/E
way your bod - y look, it make me real - ly feel naugh - ty. But the race is not for___ the swift,
G/E
A/E
C/E
Em
but for who can en - dure___ it. And Tip - pa I - ric and the Black Eyed Peas___ will be

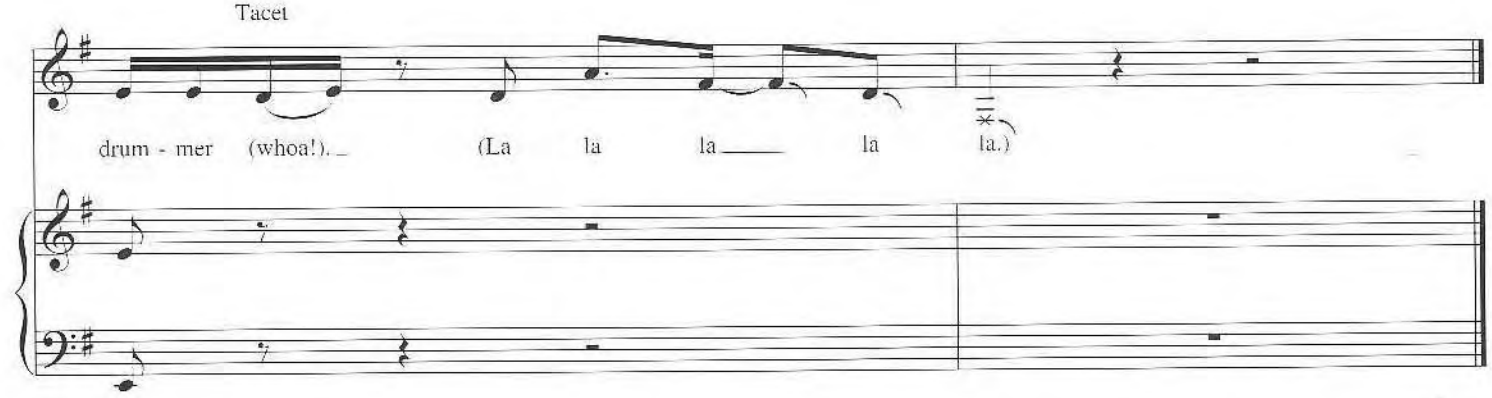

N.C.
there till in - fin - i - ty, till in - fin - i - ty, till in - fin - i - ty,
8vb
till in - fin - i - ty, till in - fin - i - ty,
Tacet
Black - a - dow.
8vb
Em
G+/D♯
(No, found in my shock. No, found in my shock.) No, found in my shock. 'Nough said on this thing.
G/D
A/C♯
C
Em
Ev - 'ry time you see dem, I hear "bling, bling," Oh, what a thing, pure mar - ga - line,
(Backing voice:) (Bling, bling, thing,


G+/E
grind - ing and wind - ing. And the moth - ers, them a - mov - in' a per - fect tim - ing. Get my
grind - ing and wind - ing.)
G/E
A/E
C/E
Em
dance on dance to the dance hall rhy - thm, and it real - ly, true nice, it fin - ger lick - in', like
Em
G+/E
rice and peas and chick - en stuff - ing. Hey ma - ma, dis dat shit dat make you groove.


G/E
A/E
5fr
C/E
Em
Ma - ma, get on the floor and move_ your boot - y. Ma - ma, we da blast mas - ters blast - in' out the

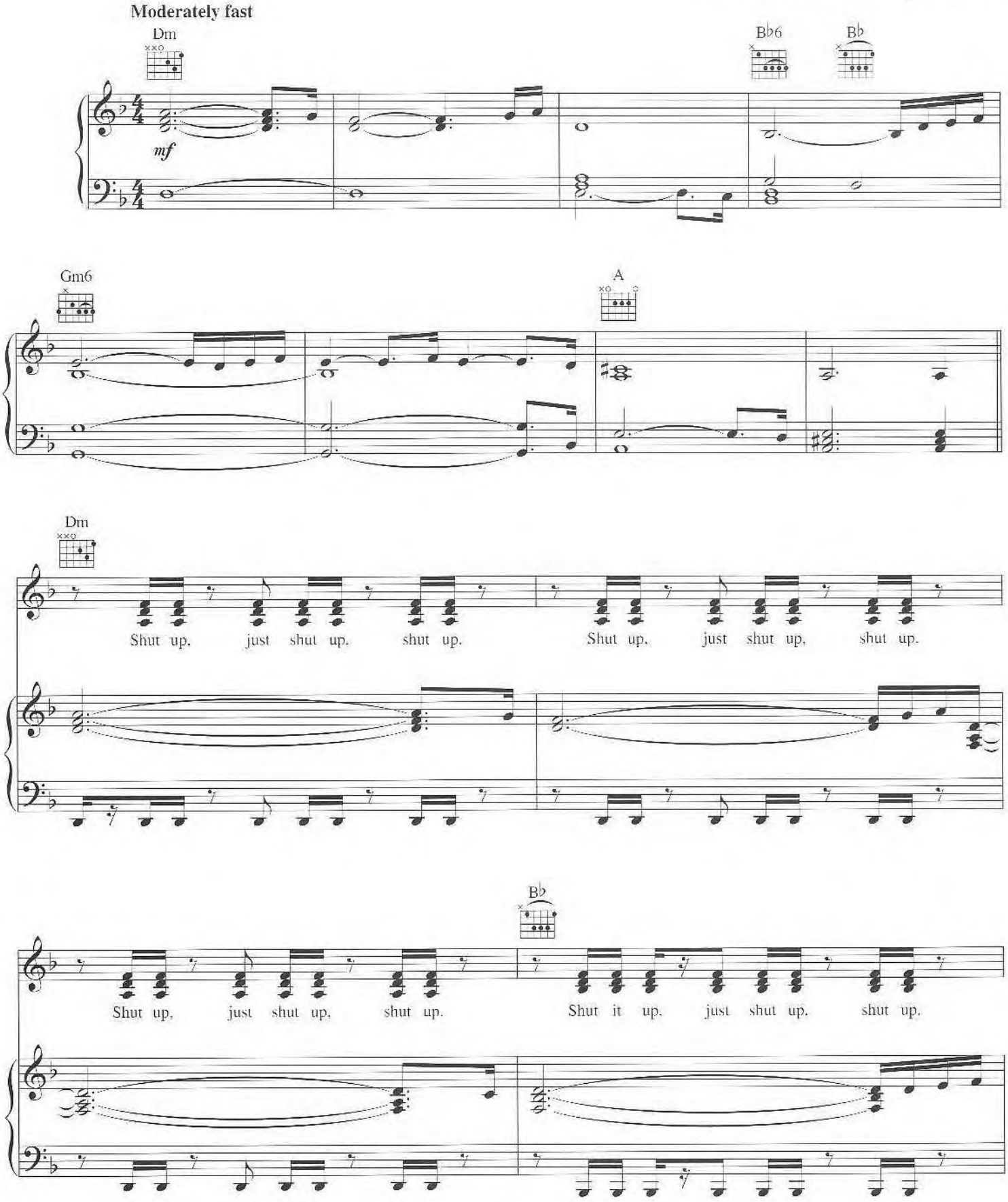

G+/E
drum - mer. So shake your bomb bomb - er. C' - mon now, ma - ma, dis dat shit dat make_ you groove.


G/E
7fr
A/E
5fr
C/E
Em
Ma - ma, get on the floor and move_ your boot - y. Ma - ma, we da blast mas - ters blast - in' out the


Tacet
drum - mer (whoa!)._ (La la la_____ la la.)

Shut Up

Words and Music by Will Adams,
Jaime Gomez and George Pajon Jr.



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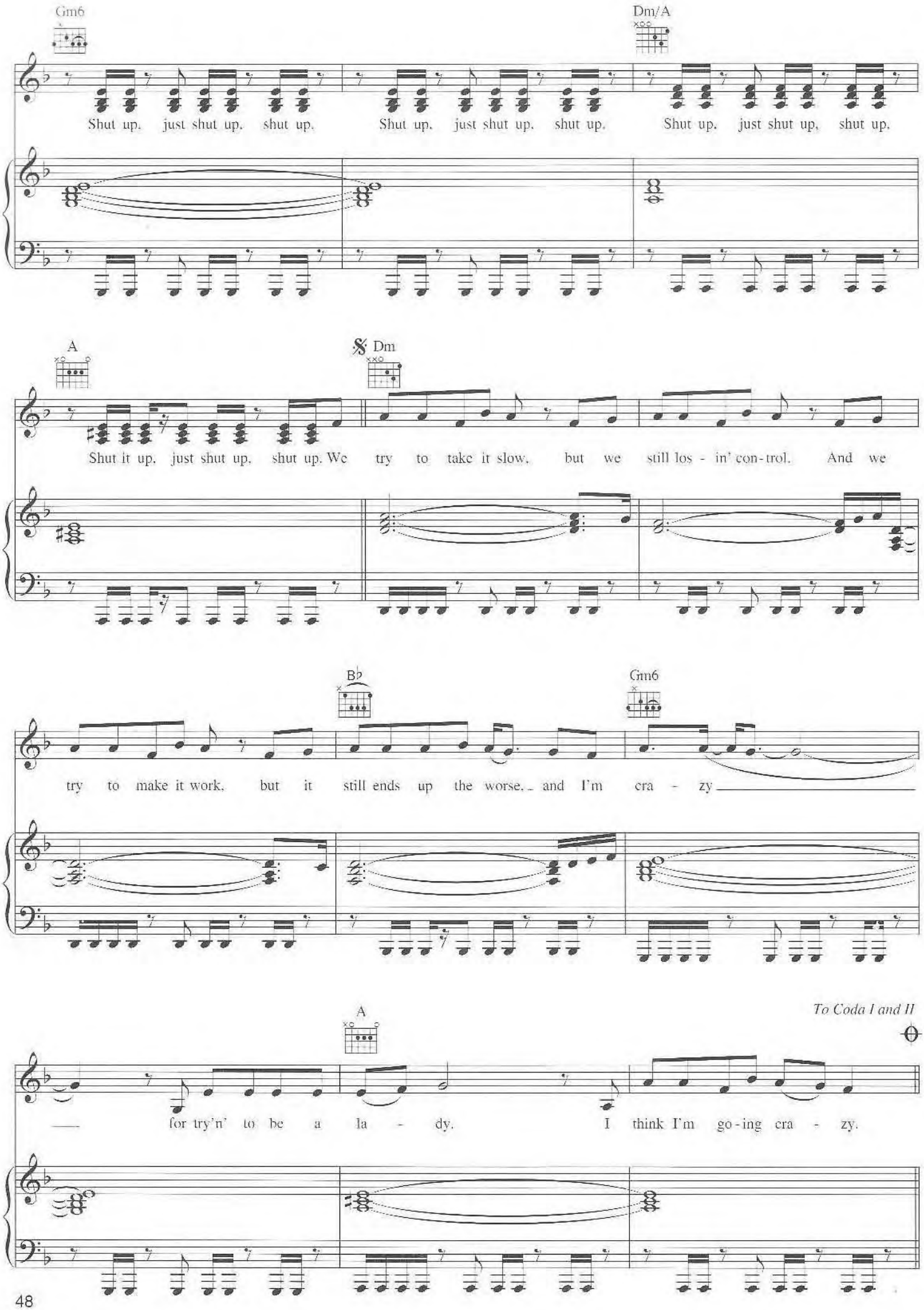
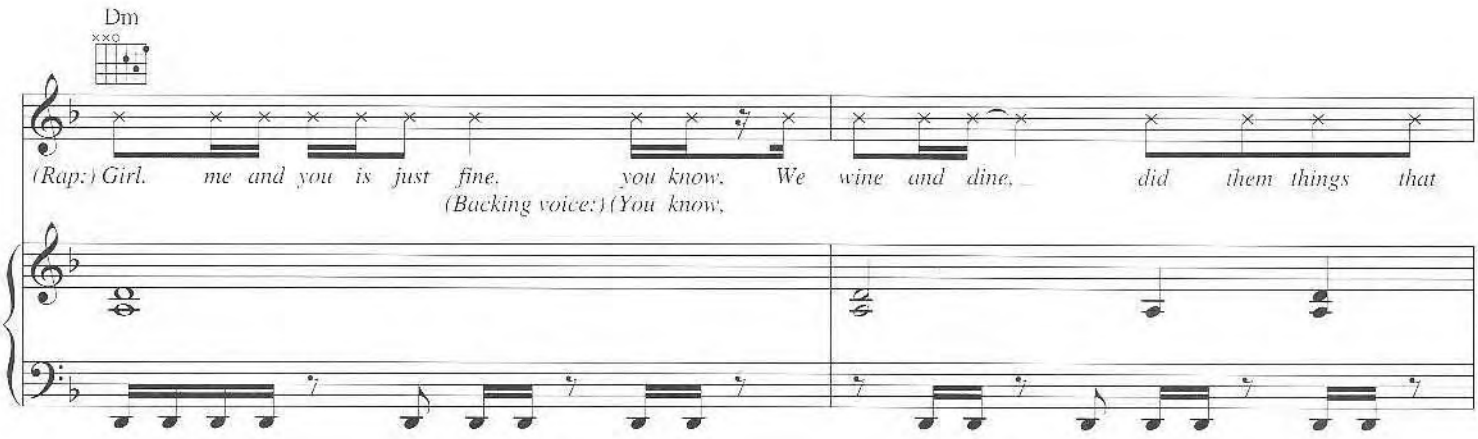
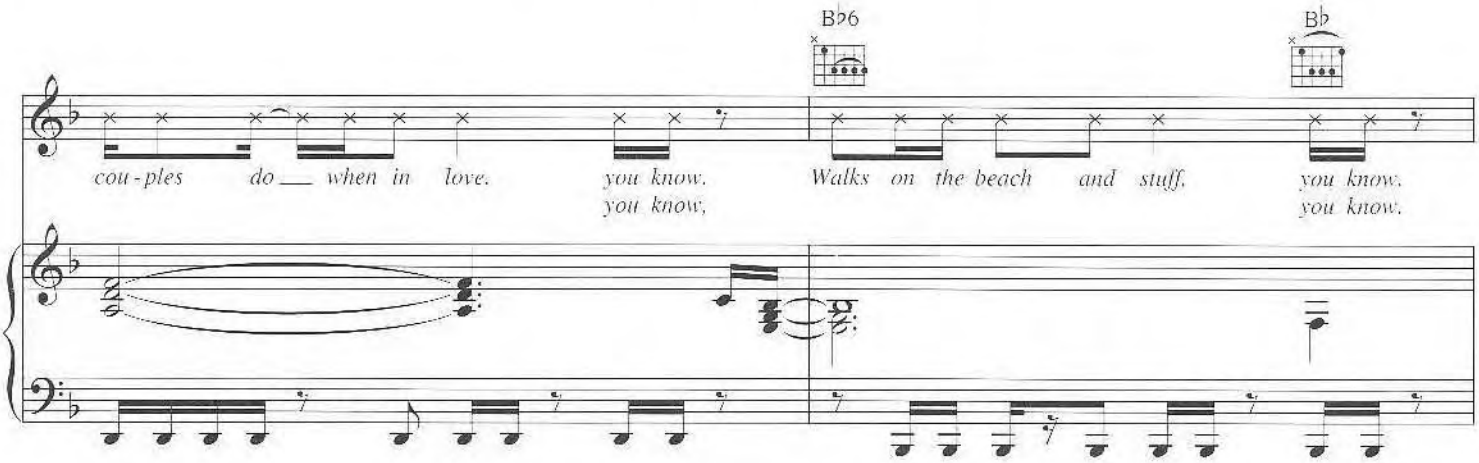
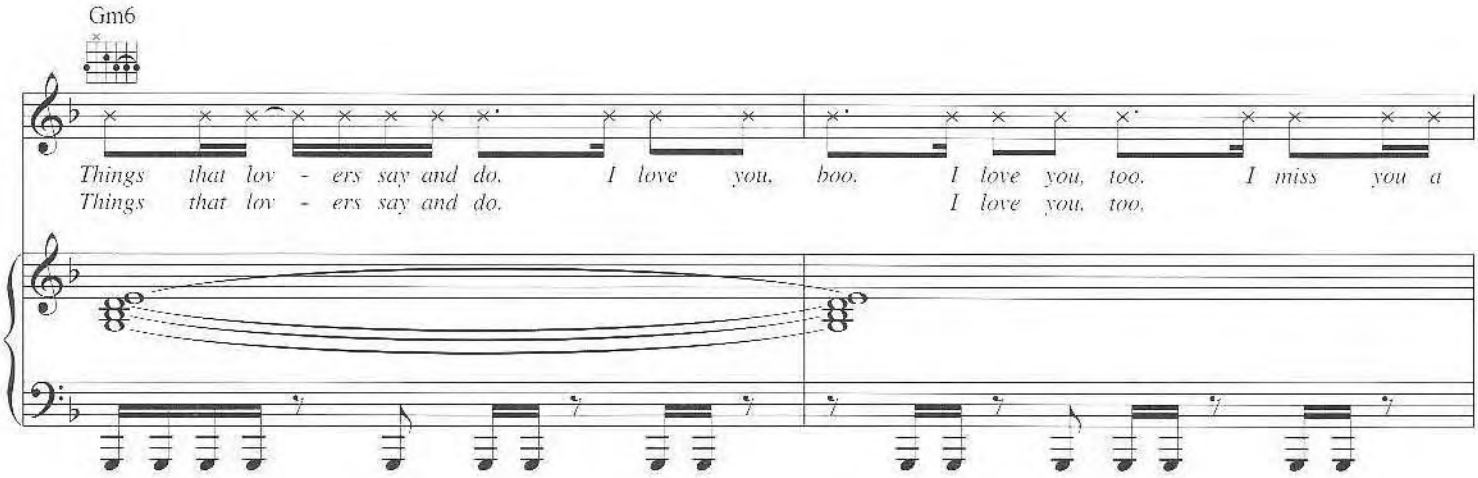
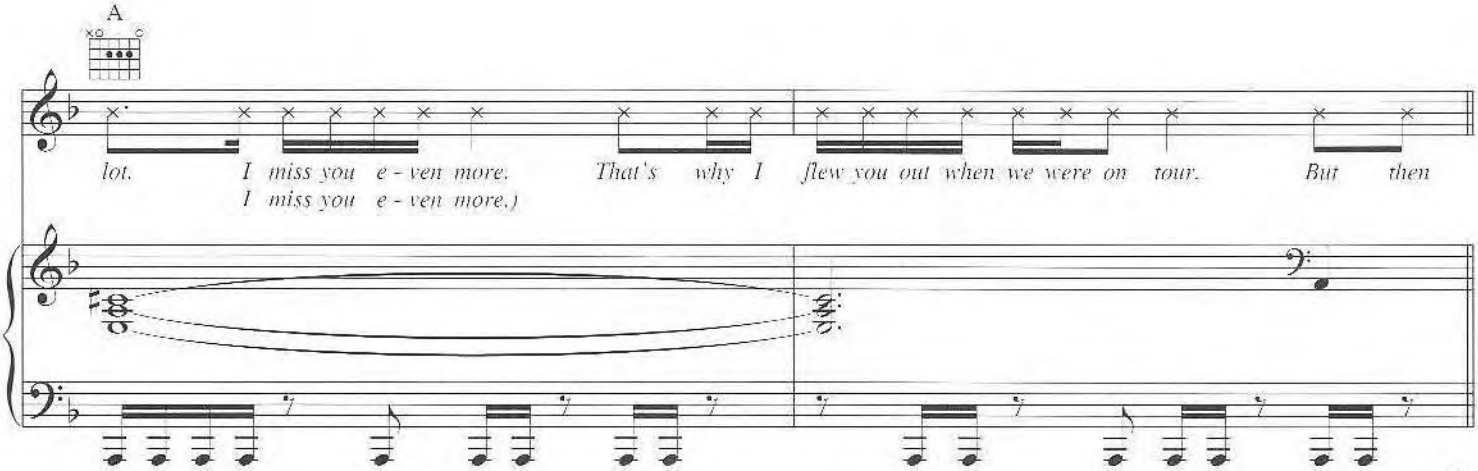
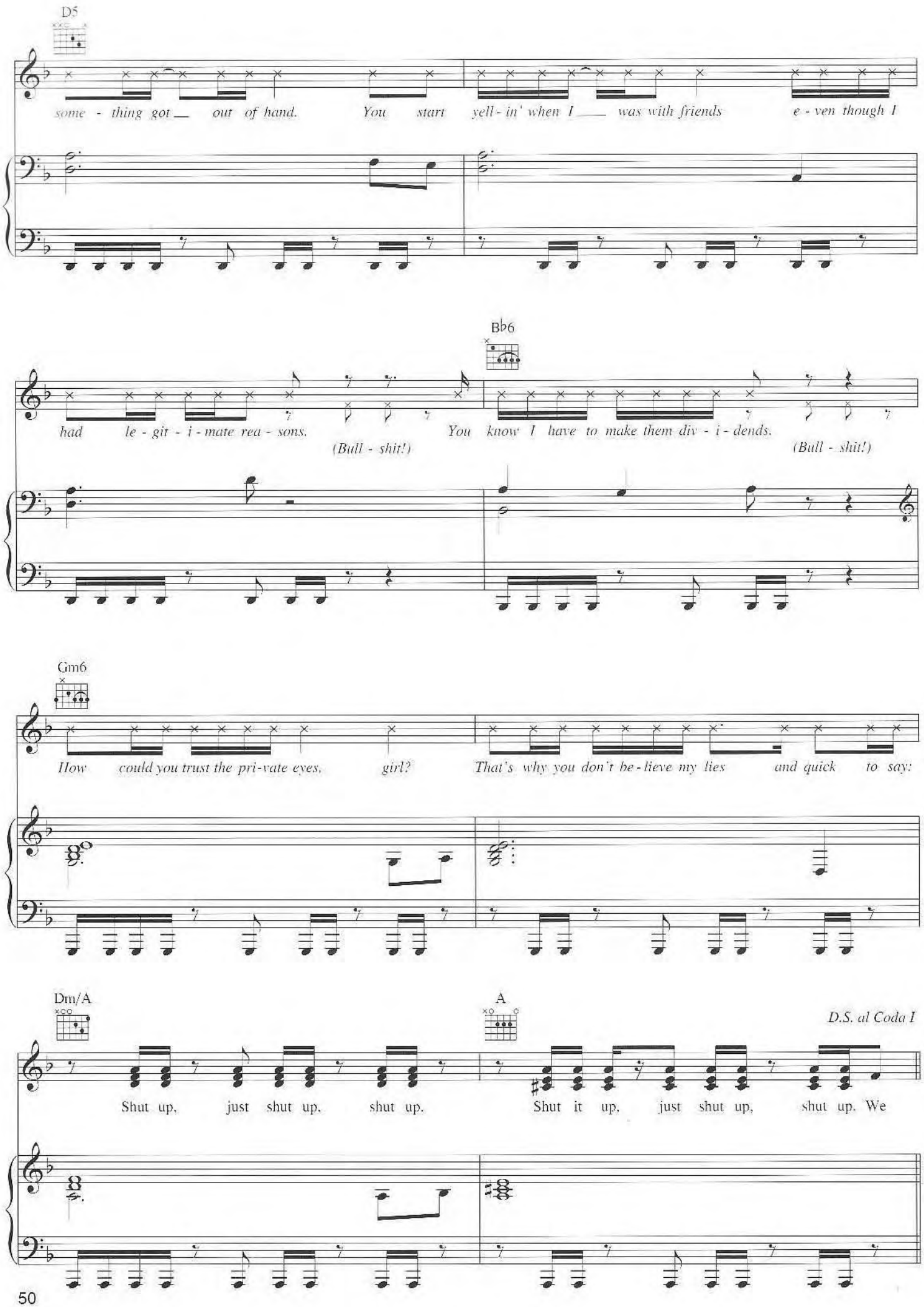

Gm6
Dm/A
Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.
A
Dm
Shut it up, just shut up, shut up. We try to take it slow, but we still los - in' con-trol. And we
B♭
Gm6
try to make it work, but it still ends up the worse, and I'm cra - zy
A
To Coda I and II
for try'n' to be a la - dy. I think I'm go-ing cra - zy.

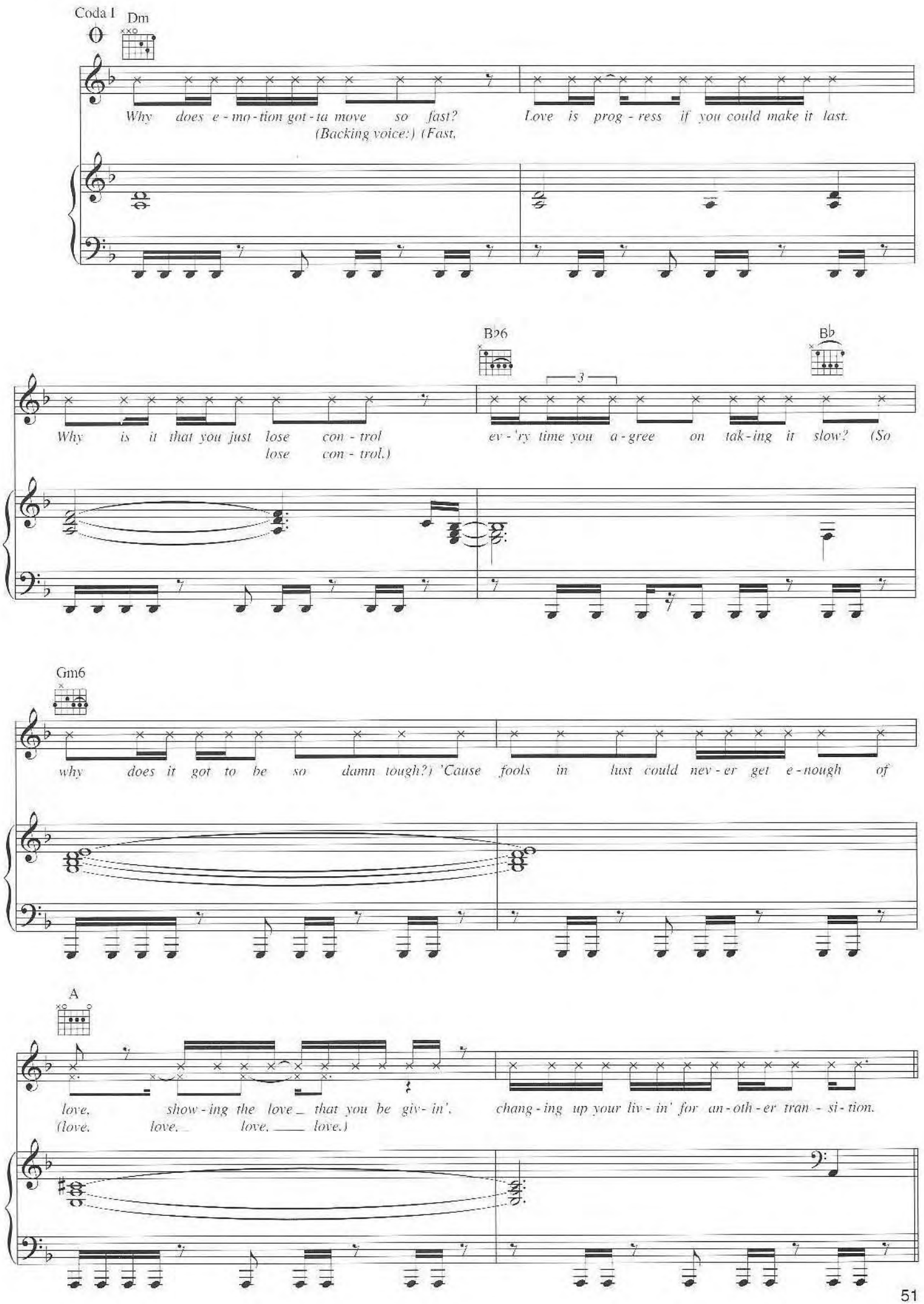

Dm
(Rap:) Girl. me and you is just fine. you know. We wine and dine. did them things that
(Backing voice:) (You know,

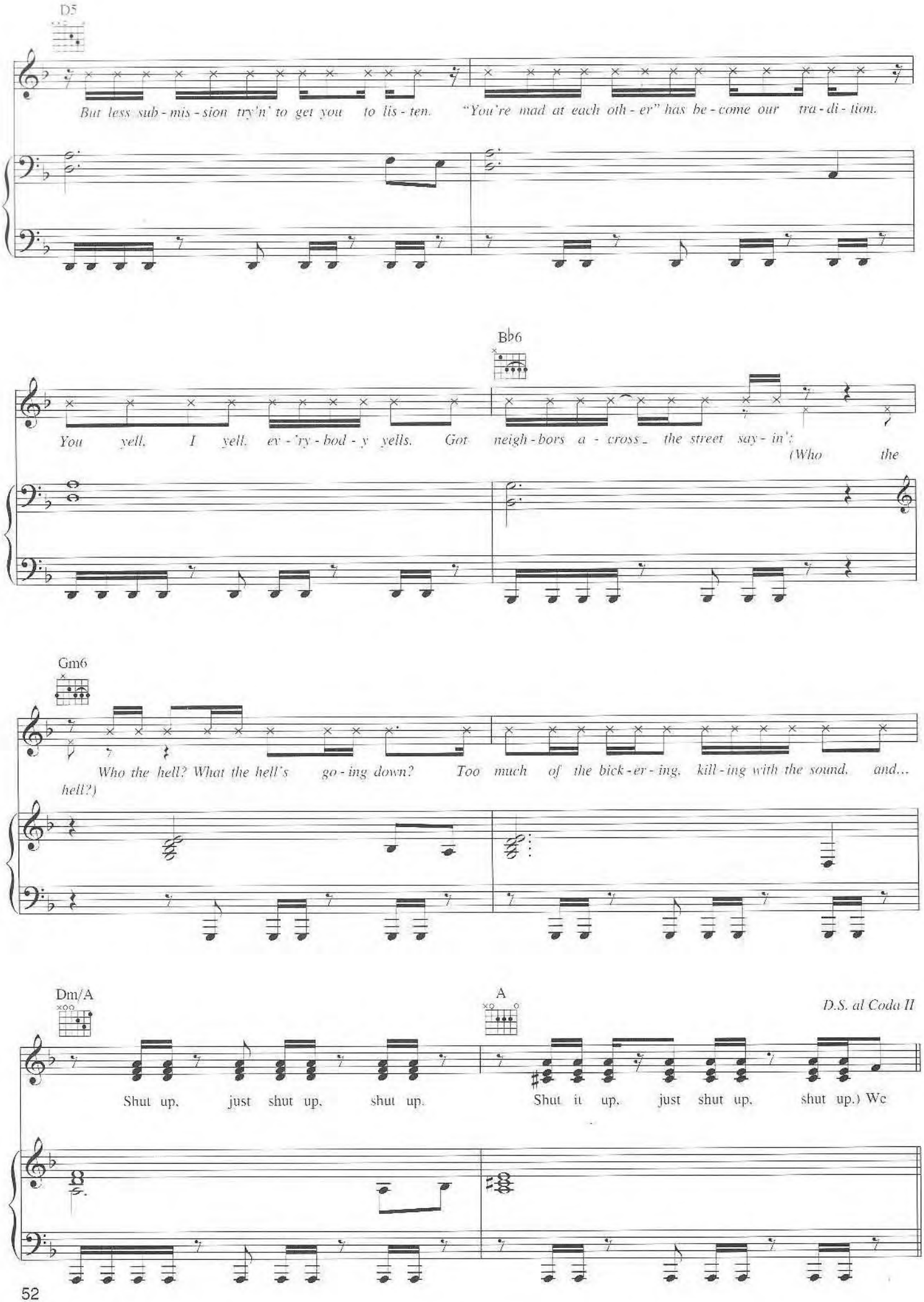

B♭6
B♭
cou - ples do ___ when in love. you know. Walks on the beach and stuff. you know.
you know, you know.

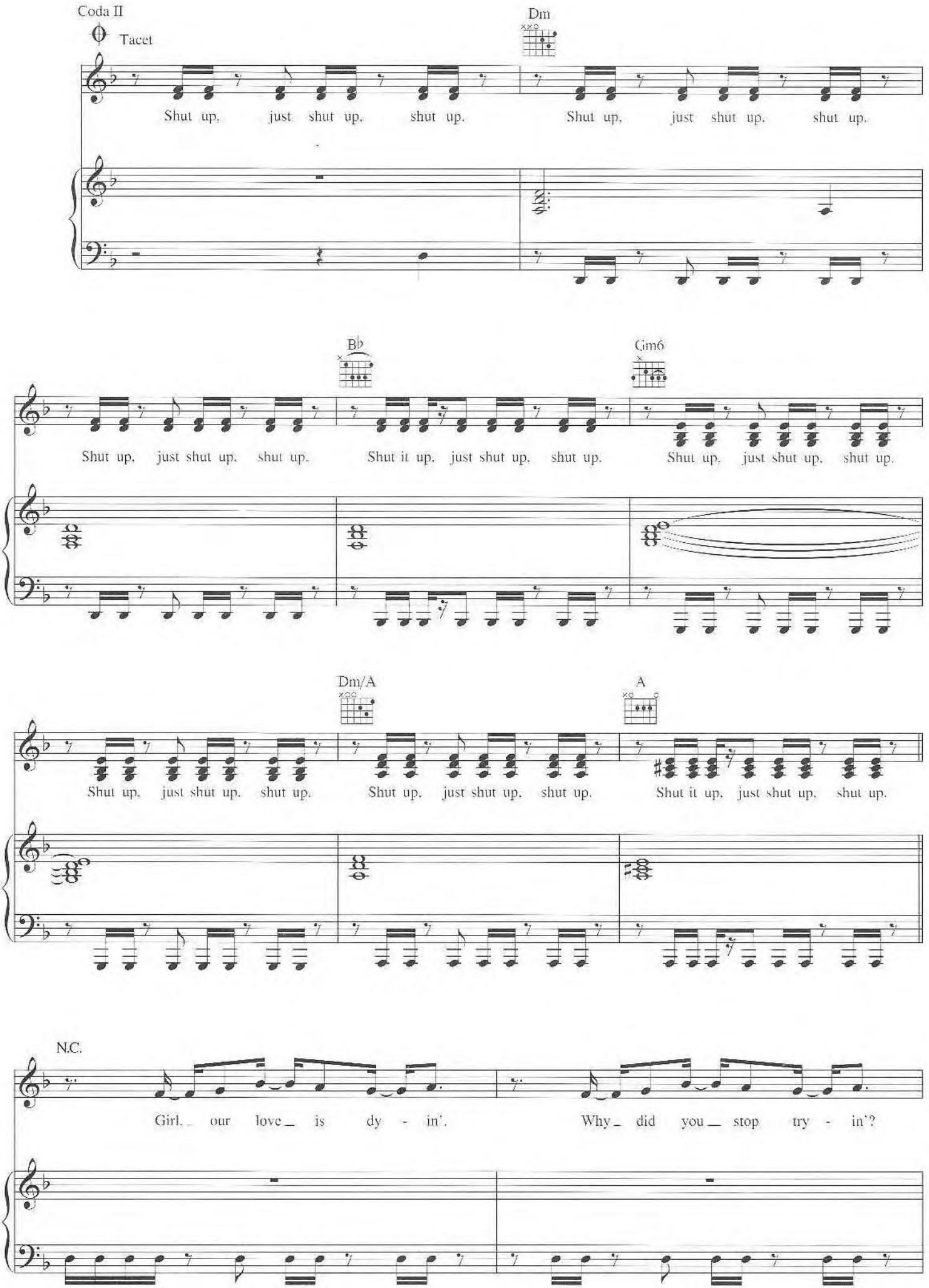

Gm6
Things that lov - ers say and do. I love you, boo. I love you, too. I miss you a
Things that lov - ers say and do. I love you, too.


A
lot. I miss you e - ven more. That's why I flew you out when we were on tour. But then
I miss you e - ven more.)


D5
some - thing got out of hand. You start yell - in' when I was with friends e - ven though I
B♭6
had le - git - i - mate rea - sons. You know I have to make them div - i - dends.
(Bull - shit!)
(Bull - shit!)
Gm6
How could you trust the pri-vate eyes, girl? That's why you don't be - lieve my lies and quick to say:
Dm/A
A
D.S. al Coda I
Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut it up, just shut up, shut up. We


Coda I
Dm
Why does e - mo - tion got - ta move so fast?
(Backing voice:) (Fast,
Love is prog - ress if you could make it last.
B♭6
B♭
Why is it that you just lose con - trol
lose con - trol.)
ev - 'ry time you a - gree on tak - ing it slow? (So
Gm6
why does it got to be so damn tough?) 'Cause fools in lust could nev - er get e - nough of
A
love. show - ing the love that you be giv - in'.
(love. love. love. love.)
chang - ing up your liv - in' for an - oth - er tran - si - tion.


D5
But less sub - mis - sion try'n' to get you to lis - ten. "You're mad at each oth - er" has be - come our tra - di - tion.
B♭6
You yell, I yell, ev - 'ry - bod - y yells. Got neigh - bors a - cross the street say - in': (Who the
Gm6
Who the hell? What the hell's go - ing down? Too much of the bick - er - ing, kill - ing with the sound, and... hell?)
Dm/A
Shut up, just shut up, shut up.
A
Shut it up, just shut up, shut up.) We
D.S. al Coda II


Coda II
Tacet
Dm
Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.
B♭
Gm6
Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut it up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.
Dm/A
A
Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut it up, just shut up, shut up.
N.C.
Girl, our love is dy - in'. Why did you stop try - in'?

(I nev - er been a quit - ter. but I do this for bet - ter.)

pp

Be - lieve me, I will do bet - ter. Let's for - get the past and start this new plan.

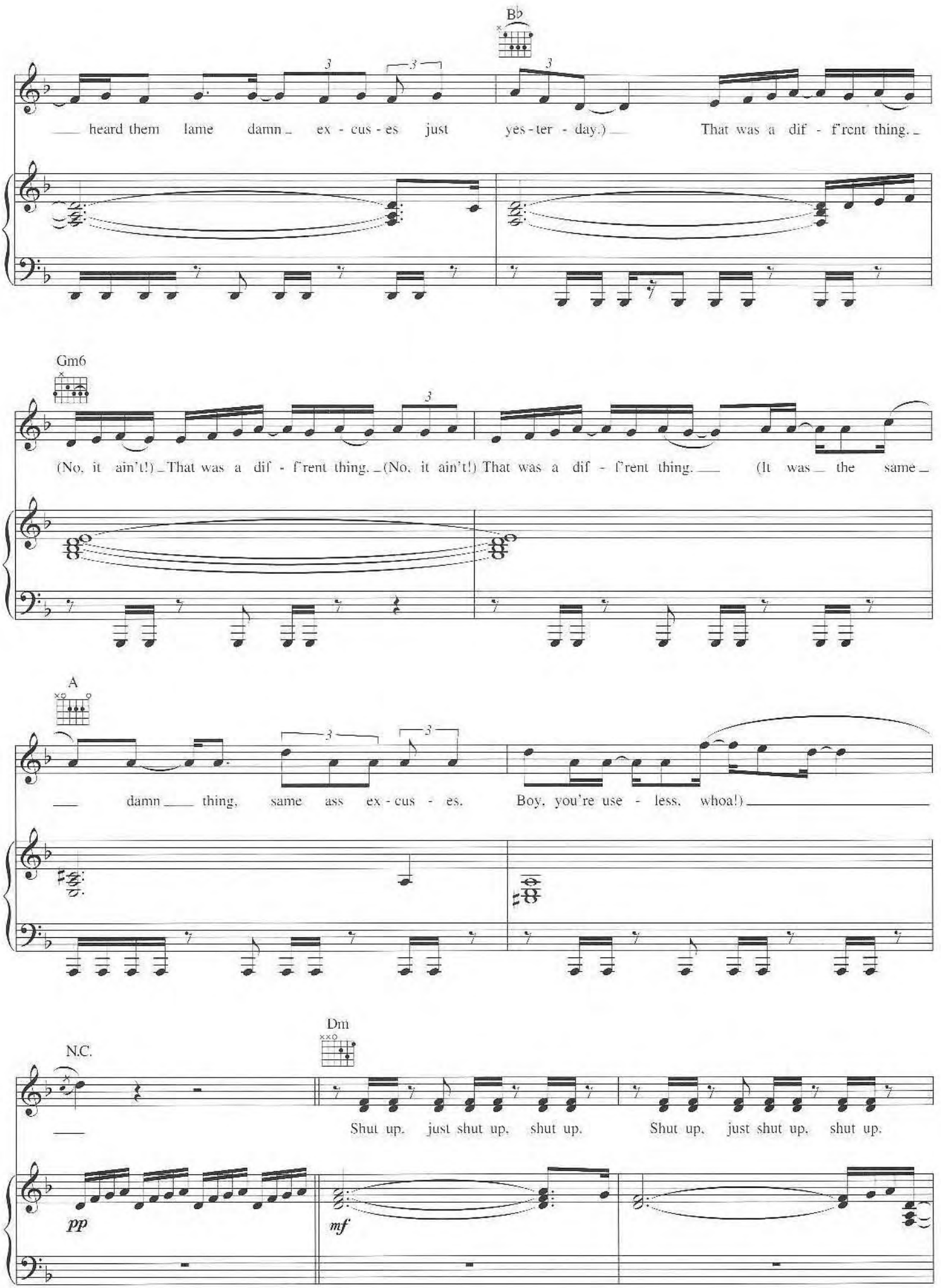
mf

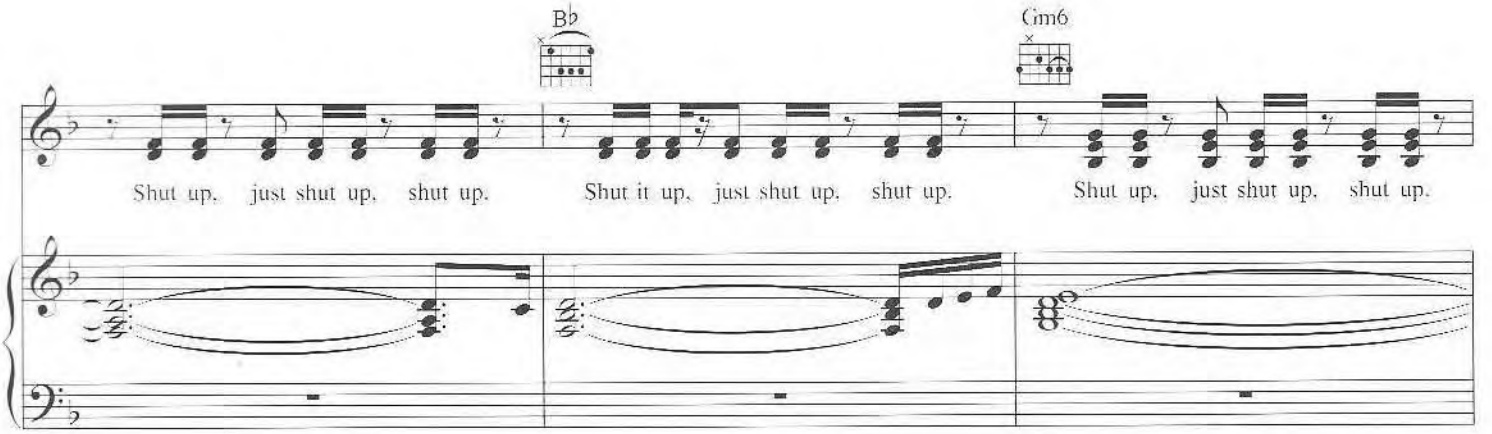
(Why? 'Cause it's the same old rou - tine, and then next week I hear them scream.)

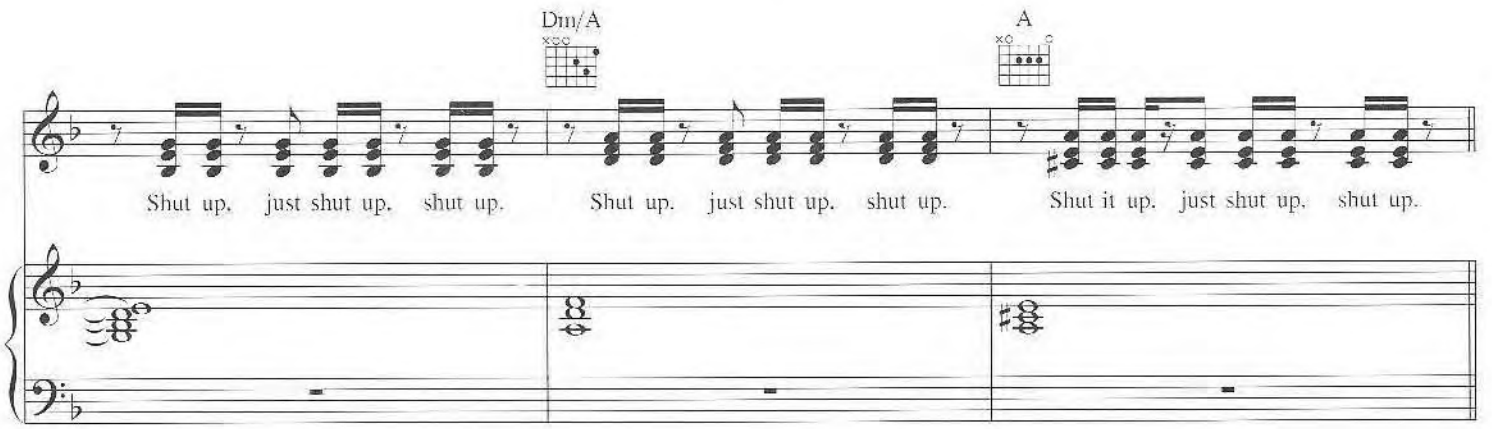
Dm

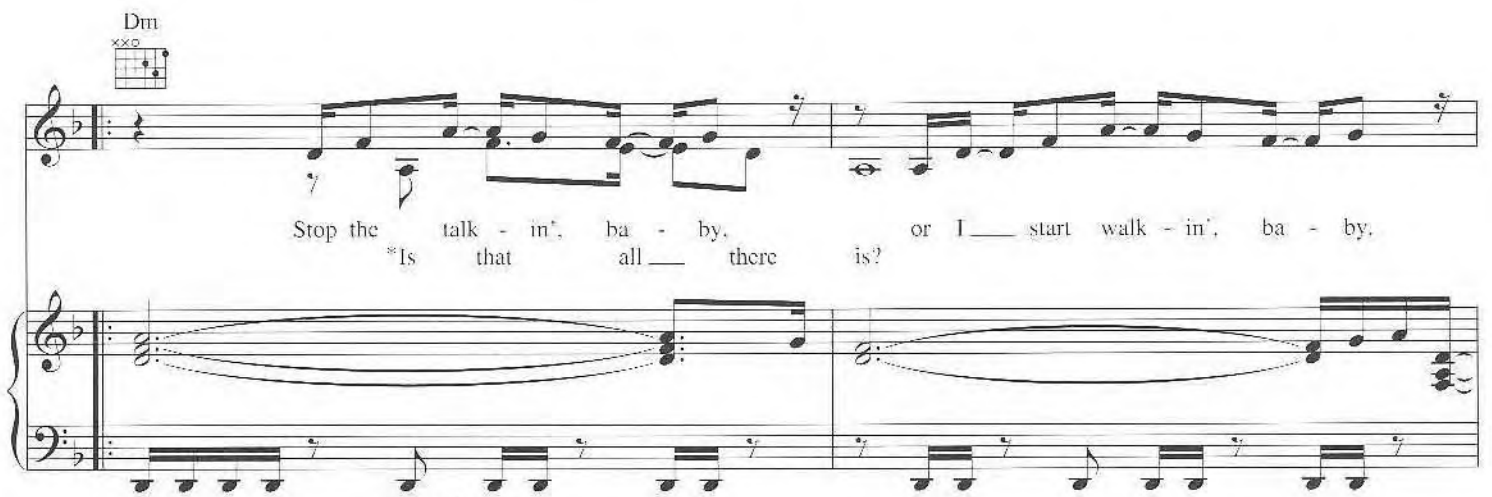
3

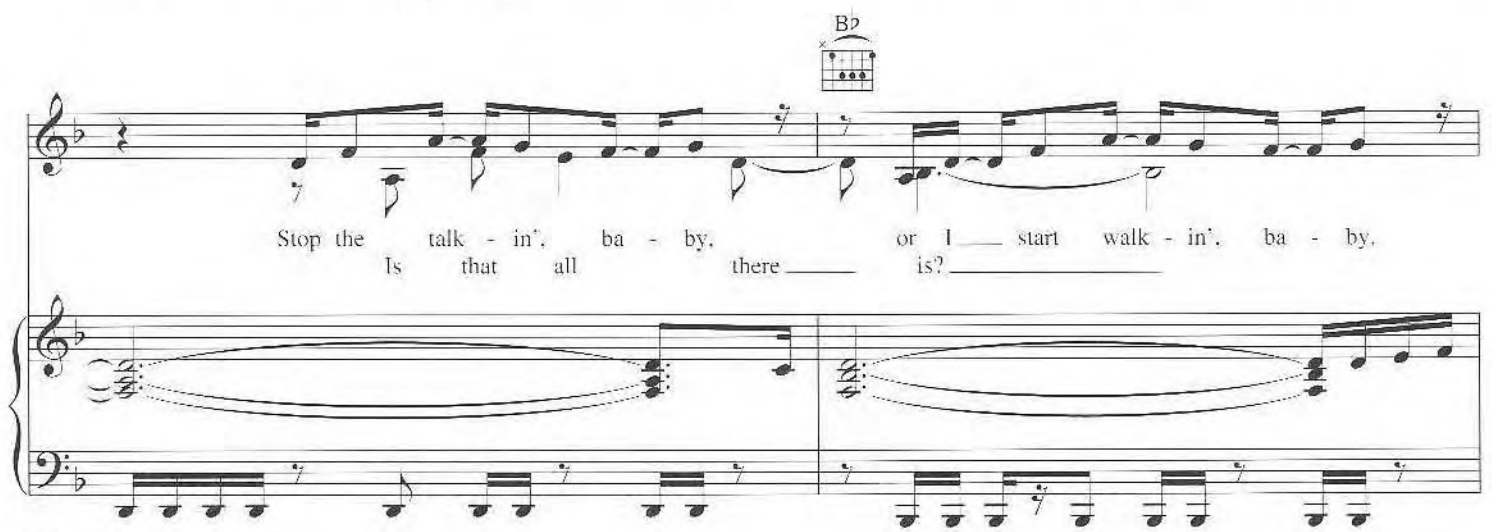
Girl, I know you're ti - red of the things I say. (You're damn right! 'Cause I

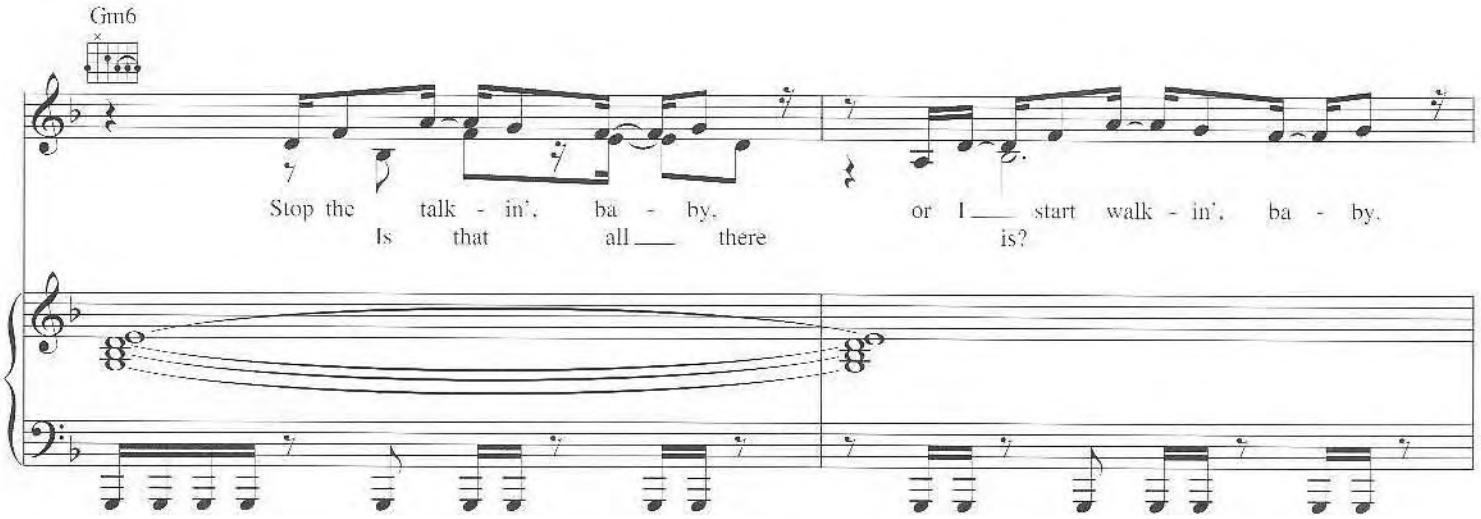

B♭
heard them lame damn ex - cus - es just yes - ter - day.) That was a dif - f'rent thing.
Gm6
(No, it ain't!) That was a dif - f'rent thing. (No, it ain't!) That was a dif - f'rent thing. (It was the same
A
damn thing, same ass ex - cus - es. Boy, you're use - less, whoa!)
N.C.
Dm
Shut up, just shut up, shut up. Shut up, just shut up, shut up.
pp
mf

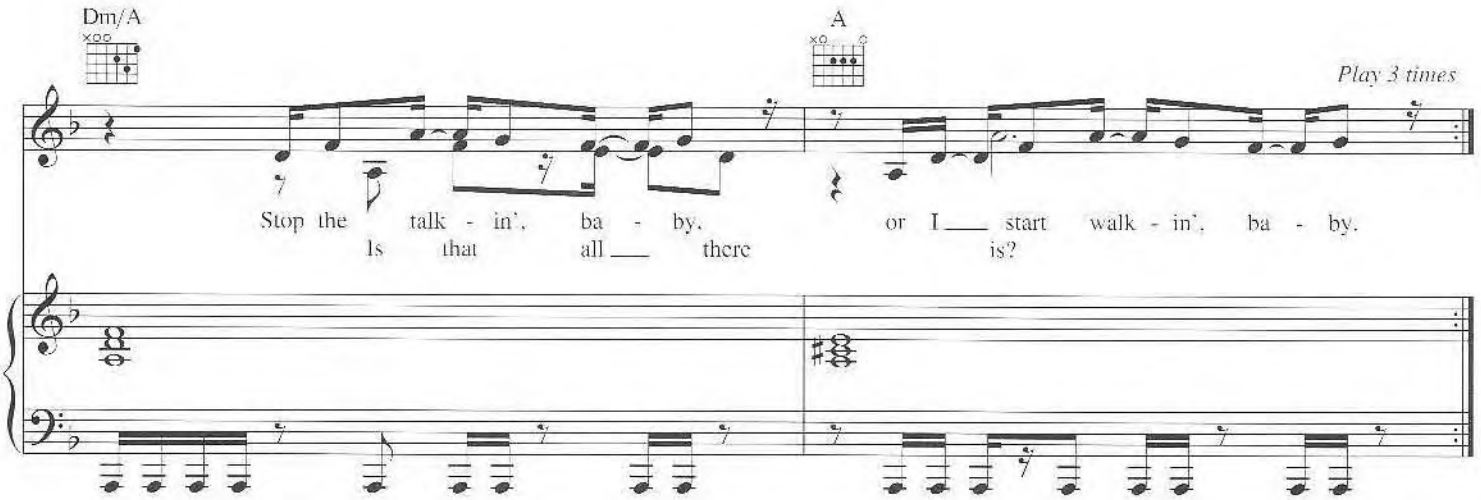

B♭
Cm6
Shut up, just shut up, shut up.
Shut it up, just shut up, shut up.
Shut up, just shut up, shut up.

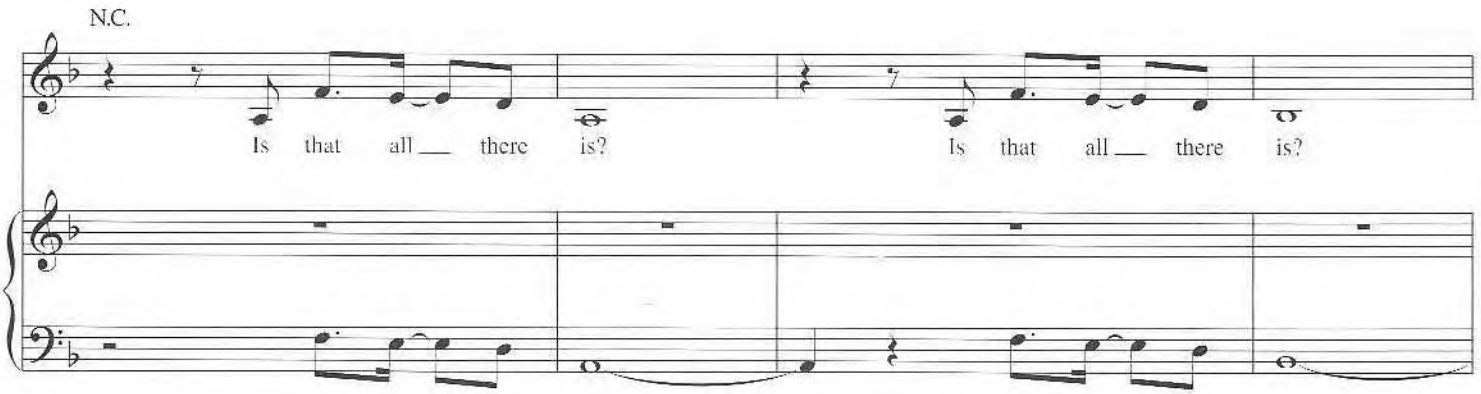

Dm/A
A
Shut up, just shut up, shut up.
Shut up, just shut up, shut up.
Shut it up, just shut up, shut up.

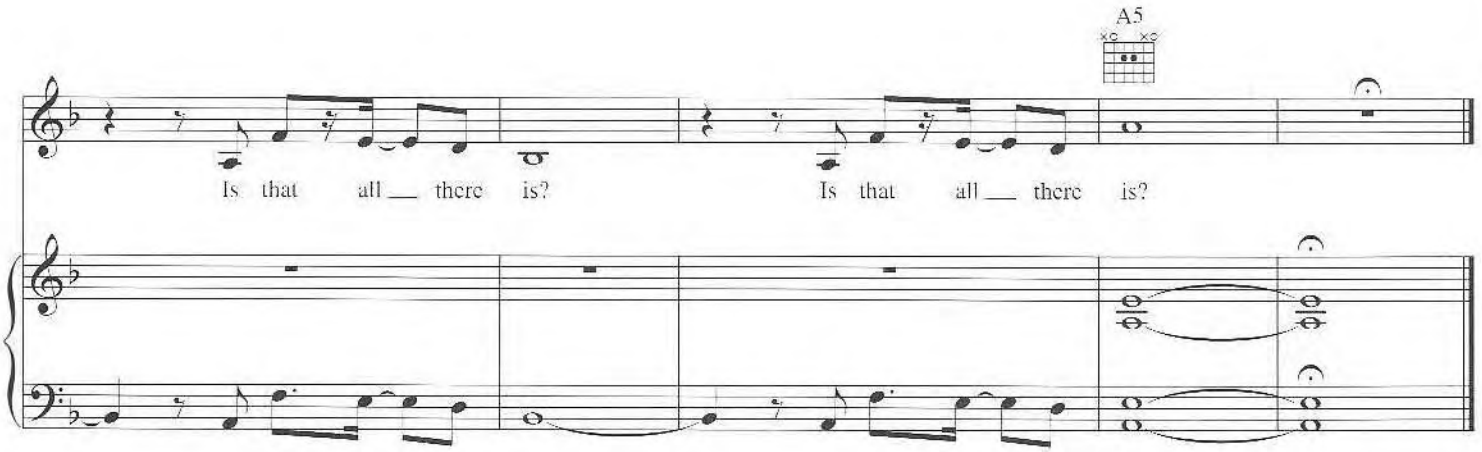

Dm
Stop the talk - in', ba - by, or I ___ start walk - in', ba - by.
*Is that all ___ there is?
*Tacet 1st time.


B♭
Stop the talk - in', ba - by, or I ___ start walk - in', ba - by.
Is that all there ___ is? ___


Gm6
Stop the talk - in', ba - by, or I start walk - in', ba - by.
Is that all there is?


Dm/A
A
Play 3 times
Stop the talk - in', ba - by, or I start walk - in', ba - by.
Is that all there is?


N.C.
Is that all there is? Is that all there is?


A5
Is that all there is? Is that all there is?

Smells Like Funk

Words and Music by Will Adams, Allan Pineda,
Michael Fratantuno and George Pajon Jr.

Moderately fast

Cm7 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7

Yeah, that's funk - y. (Funk - y.) Yeah, that's

mf

Cm7 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7

funk - y. (Funk - y.) Yeah, that's funk - y. (Funk - y.) If it

𝄋 Cm7 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7

Play 3 times

smells like funk, it must be us. Funk from four thou - sand years stank - y stuff. If it

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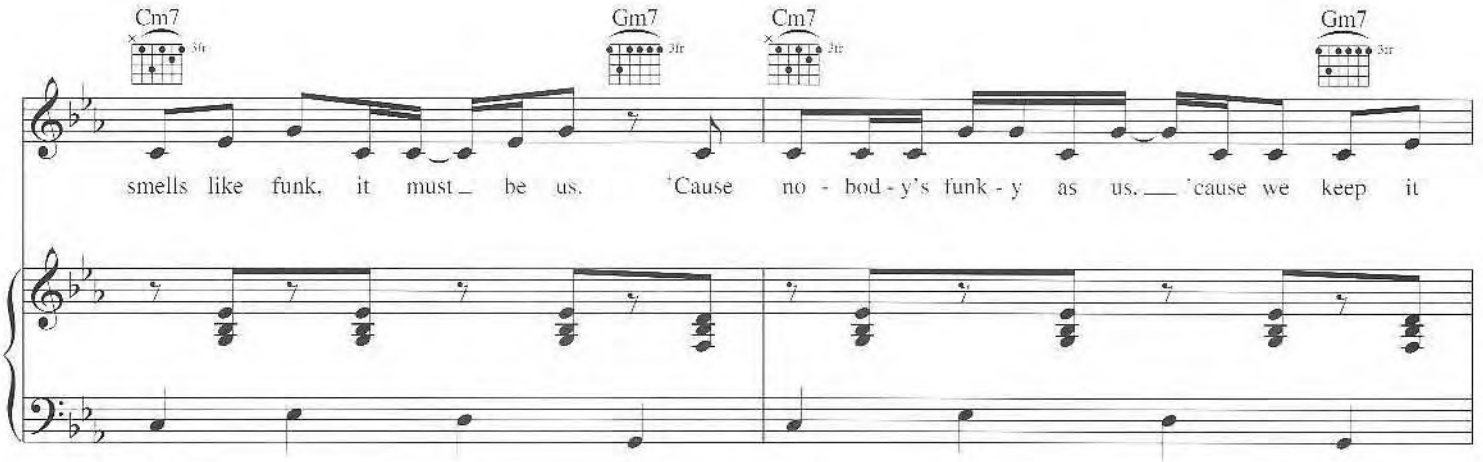
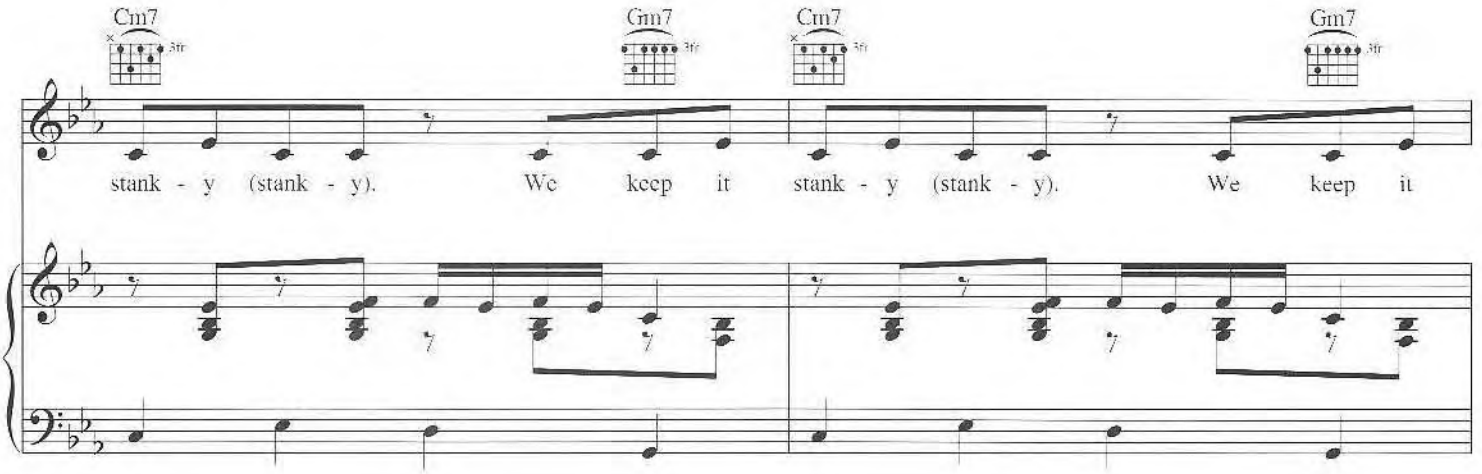
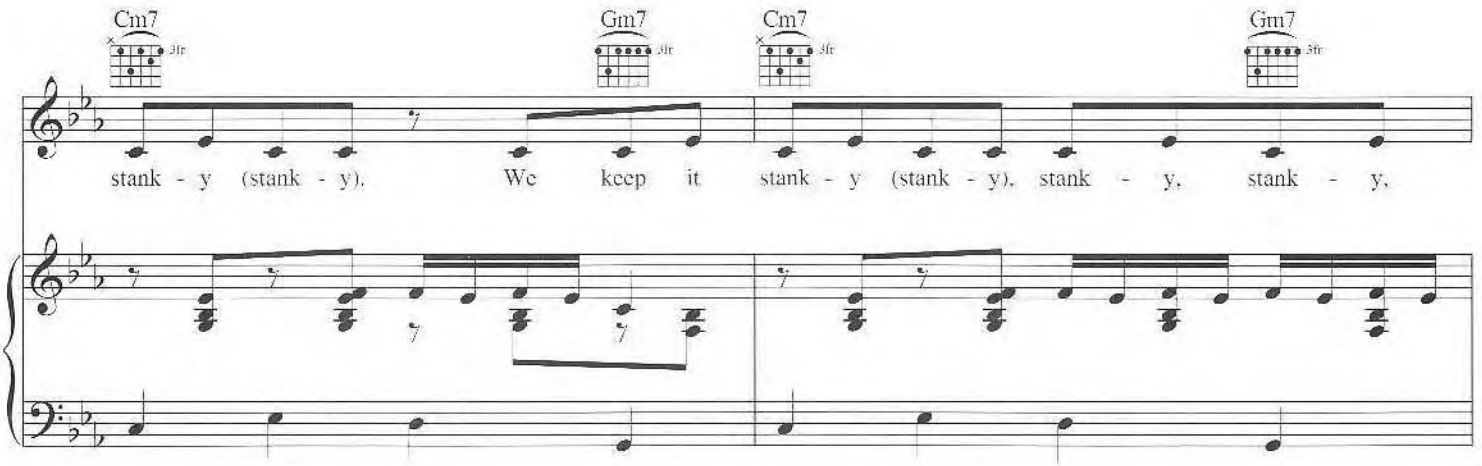
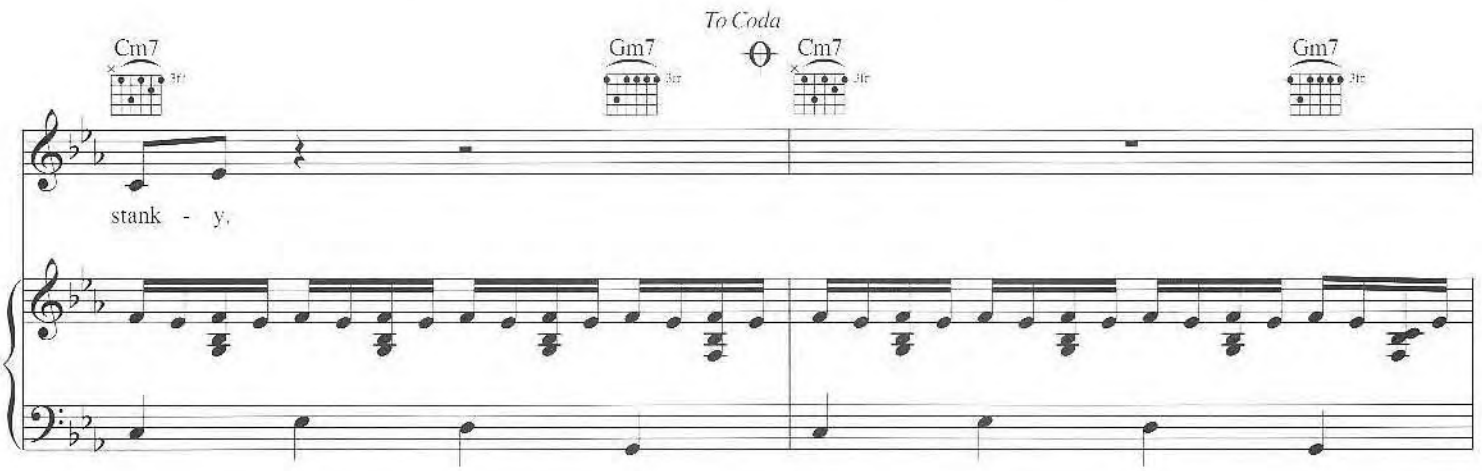
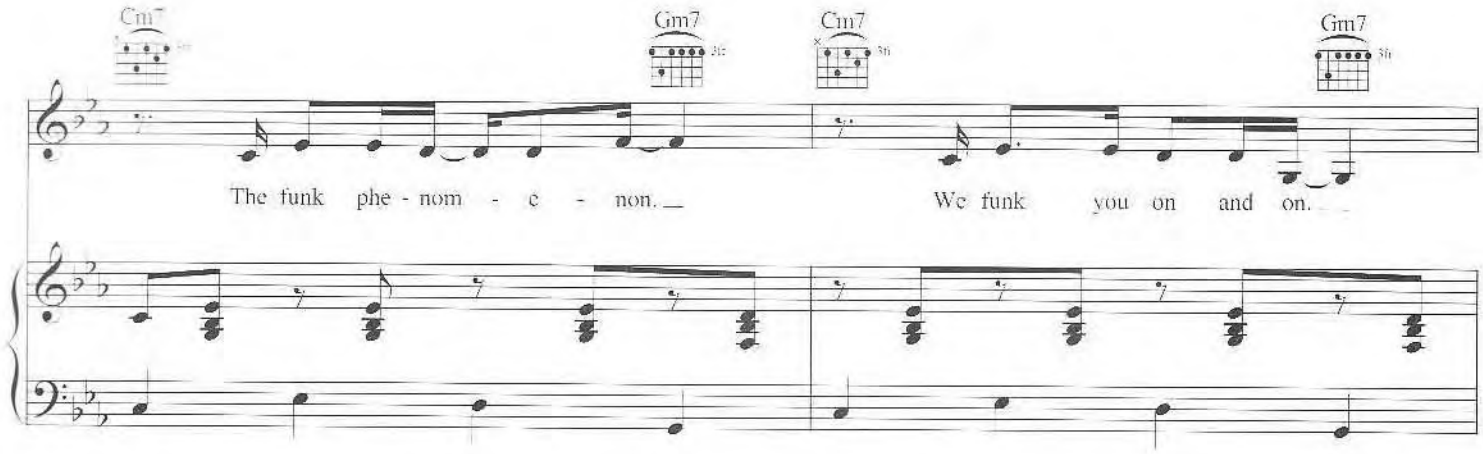
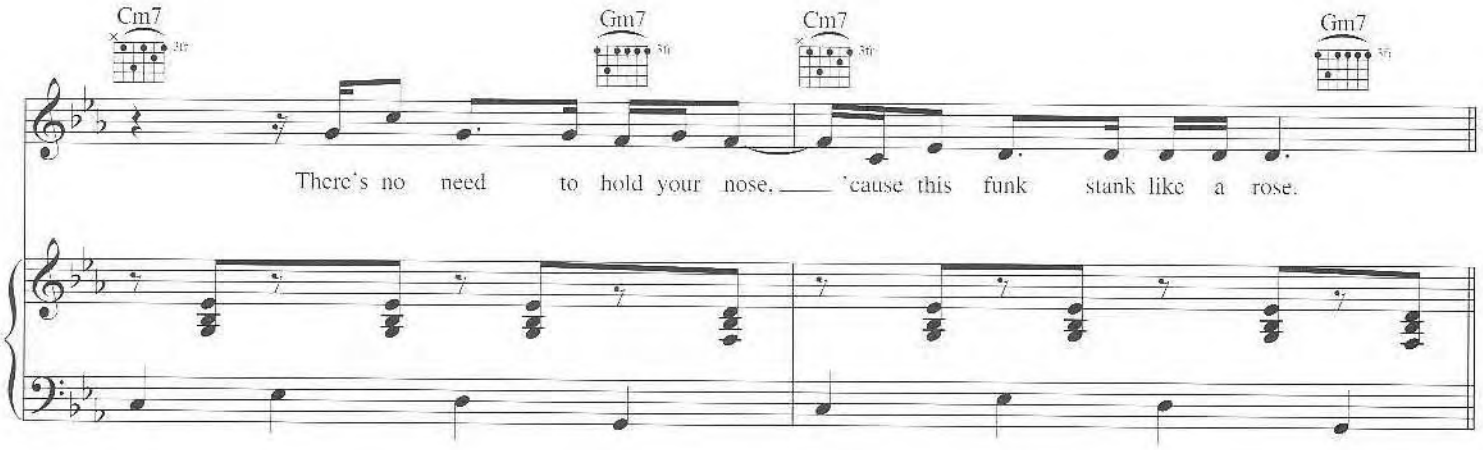

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
smells like funk, it must be us. 'Cause no - bod - y's funk - y as us. 'cause we keep it

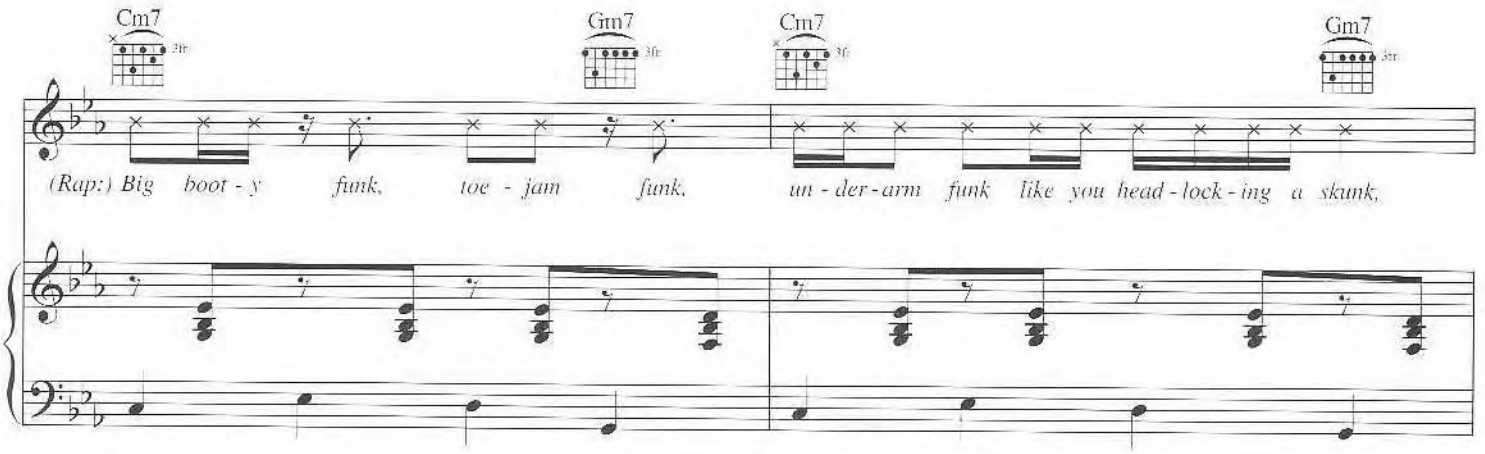

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
stank - y (stank - y). We keep it stank - y (stank - y). We keep it

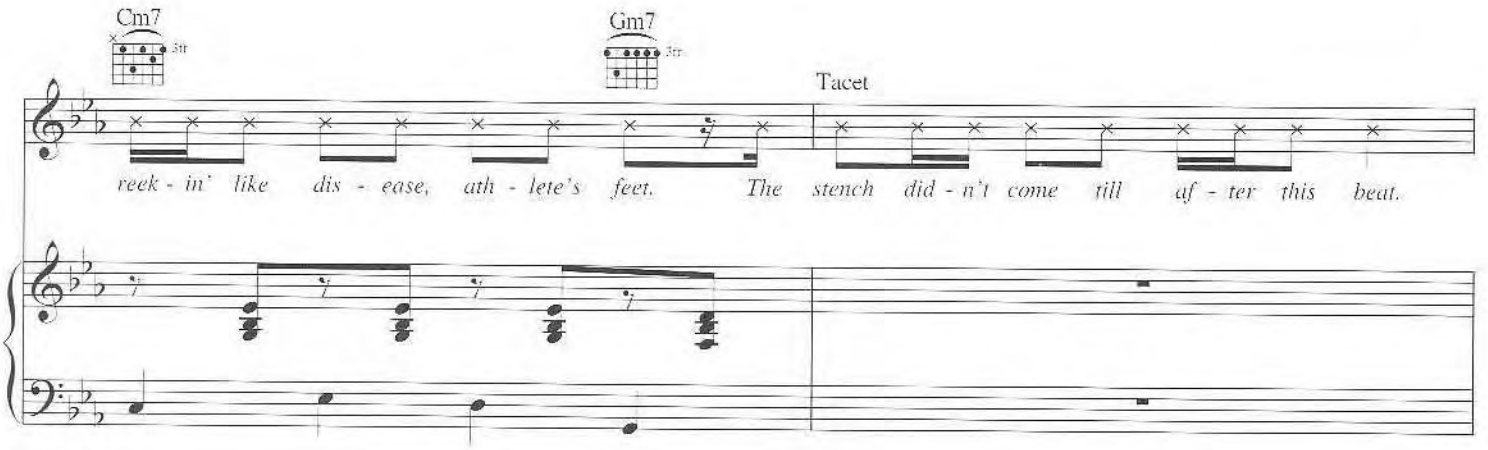

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
stank - y (stank - y). We keep it stank - y (stank - y). stank - y. stank - y.

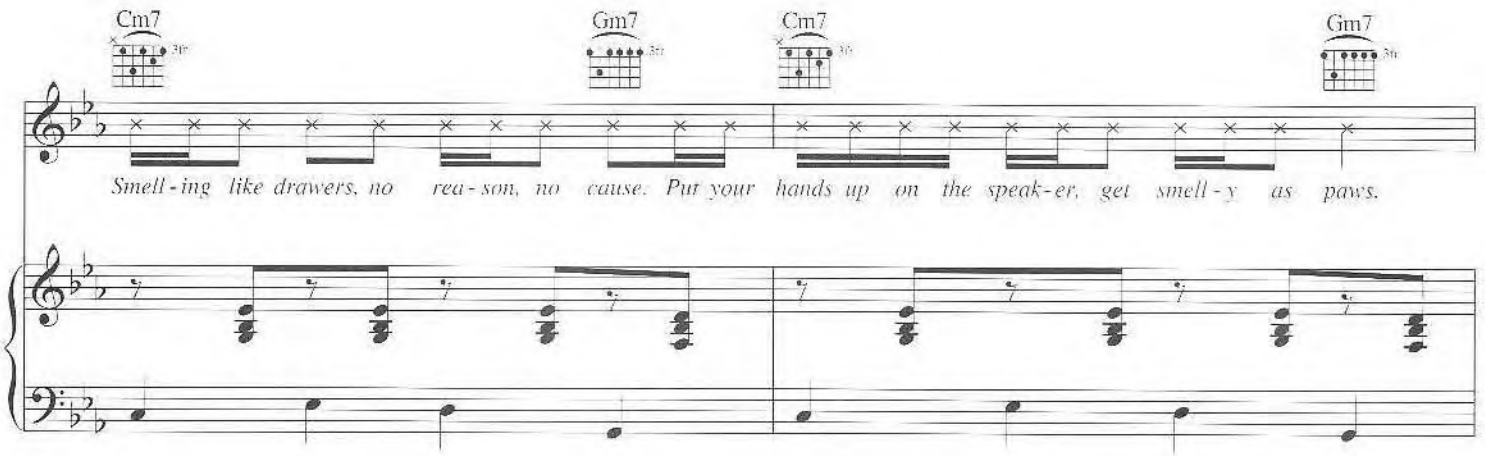

To Coda
Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
stank - y.

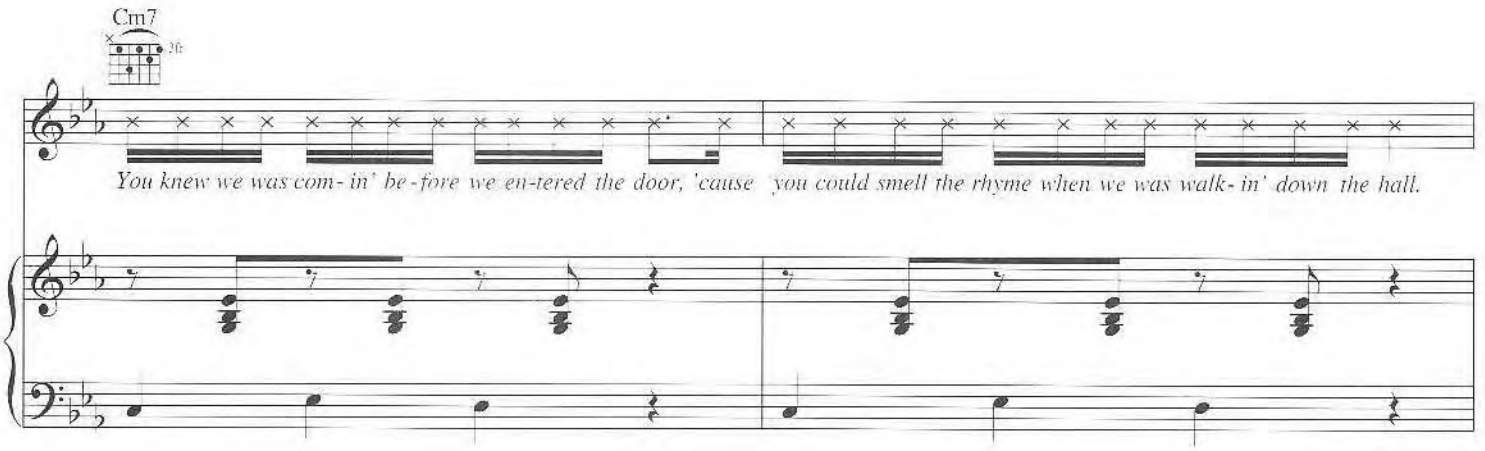

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
The funk phe - nom - e - non.
We funk you on and on.

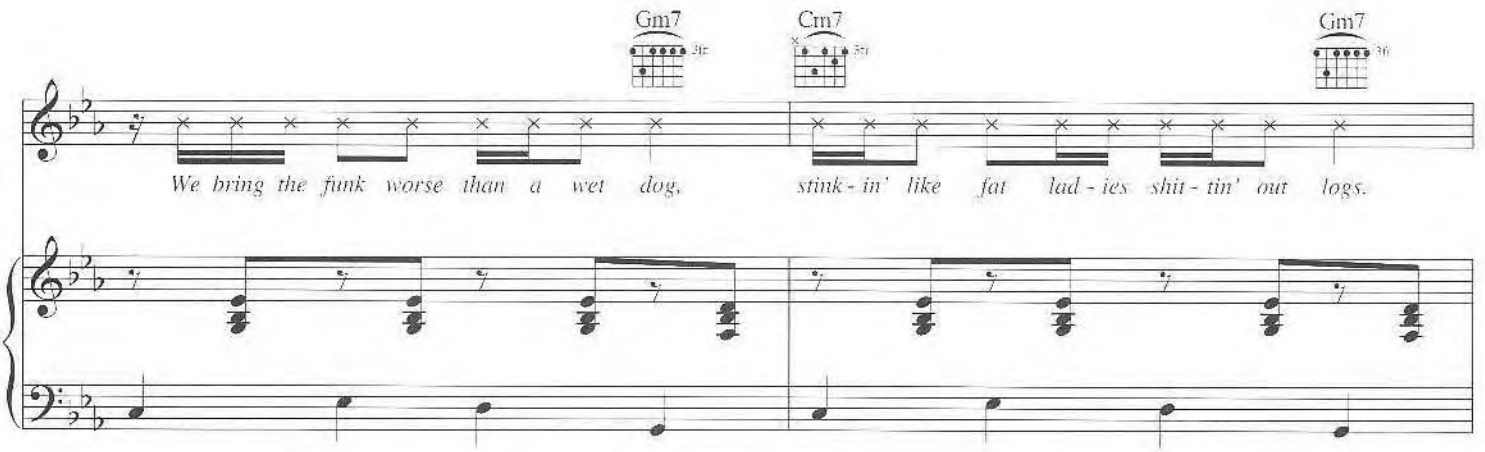

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
There's no need to hold your nose, 'cause this funk stank like a rose.

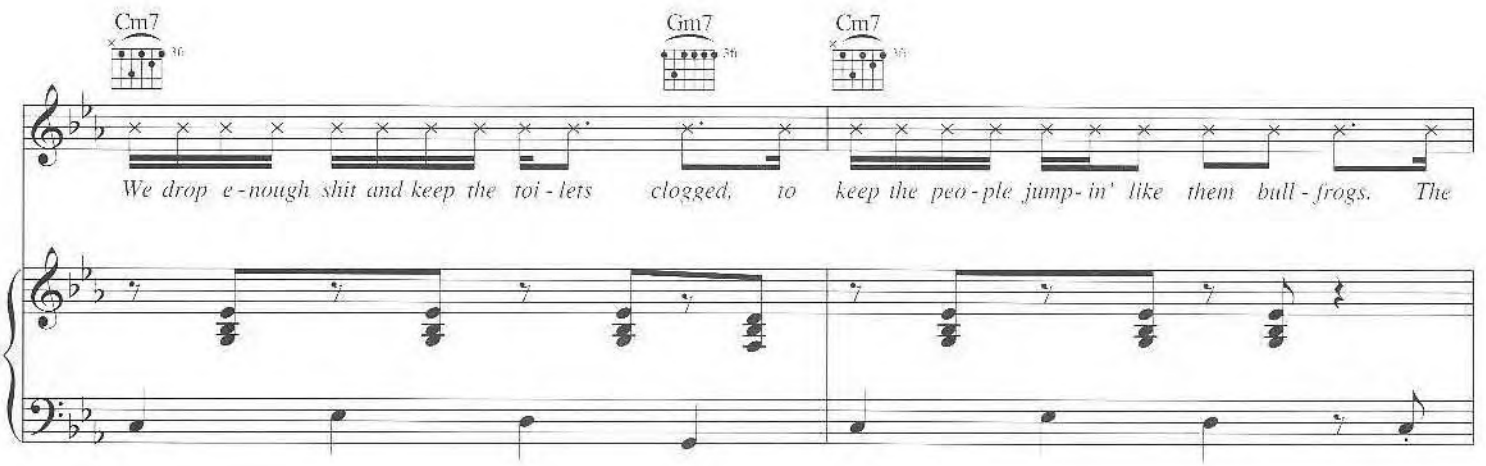

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
(Rap:) Big boot - y funk, toe - jam funk, un - der - arm funk like you head - lock - ing a skunk,

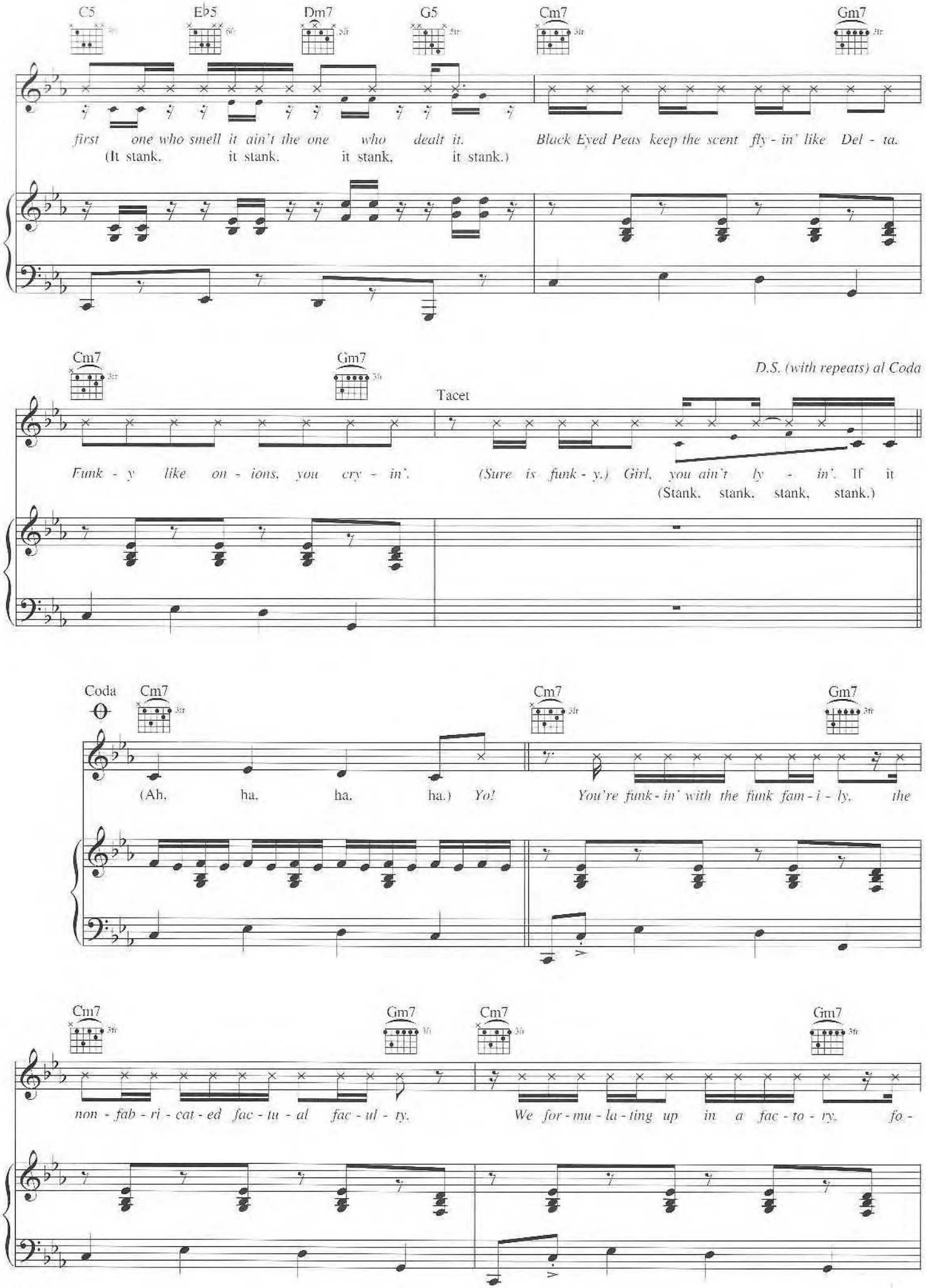

Cm7
Gm7
Tacet
reek - in' like dis - ease, ath - lete's feet. The stench did - n't come till af - ter this beat.

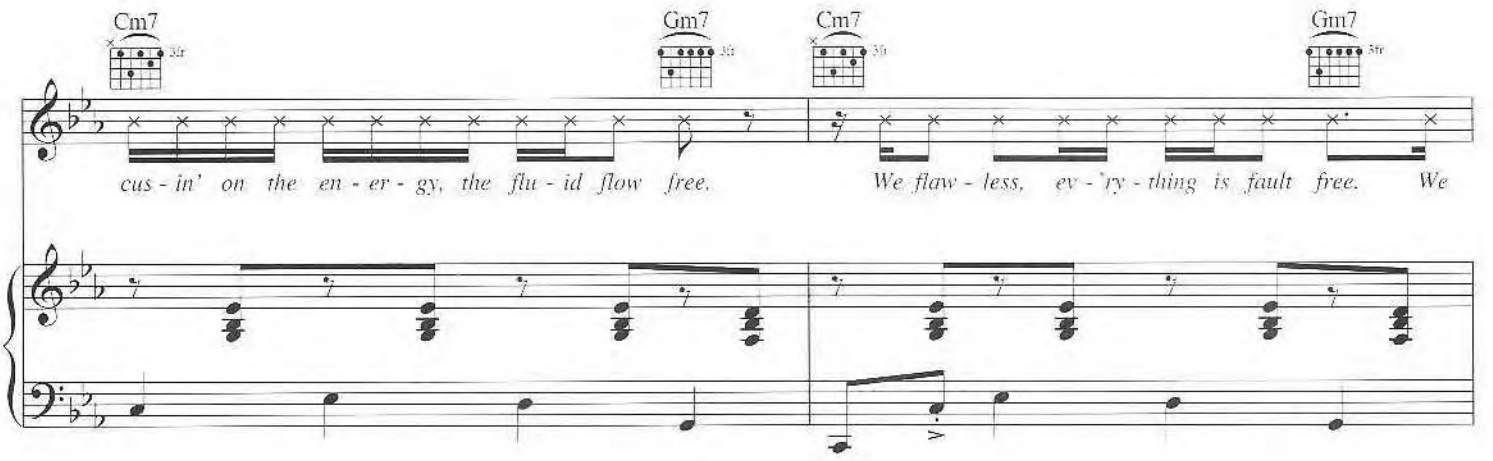

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
Smell-ing like drawers, no rea-son, no cause. Put your hands up on the speak-er, get smell-y as paws.

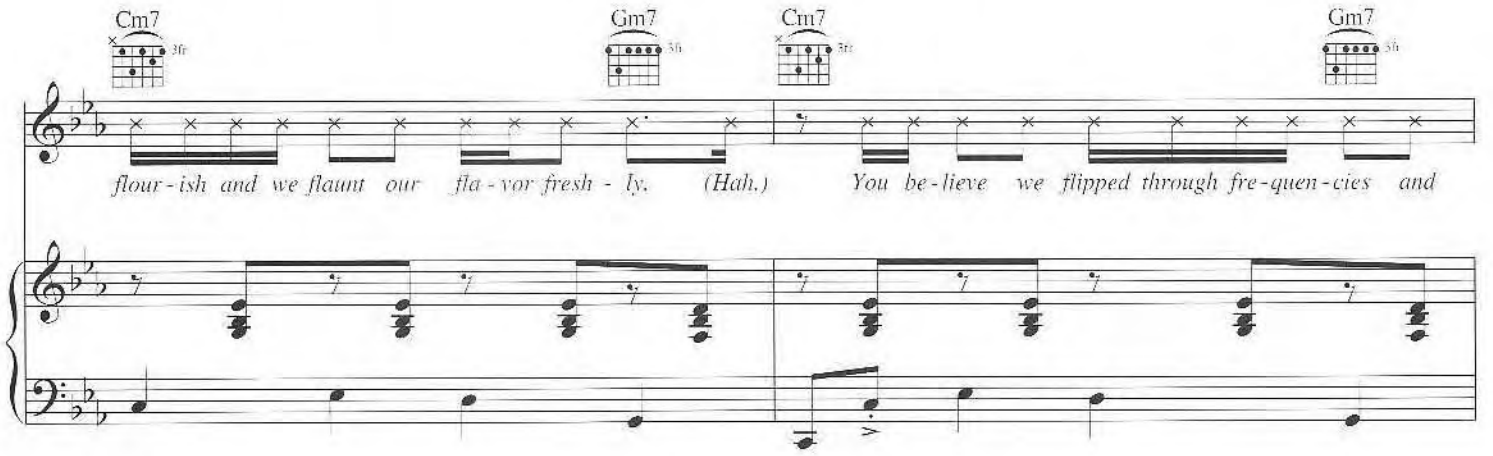

Cm7
You knew we was com-in' be-fore we en-tered the door, 'cause you could smell the rhyme when we was walk-in' down the hall.

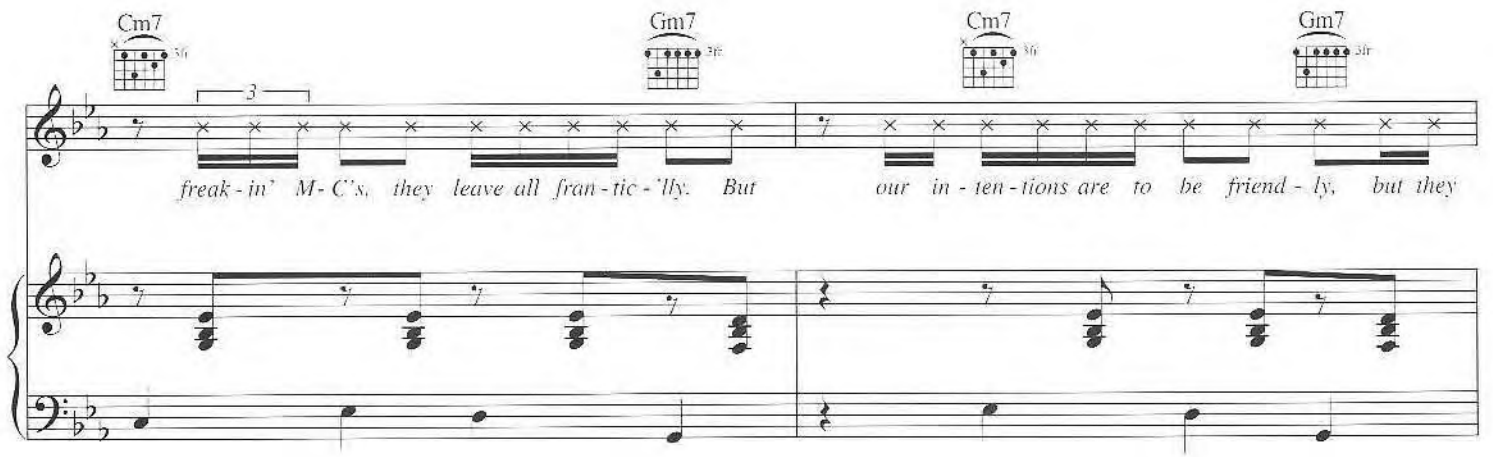

Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
We bring the funk worse than a wet dog, stink-in' like fat lad-ies shit-tin' out logs.

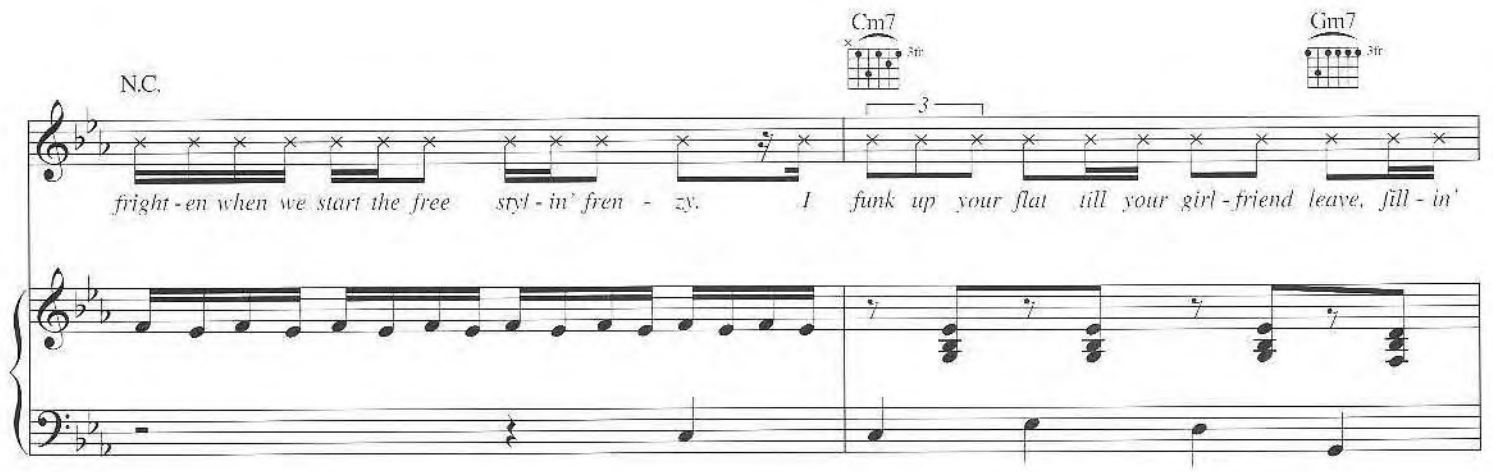

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
We drop e-nough shit and keep the toi-lets clogged, to keep the peo-ple jump-in' like them bull-frogs. The

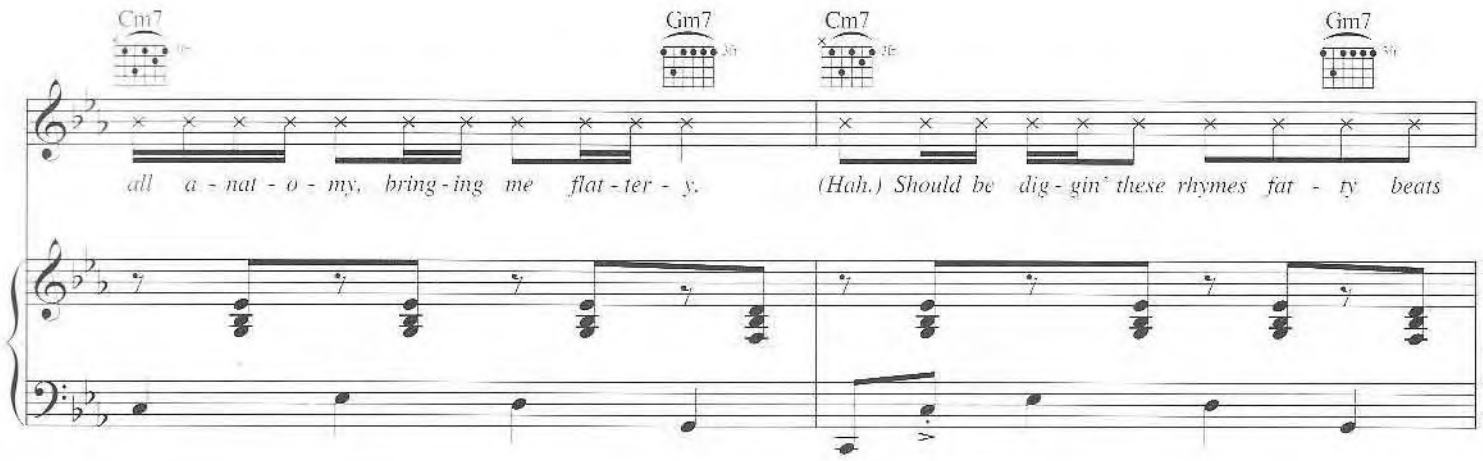

C5
E♭5
Dm7
G5
Cm7
Gm7
first one who smell it ain't the one who dealt it.
(It stank. it stank. it stank, it stank.)
Black Eyed Peas keep the scent fly - in' like Del - ta.
Cm7
Gm7
D.S. (with repeats) al Coda
Tacet
Funk - y like on - ions, you cry - in'.
(Sure is funk - y.) Girl, you ain't ly - in'. If it
(Stank, stank, stank, stank.)
Coda
Cm7
Cm7
Gm7
(Ah, ha, ha, ha.) Yo!
You're funk - in' with the funk fam - i - ly, the
Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
non - fab - ri - cat - ed fac - tu - al fac - ul - ty.
We for - mu - la - ting up in a fac - to - ry, fo -

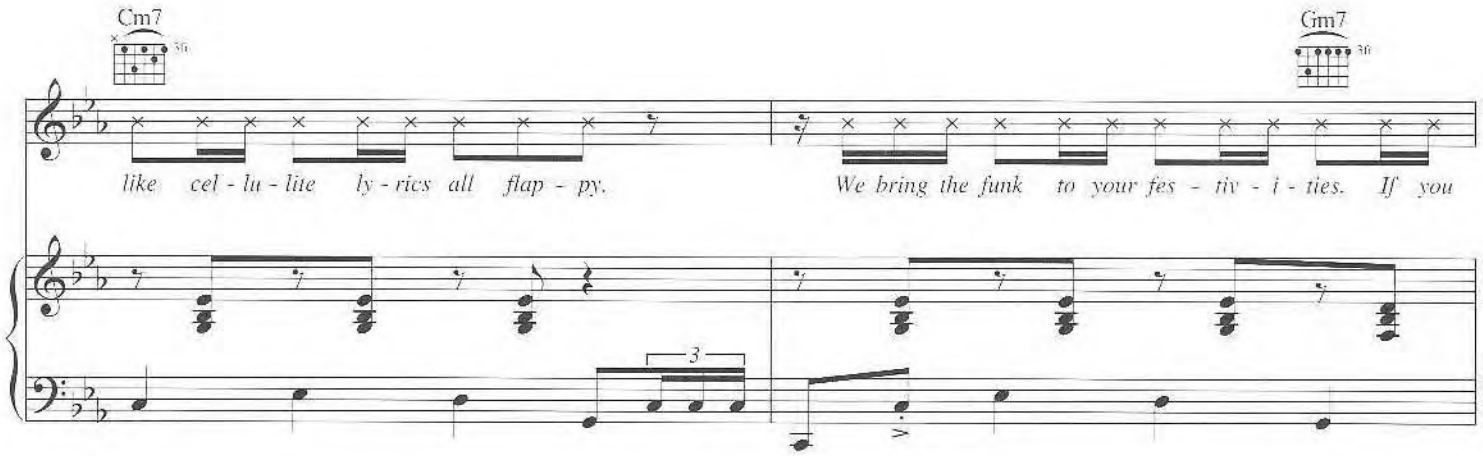

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
cus - in' on the en - er - gy, the flu - id flow free.
We flaw - less, ev - 'ry - thing is fault free. We

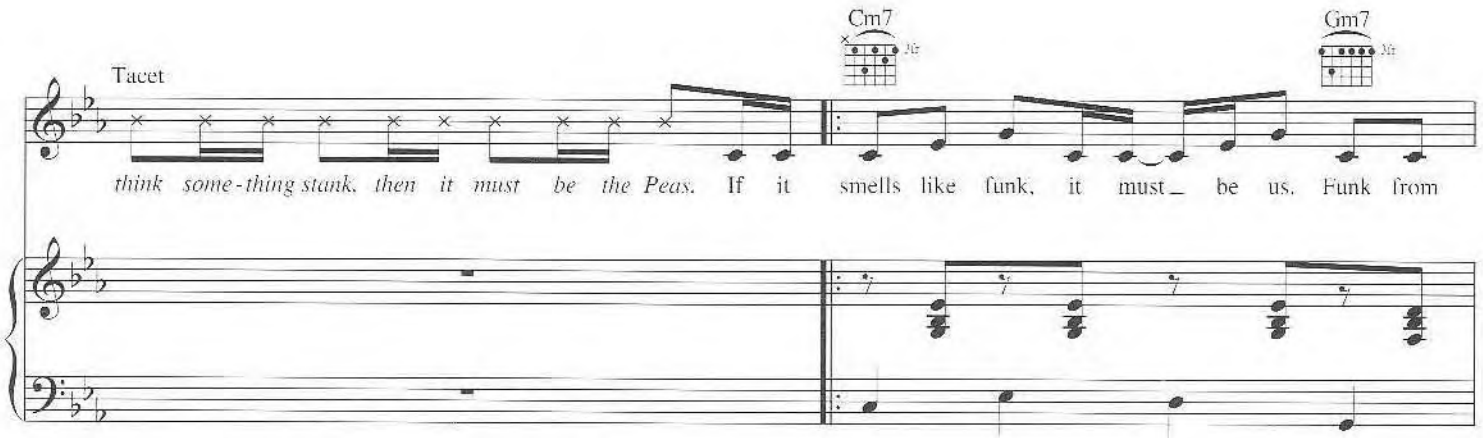

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
flour - ish and we flaunt our fla - vor fresh - ly. (Hah.)
You be - lieve we flipped through fre - quen - cies and

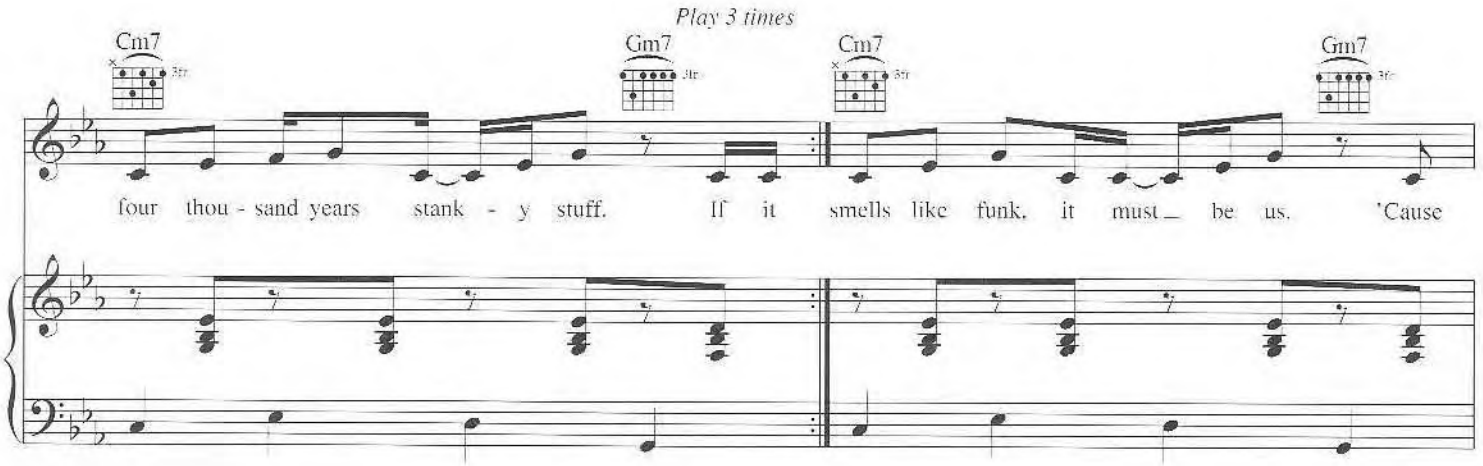

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
3
freak - in' M - C's, they leave all fran - tic - 'lly. But
our in - ten - tions are to be friend - ly, but they

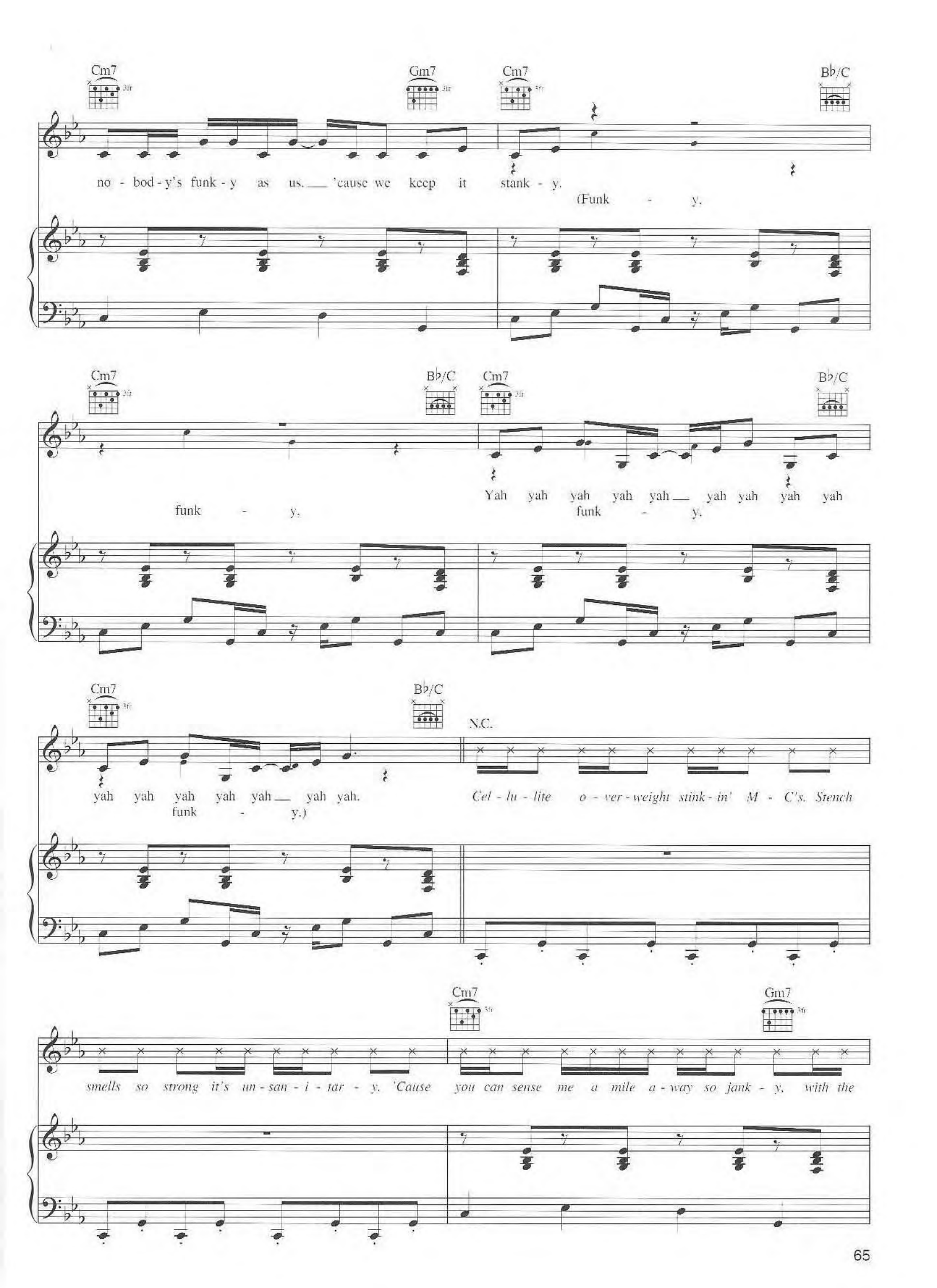

N.C.
Cm7
Gm7
3
fright - en when we start the free styl - in' fren - zy.
I funk up your flat till your girl - friend leave, fill - in'

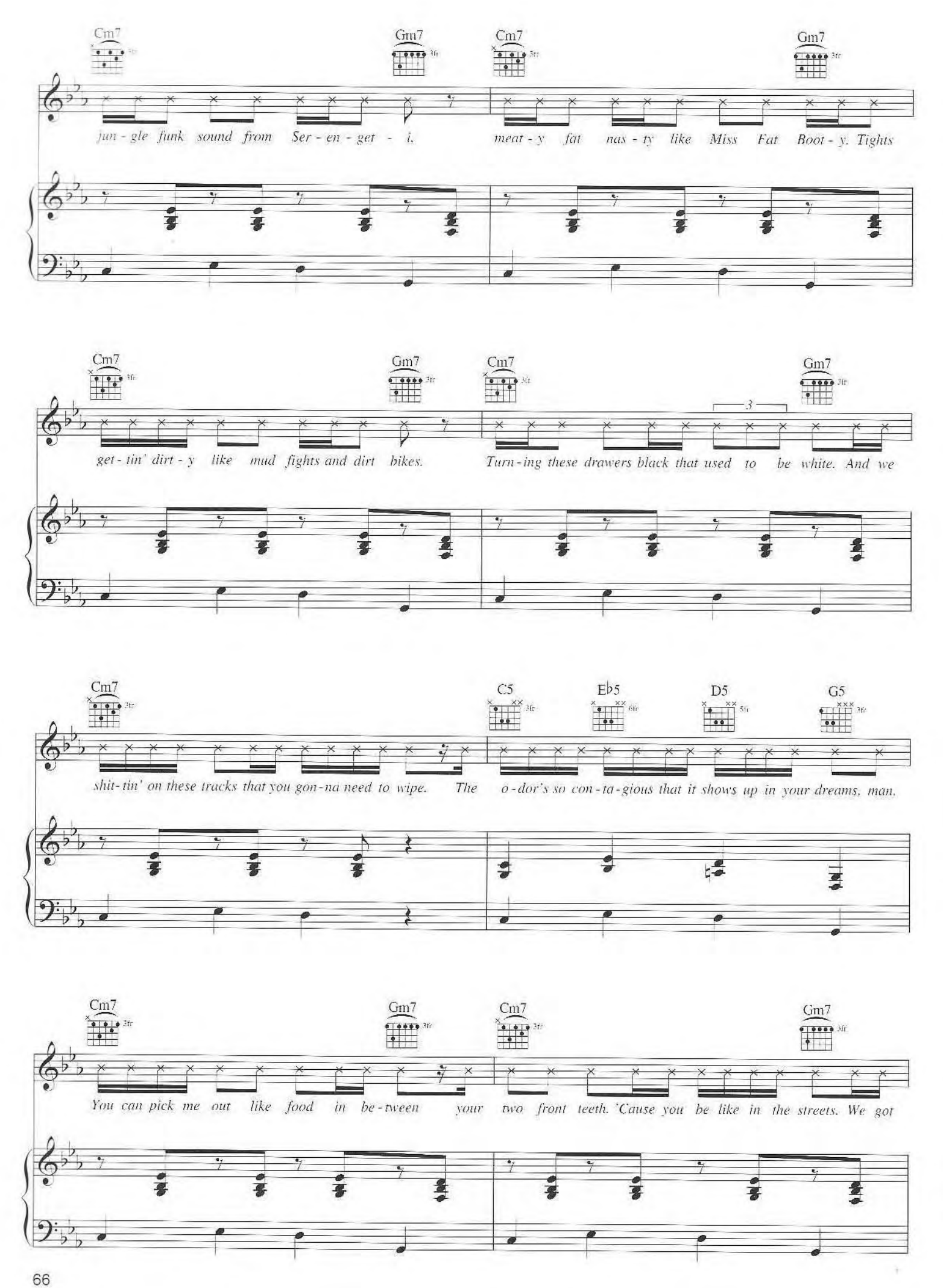

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
all a - nat - o - my, bring - ing me flat - ter - y.
(Hah.) Should be dig - gin' these rhymes fat - ty beats

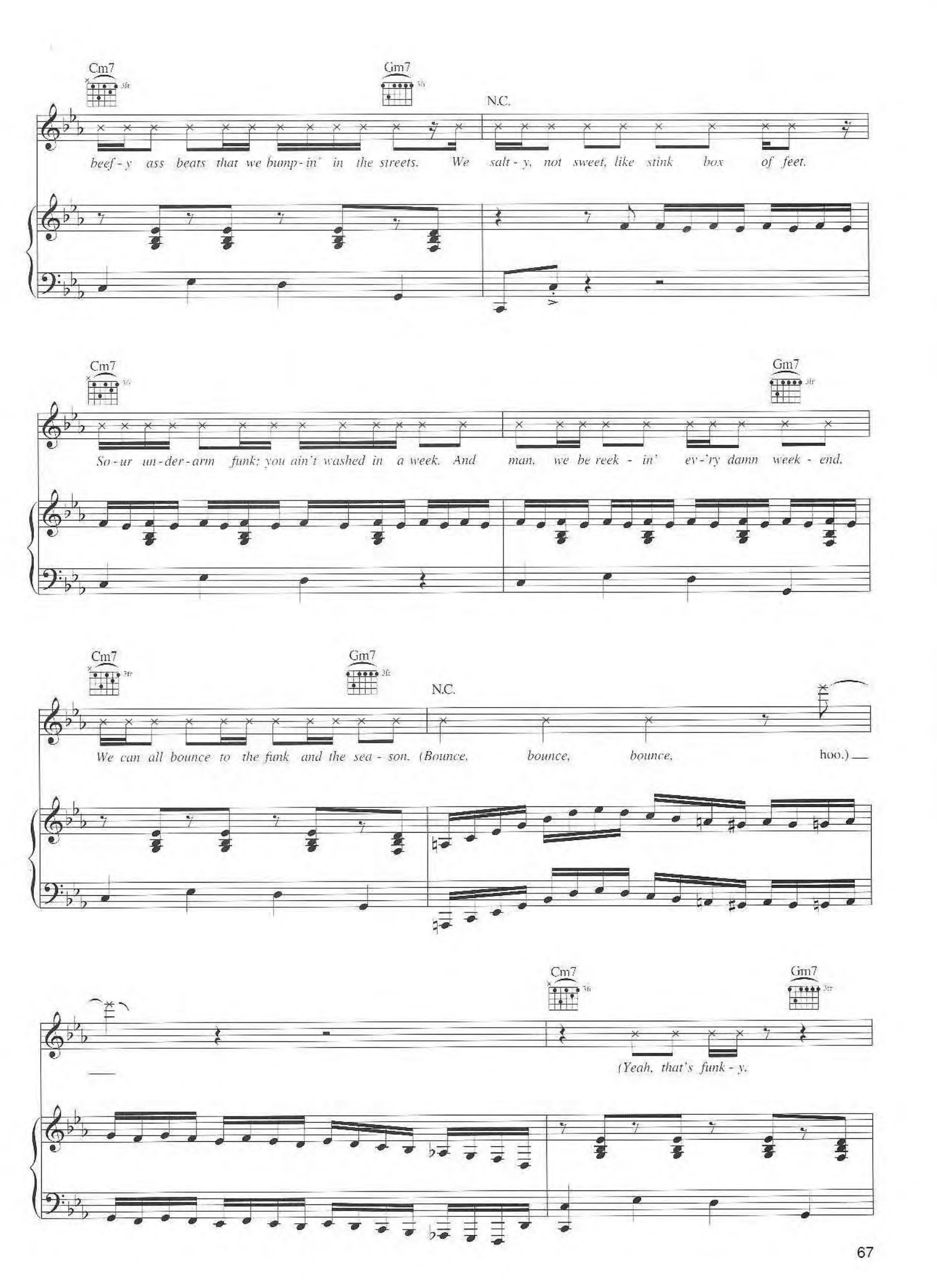

Cm7
Gm7
like cel - lu - lite ly - rics all flap - py.
We bring the funk to your fes - tiv - i - ties. If you
3

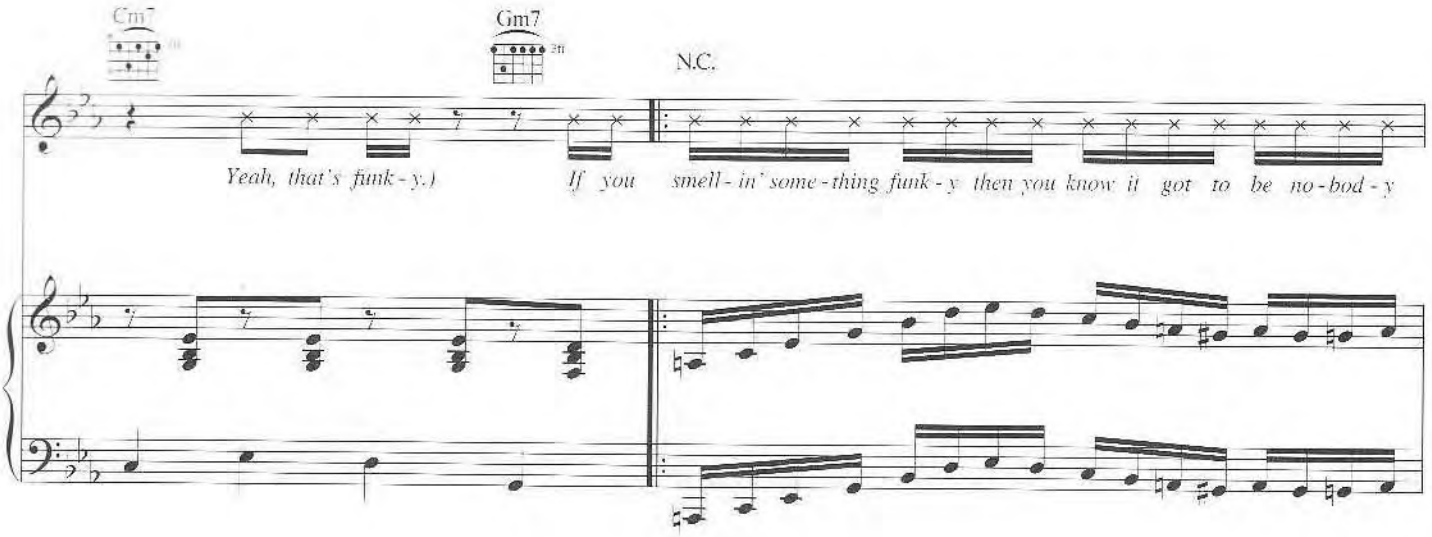

Tacet
Cm7
Gm7
think some - thing stank, then it must be the Peas. If it smells like funk, it must be us. Funk from

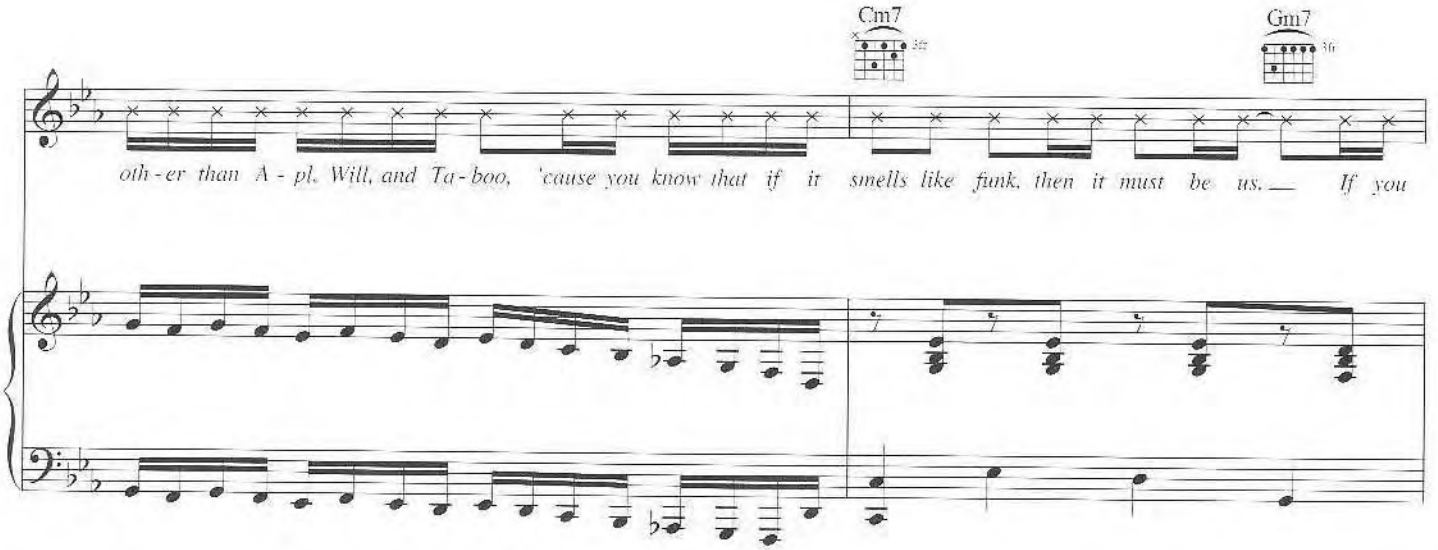

Play 3 times
Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
four thou - sand years stank - y stuff. If it smells like funk, it must be us. 'Cause

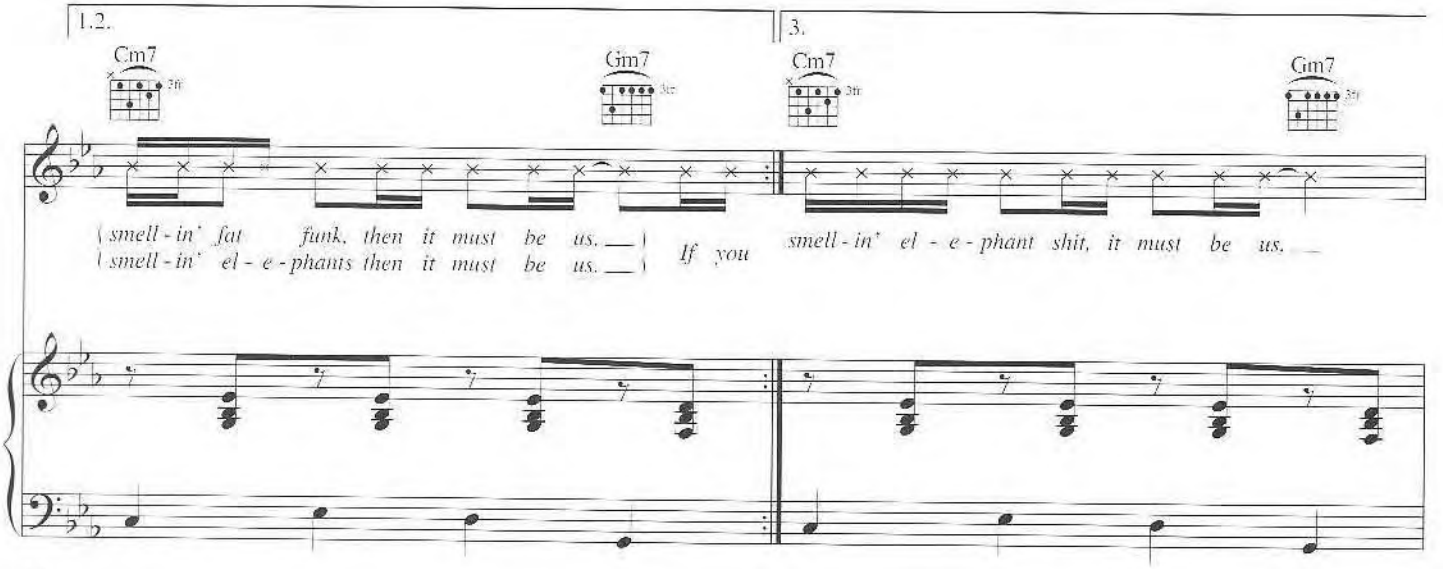

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
B♭/C
no - bod - y's funk - y as us. 'cause we keep it stank - y.
(Funk - y.
Cm7
B♭/C
Cm7
B♭/C
funk - y.
Yah yah yah yah yah yah yah yah yah
funk - y.
Cm7
B♭/C
N.C.
yah yah yah yah yah yah yah.
funk - y.)
Cel - lu - lite o - ver - weight stink - in' M - C's. Stench
Cm7
Gm7
smells so strong it's un - san - i - tar - y. 'Cause you can sense me a mile a - way so jank - y, with the

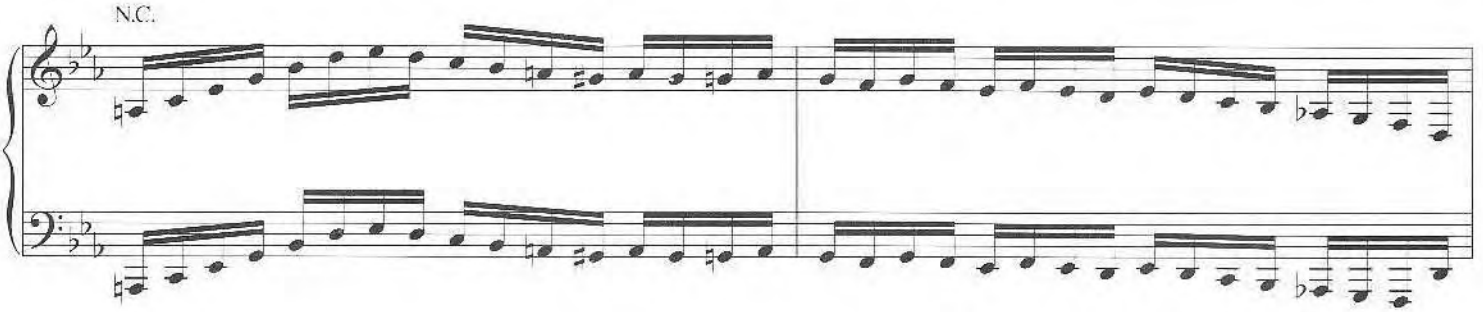

Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
jun - gle funk sound from Ser - en - get - i.
meat - y fat nas - ty like Miss Fat Boot - y. Tights
Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
3
get - tin' dirt - y like mud fights and dirt bikes.
Turn - ing these drawers black that used to be white. And we
Cm7
C5
E♭5
D5
G5
shit - tin' on these tracks that you gon - na need to wipe.
The o - dor's so con - ta - gious that it shows up in your dreams, man.
Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
You can pick me out like food in be - tween your two front teeth. 'Cause you be like in the streets. We got

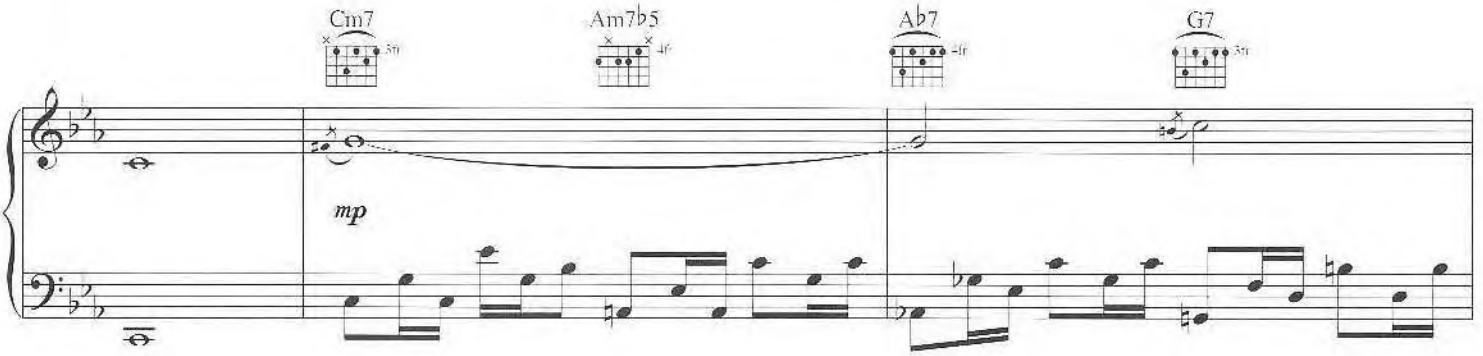

Cm7
Gm7
N.C.
beef - y ass beats that we bump - in' in the streets. We salt - y, not sweet, like stink box of feet.
Cm7
Gm7
So - ur un - der - arm funk; you ain't washed in a week. And man, we be reek - in' ev - 'ry damn week - end.
Cm7
Gm7
N.C.
We can all bounce to the funk and the sea - son. (Bounce, bounce, bounce, hoo.)
Cm7
Gm7
(Yeah, that's funk - y.

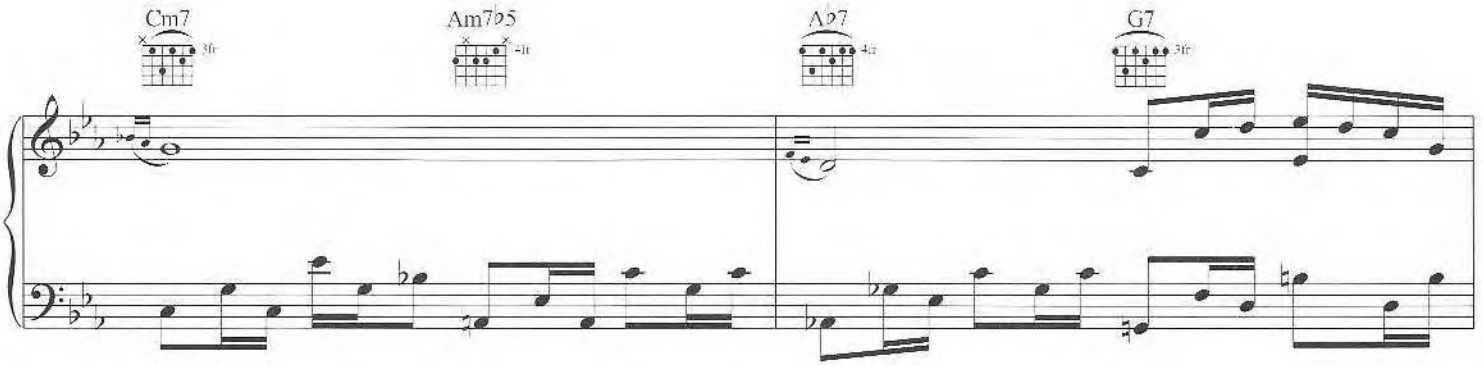

Cm7
Gm7
N.C.
Yeah, that's funk - y.)
If you smell - in' some - thing funk - y then you know it got to be no - bod - y

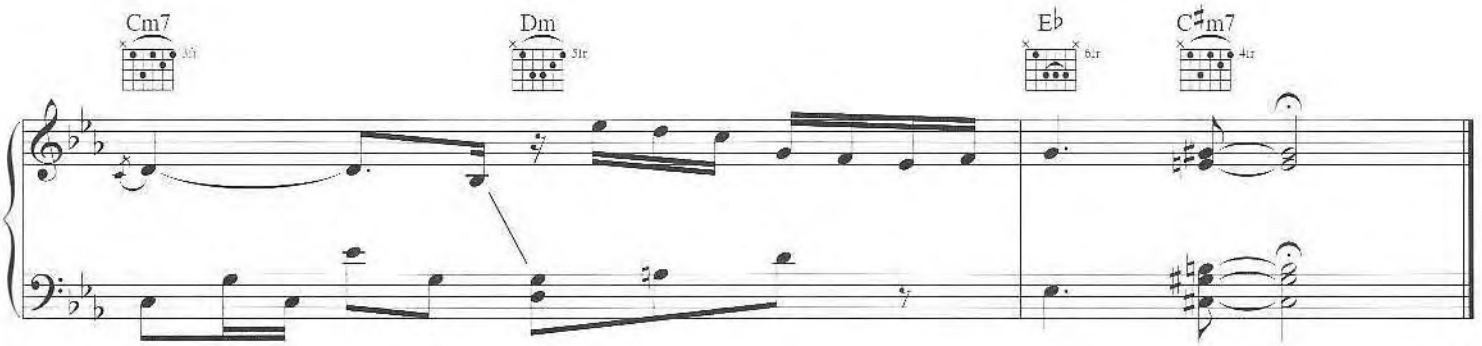

Cm7
Gm7
oth - er than A - pl, Will, and Ta - boo, 'cause you know that if it smells like funk, then it must be us. If you


1.2.
3.
Cm7
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
(smell - in' fat funk, then it must be us.)
(smell - in' el - e - phants then it must be us.)
If you smell - in' el - e - phant shit, it must be us.


N.C.


Cm7
Am7♭5
A♭7
G7
mp


Cm7
Am7♭5
A♭7
G7


Cm7
Dm
E♭
C♯m7

Latin Girls

Words and Music by Will Adams, Allan Pineda,
Jaime Gomez, Debbie Nova and George Pajon Jr.

Moderately fast

D♯m7♭5 G♯7

(Spoken:) Mi - ra, mi - ra, mi - ra, mi - ra, mi - ra. Mi - ra, mi - ra, mi - ra, mi - ra, mi - ra.

mf

C♯m

Mi - ra, mi - ra, mi - ra, mi - ra, mi - ra. Mi - ra, mi - ra. Yo quie - ro.

𝄋 D♯m7♭5 G♯7

Cu - ban girls. Cu - ban girls. *(I like 'em.)* Puert' Ri - can girls, Puert' Ri - can girls. *(Yo quie - ro.)*

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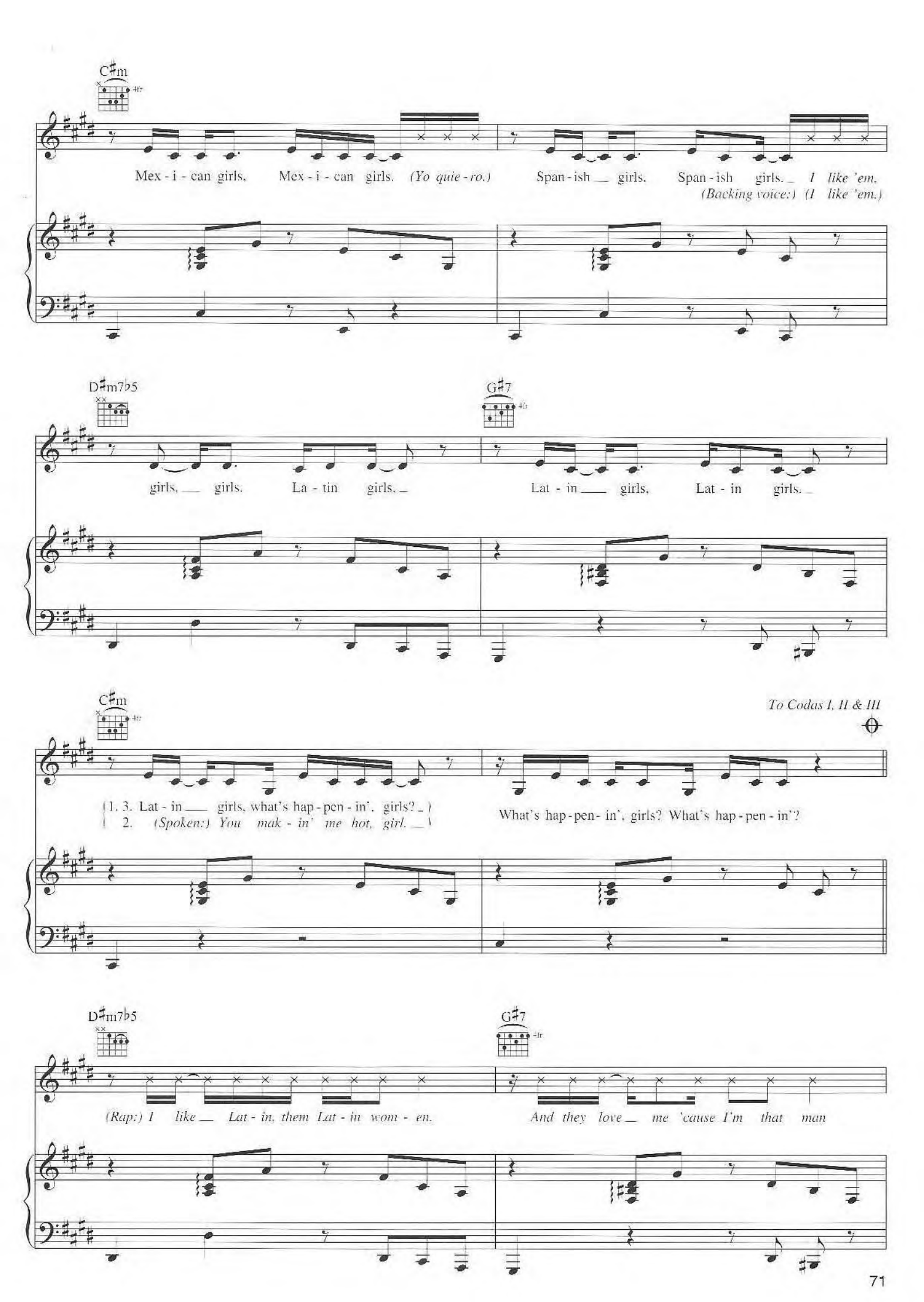
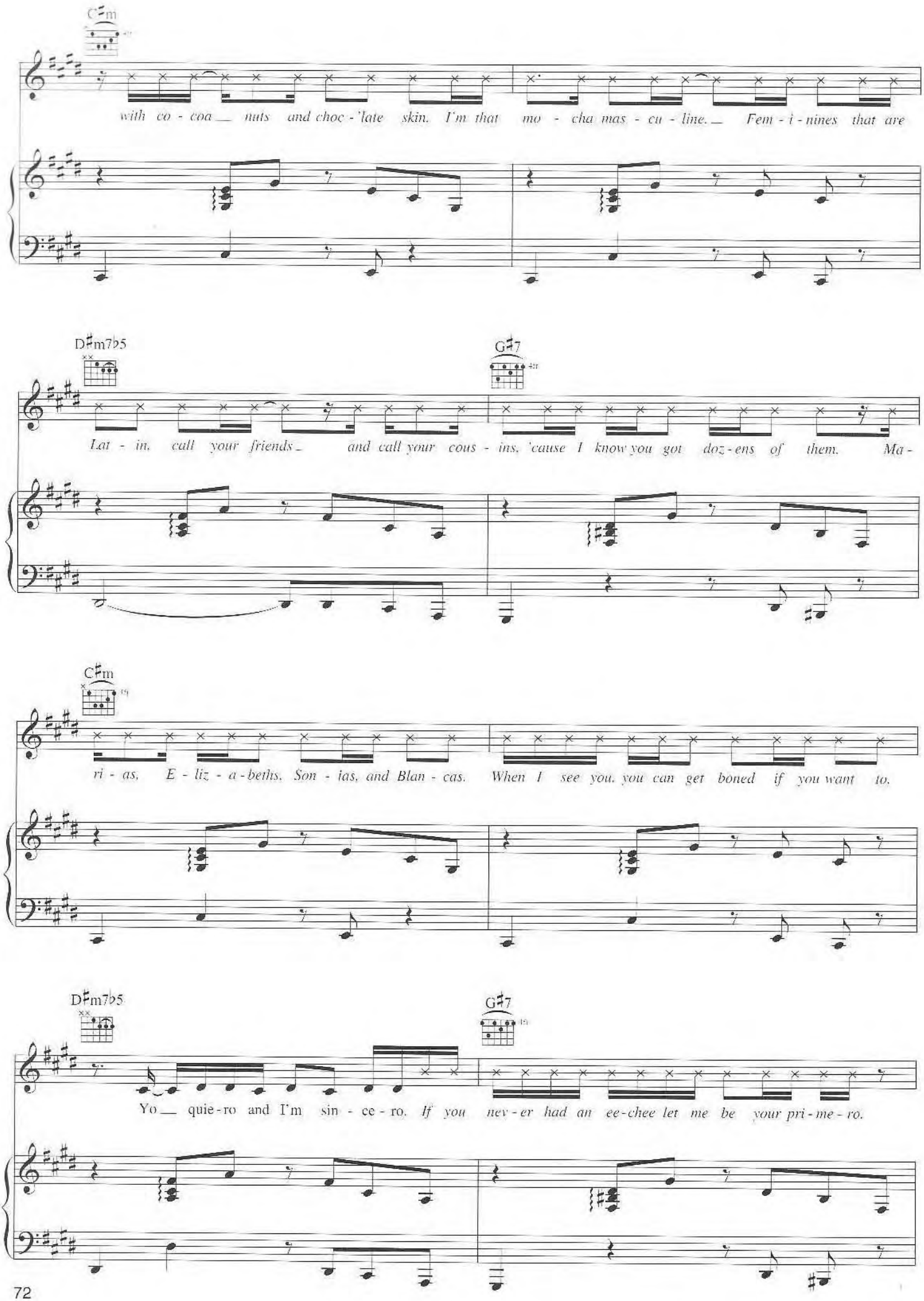
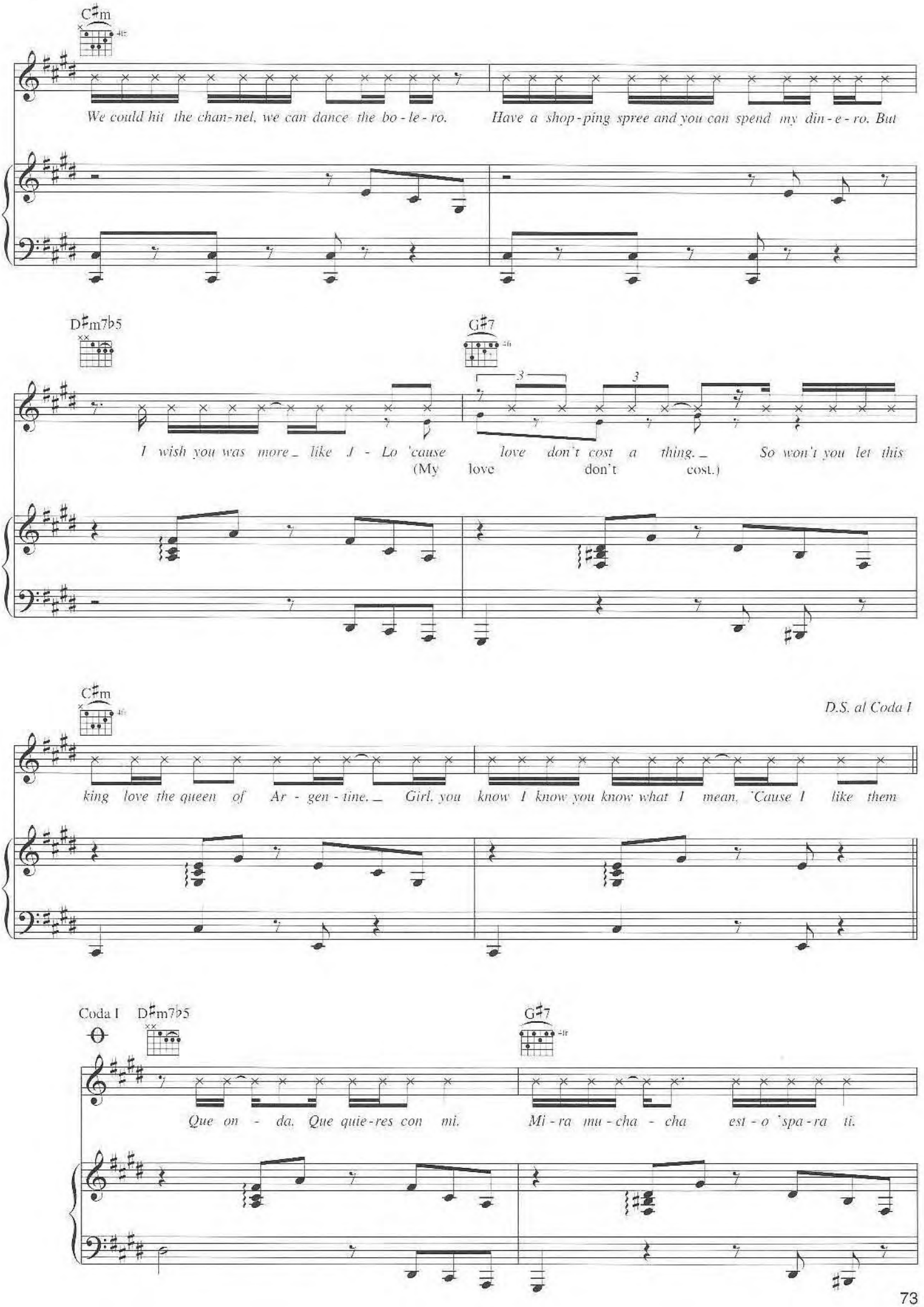
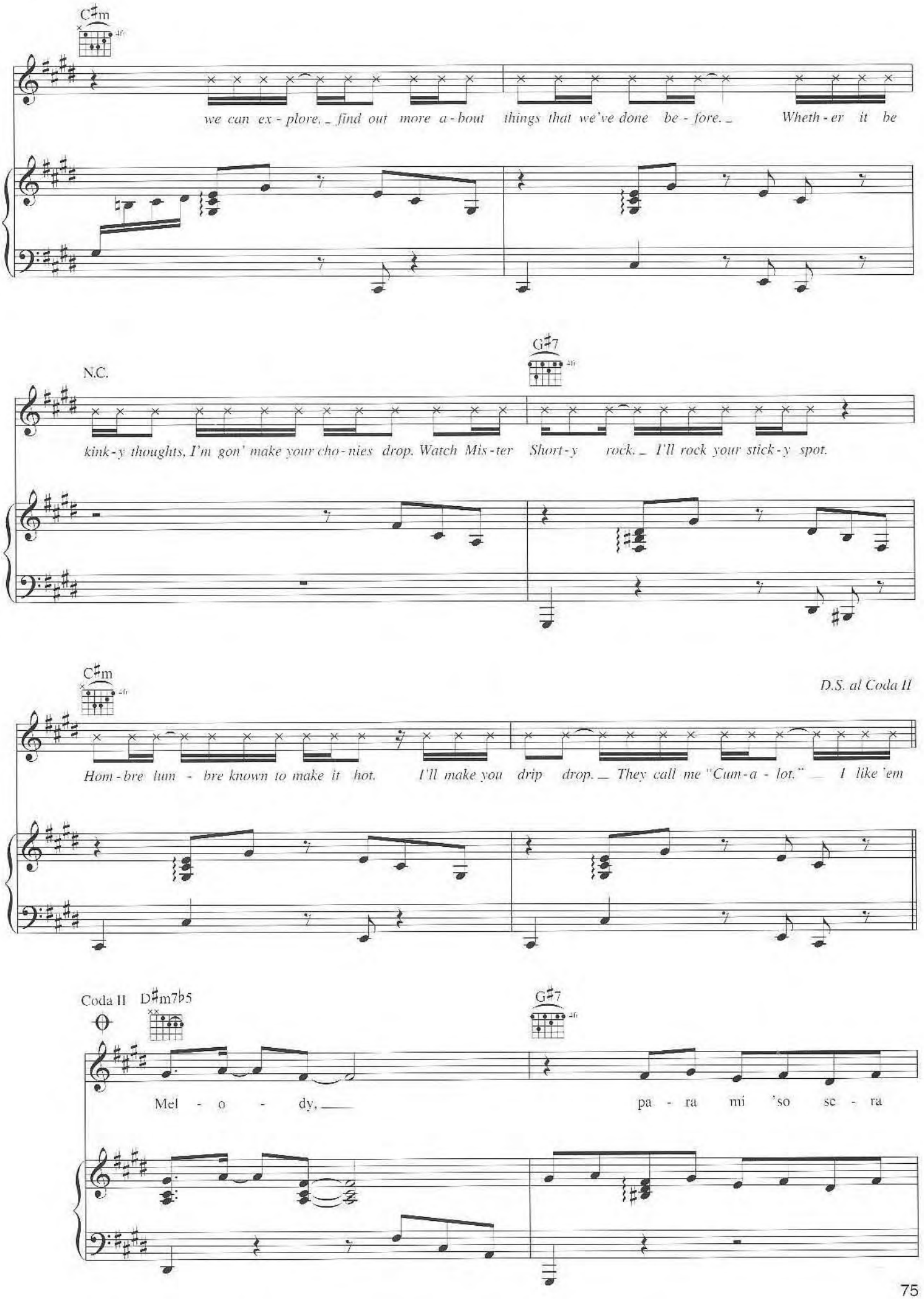
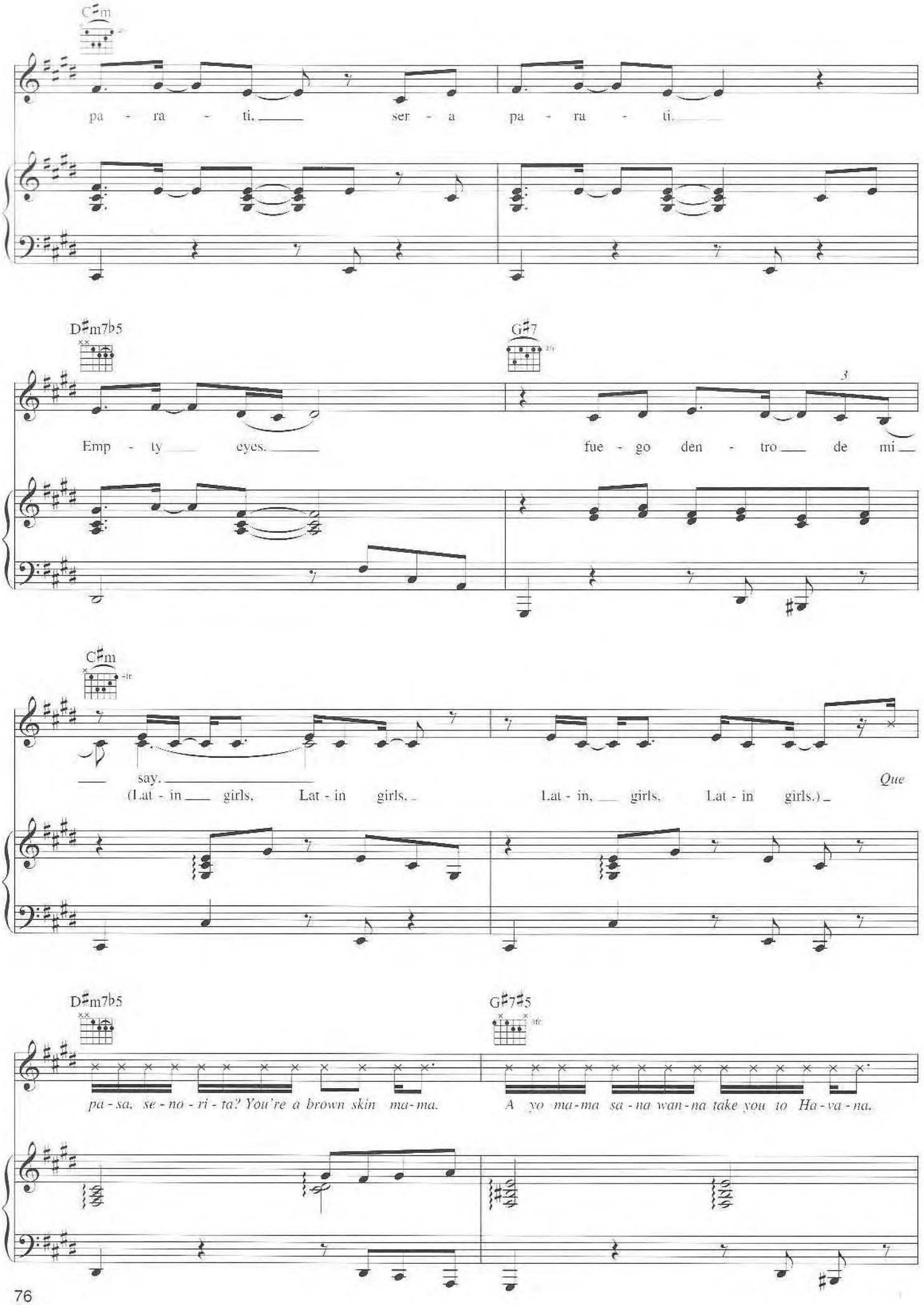

C♯m
Mex - i - can girls, Mex - i - can girls. (Yo quie - ro.) Span - ish girls. Span - ish girls. I like 'em.
(Backing voice:) (I like 'em.)
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
girls, girls. La - tin girls. Lat - in girls, Lat - in girls.
C♯m
To Codas I, II & III
(1, 3. Lat - in girls, what's hap - pen - in', girls?)
(2. (Spoken:) You mak - in' me hot, girl.)
What's hap - pen - in', girls? What's hap - pen - in'?
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
(Rap:) I like Lat - in, them Lat - in wom - en.
And they love me 'cause I'm that man

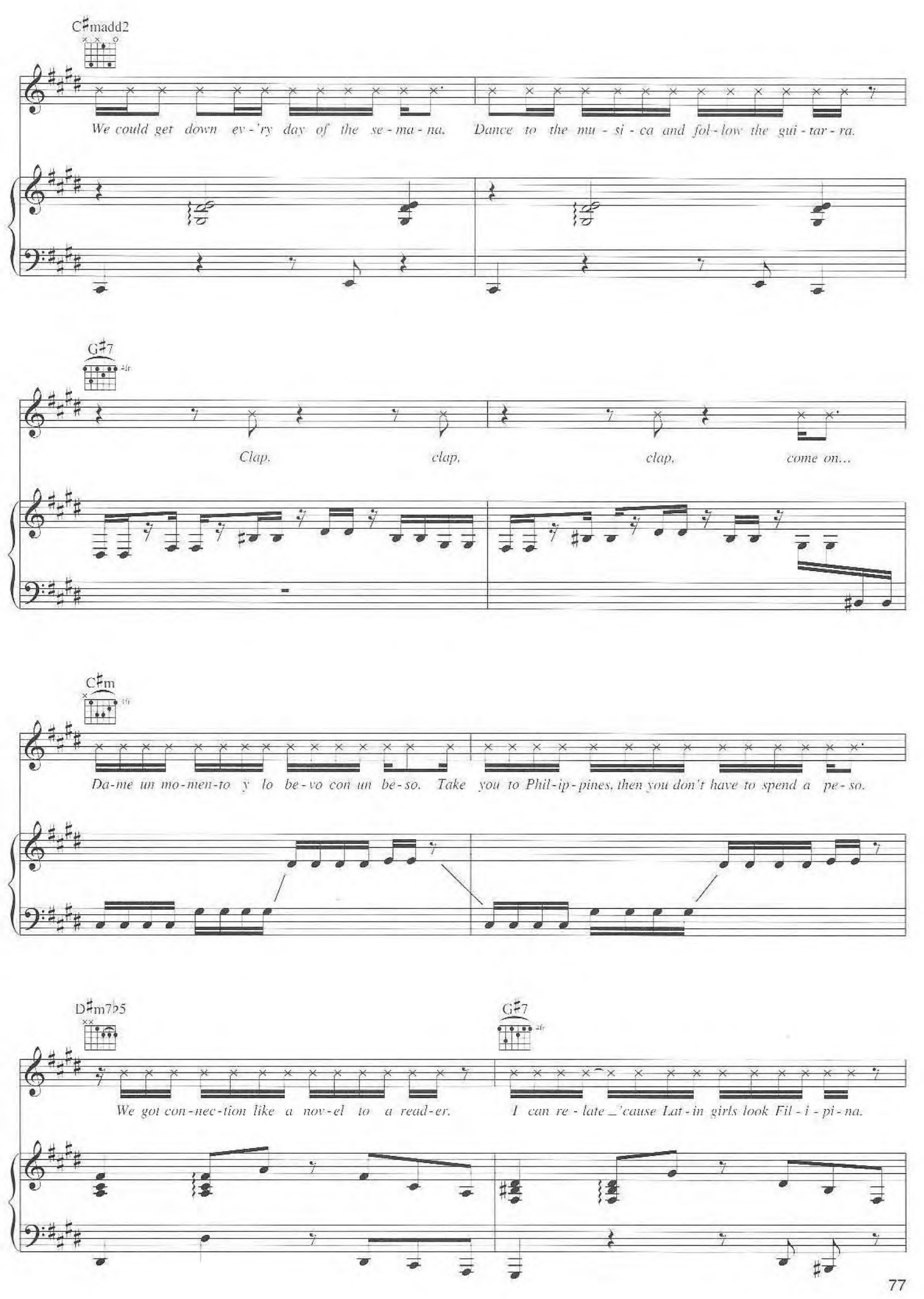

C♯m
with co - coa nuts and choc - 'late skin. I'm that mo - cha mas - cu - line. Fem - i - nines that are
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
Lat - in, call your friends and call your cous - ins, 'cause I know you got doz - ens of them. Ma -
C♯m
ri - as, E - liz - a - beths, Son - ias, and Blan - cas. When I see you, you can get boned if you want to.
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
Yo quie - ro and I'm sin - ce - ro. If you nev - er had an ee - chee let me be your pri - me - ro.

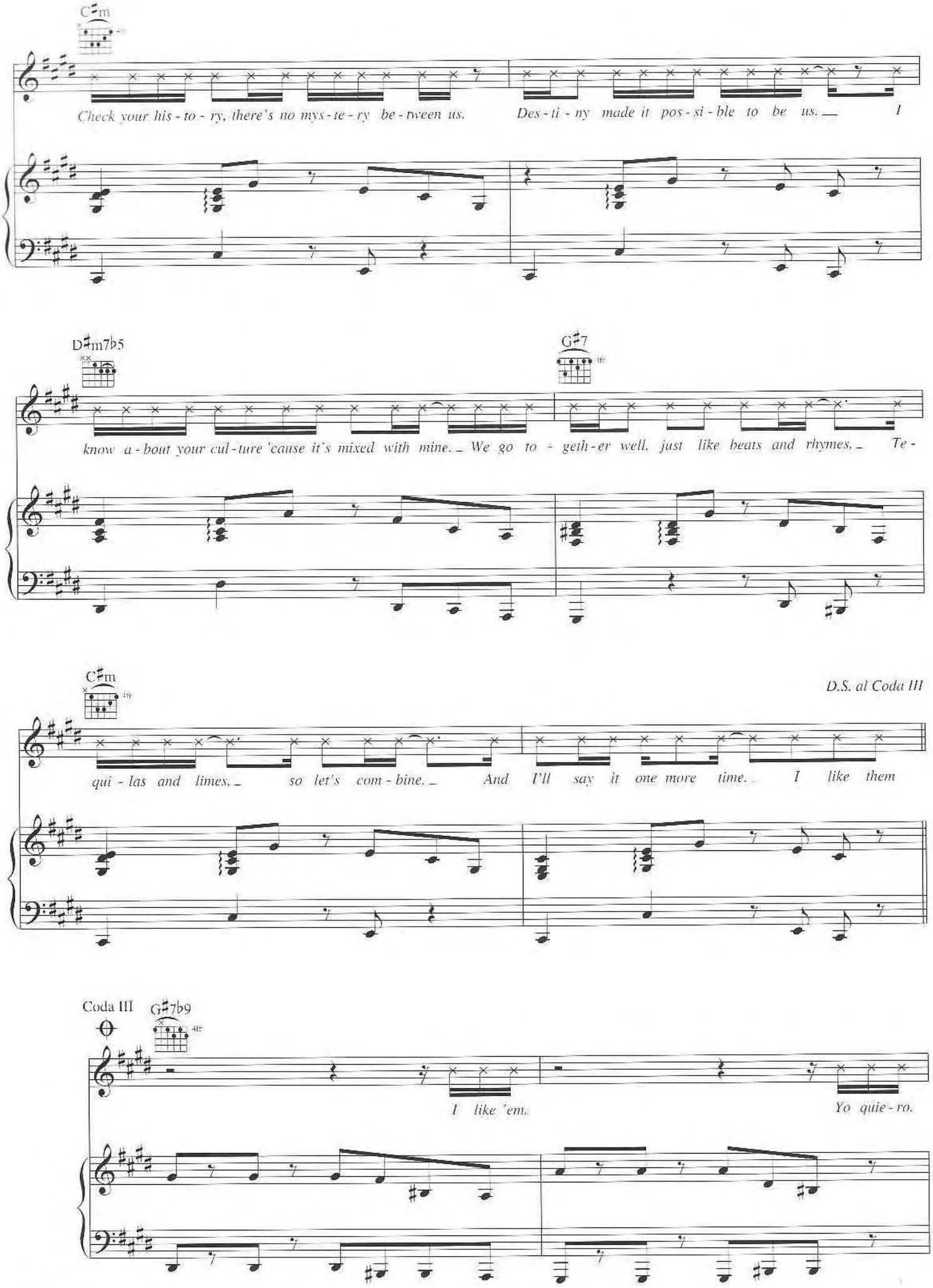

C♯m
We could hit the chan-nel, we can dance the bo-le-ro. Have a shop-ping spree and you can spend my din-e-ro. But
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
I wish you was more like J-Lo 'cause love don't cost a thing. So won't you let this
(My love don't cost.)
C♯m
D.S. al Coda I
king love the queen of Ar-gen-tine. Girl, you know I know you know what I mean. 'Cause I like them
Coda I
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
Que on-da. Que quie-res con mi. Mi-ra mu-cha-cha est-o 'spa-ra ti.

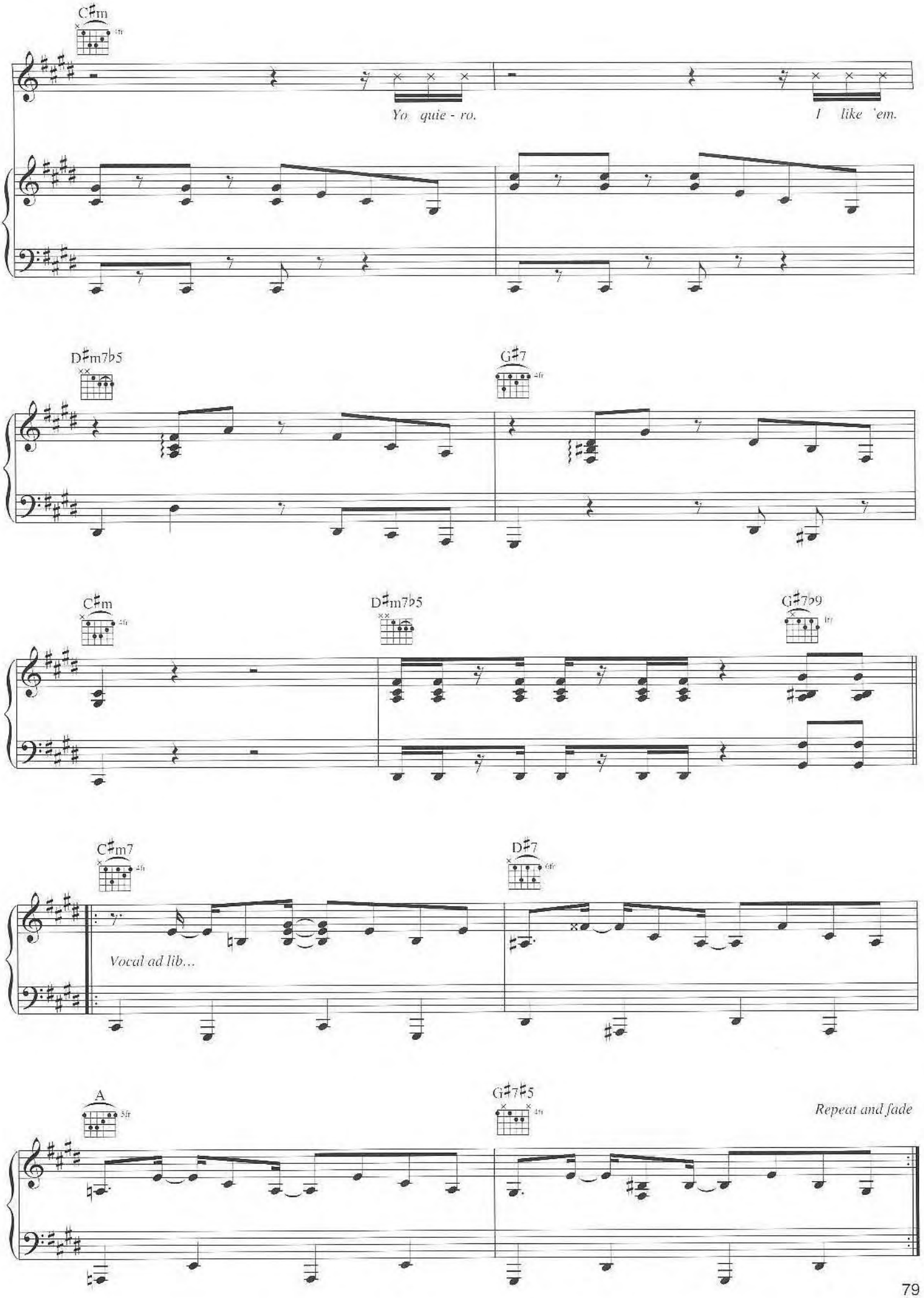
C♯m
La - ti - na chi - ca - na por mi. Mas fi - nas me gus - tan a - si.
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
Mi - ra a, mi - ra a, mi - ra a, ma - mi es - pe - ra - te, es - per - a - te, es - pe - ra - te a - qui.
C♯m
We could con - nect and act hu - man - ly, in - dulge in an - i - mal - is - tic swing.
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
We could have con - ver - sa - tion or sex - u - al re - la - tion or


C♯m
we can ex - plore, find out more a - bout things that we've done be - fore. Wheth - er it be
N.C.
G♯7
kink - y thoughts, I'm gon' make your cho - nies drop. Watch Mis - ter Short - y rock. I'll rock your stick - y spot.
C♯m
D.S. al Coda II
Hom - bre lum - bre known to make it hot. I'll make you drip drop. They call me "Cum - a - lot." I like 'em
Coda II
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
Mel - o - dy,
pa - ra mi 'so se - ra


C♯m
pa - ra - ti. ser - a pa - ra - ti.
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
Emp - ty eyes. fue - go den - tro de mi
C♯m
say.
(Lat - in girls, Lat - in girls. Lat - in, girls, Lat - in girls.)
Que
D♯m7♭5
G♯7♯5
pa - sa, se - no - ri - ta? You're a brown skin ma - ma.
A yo ma - ma sa - na wan - na take you to Ha - va - na.

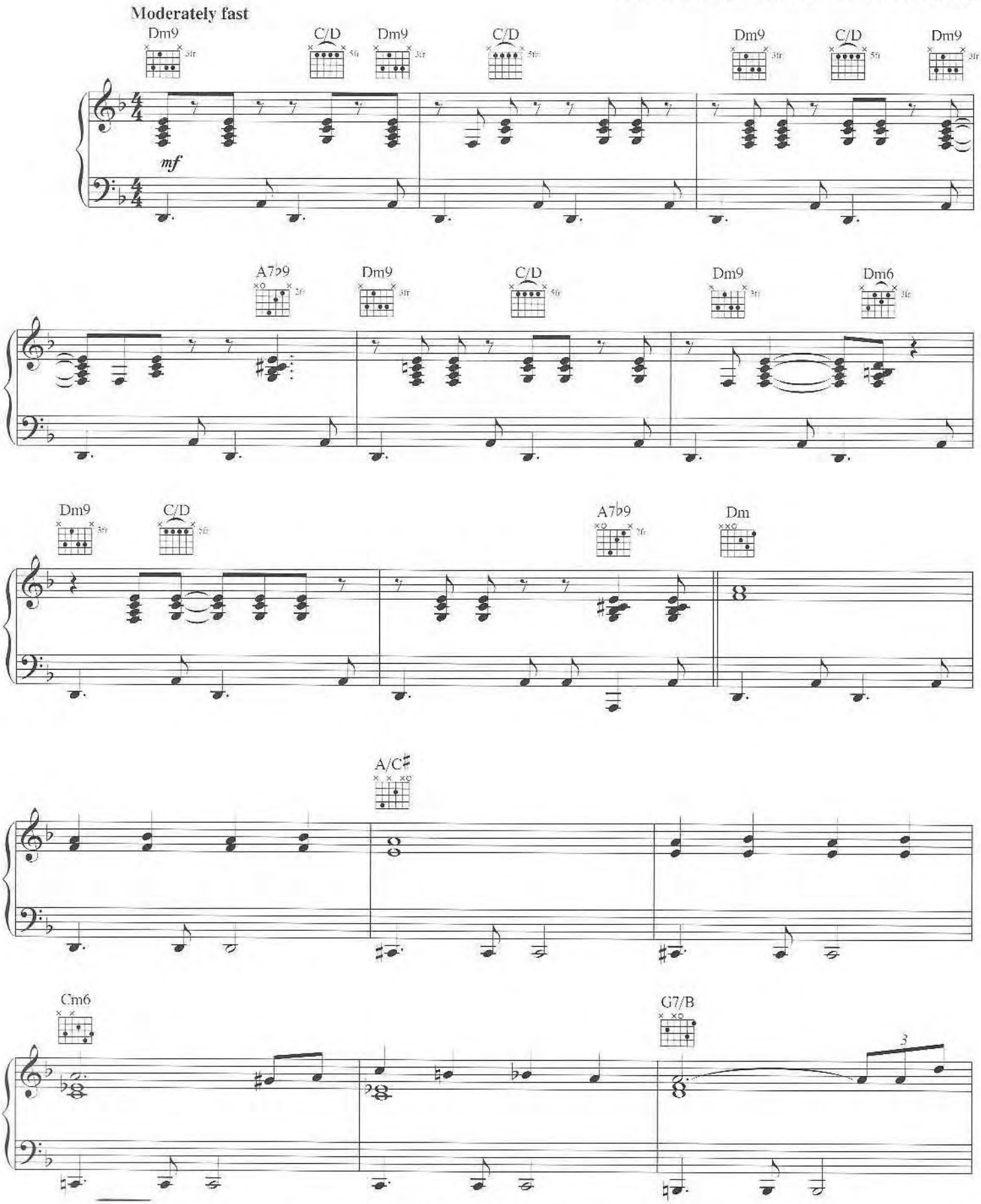

C♯madd2
We could get down ev-'ry day of the se-ma-na. Dance to the mu-si-ca and fol-low the gui-tar-ra.
G♯7
Clap. clap. clap. come on...
C♯m
Da-me un mo-men-to y lo be-vo con un be-so. Take you to Phil-ip-pines, then you don't have to spend a pe-so.
D♯m7♭5
We got con-nec-tion like a nov-el to a read-er.
G♯7
I can re-late _'cause Lat-in girls look Fil-i-pi-na.


C♯m
Check your his - to - ry, there's no mys - te - ry be - tween us.
Des - ti - ny made it pos - si - ble to be us.
I
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
know a - bout your cul - ture 'cause it's mixed with mine.
We go to - geth - er well, just like beats and rhymes.
Te -
C♯m
D.S. al Coda III
qui - las and limes.
so let's com - bine.
And I'll say it one more time.
I like them
Coda III
G♯7♭9
I like 'em.
Yo quie - ro.


C♯m
Yo quie - ro.
I like 'em.
D♯m7♭5
G♯7
C♯m
D♯m7♭5
G♯7♭9
C♯m7
D♯7
Vocal ad lib...
A
G♯7♯5
Repeat and fade

Sexy

Words and Music by
Antonio Carlos Jobim and Vinicius De Moraes



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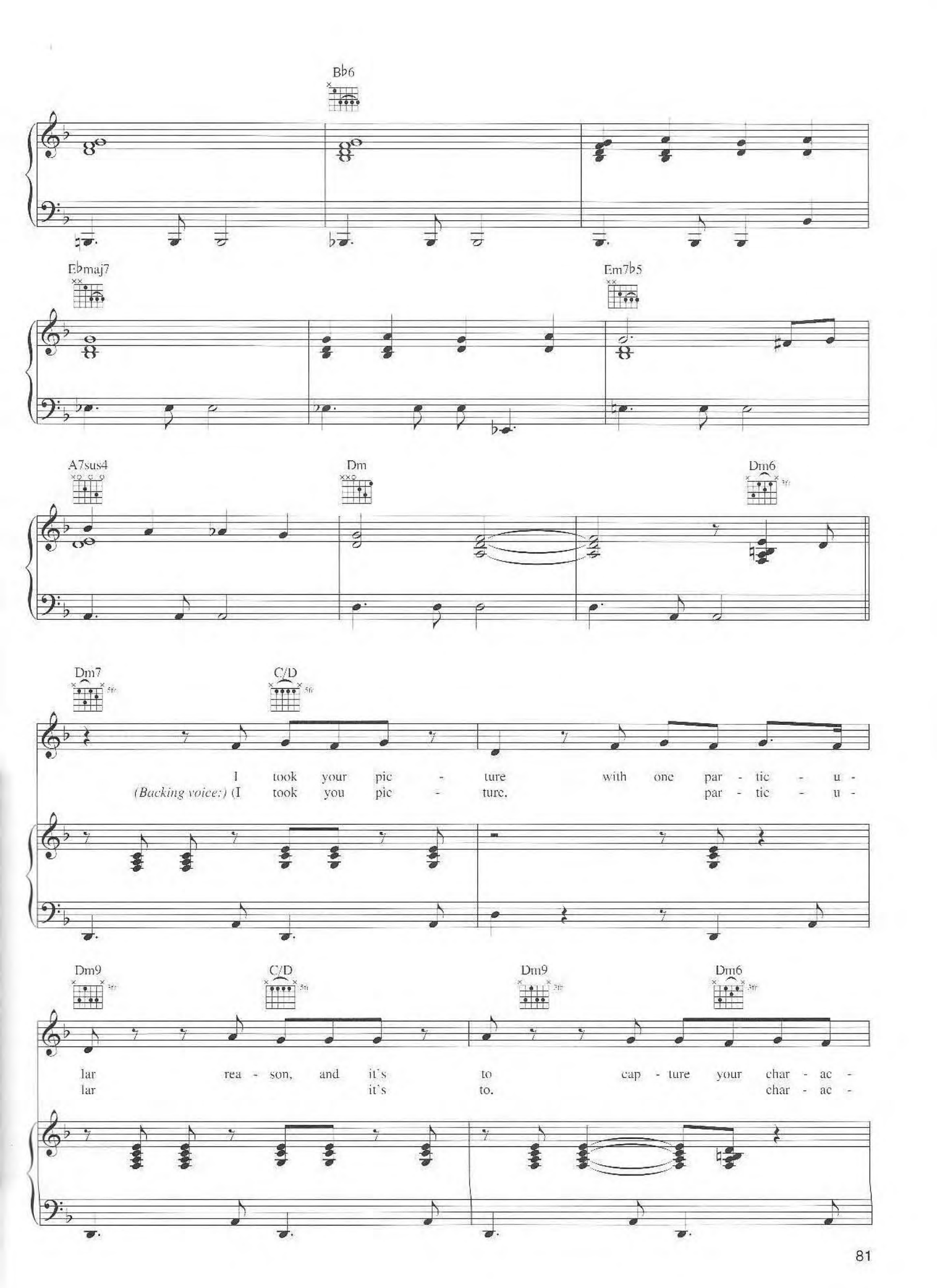
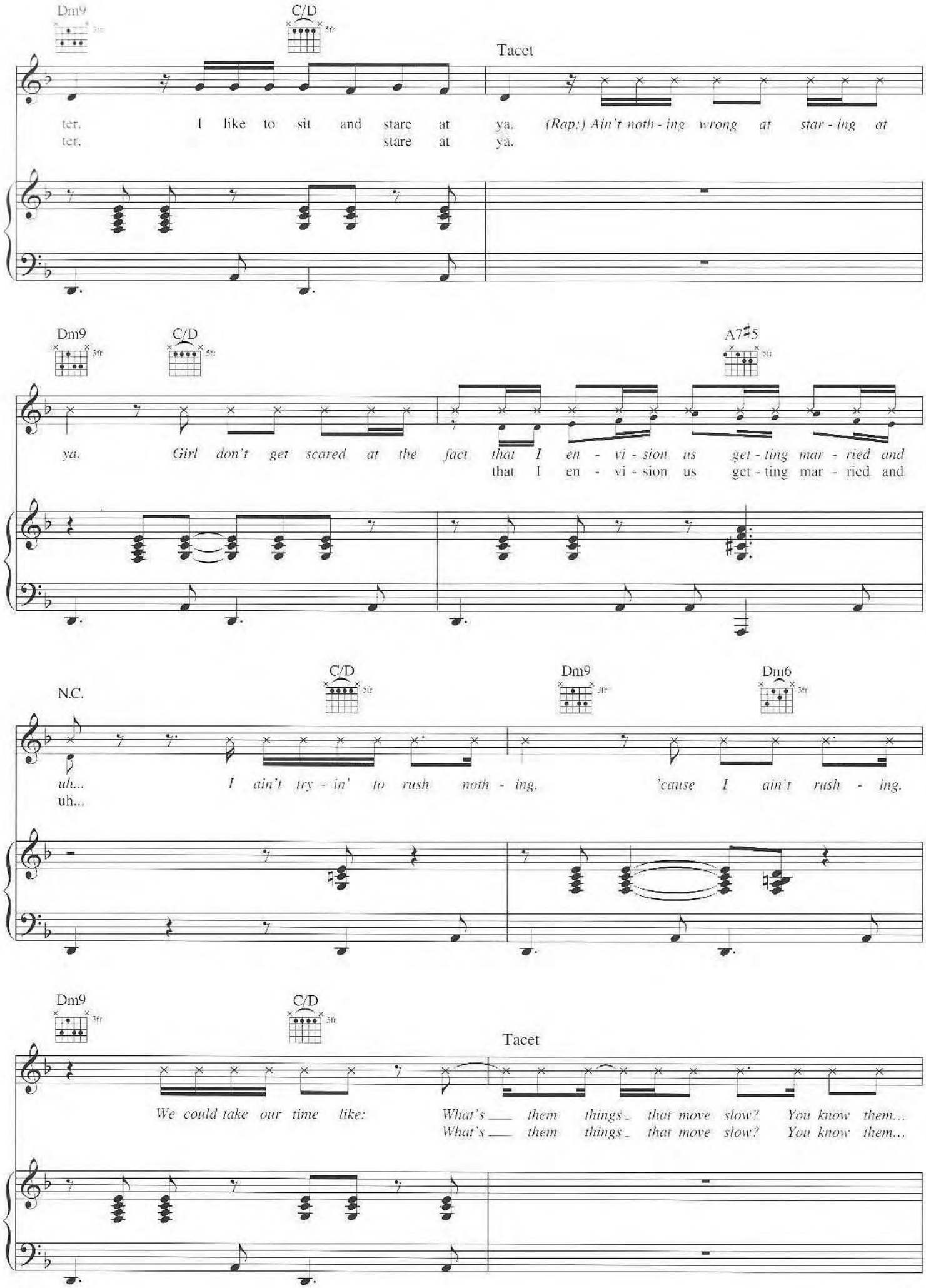
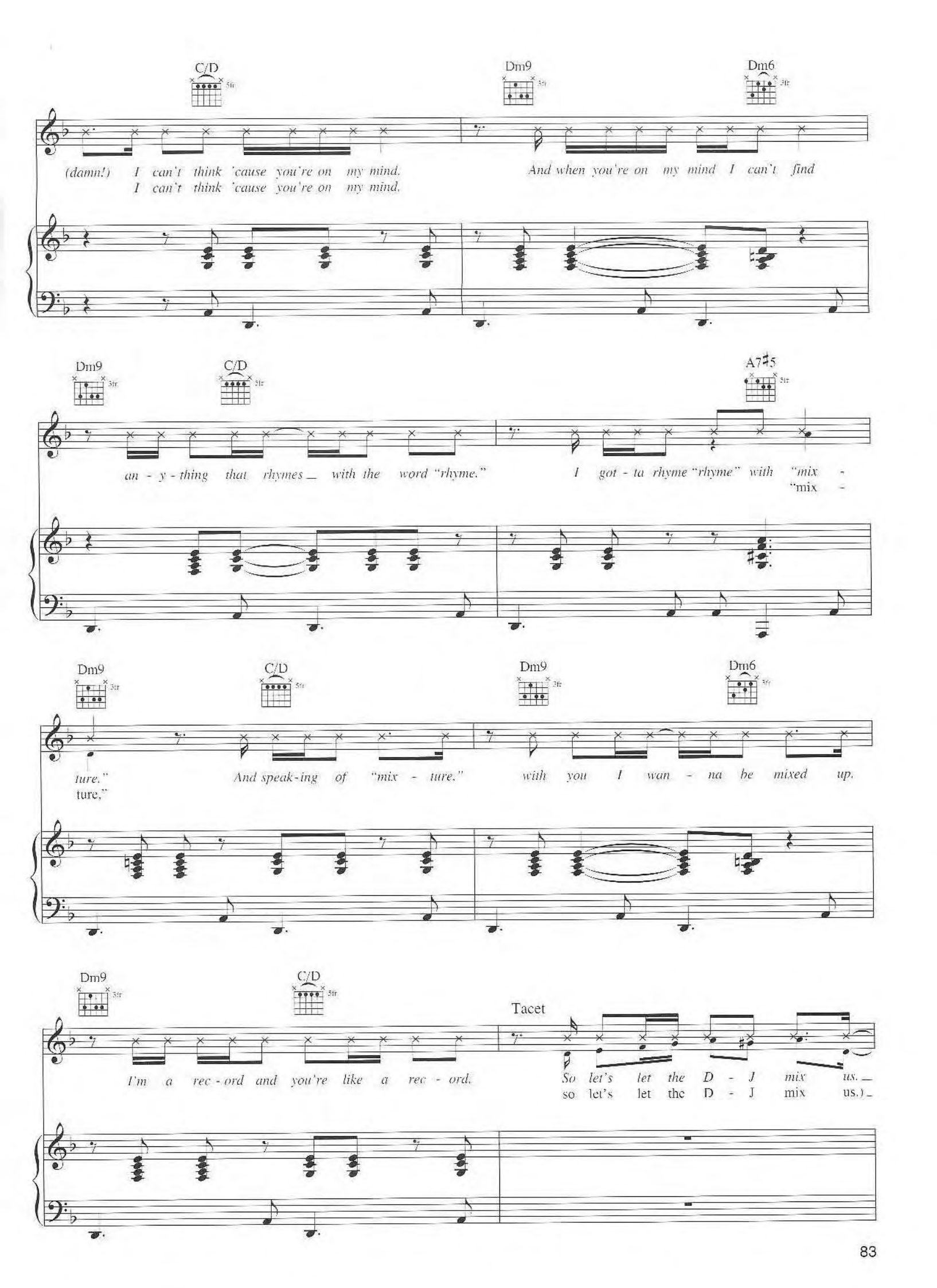
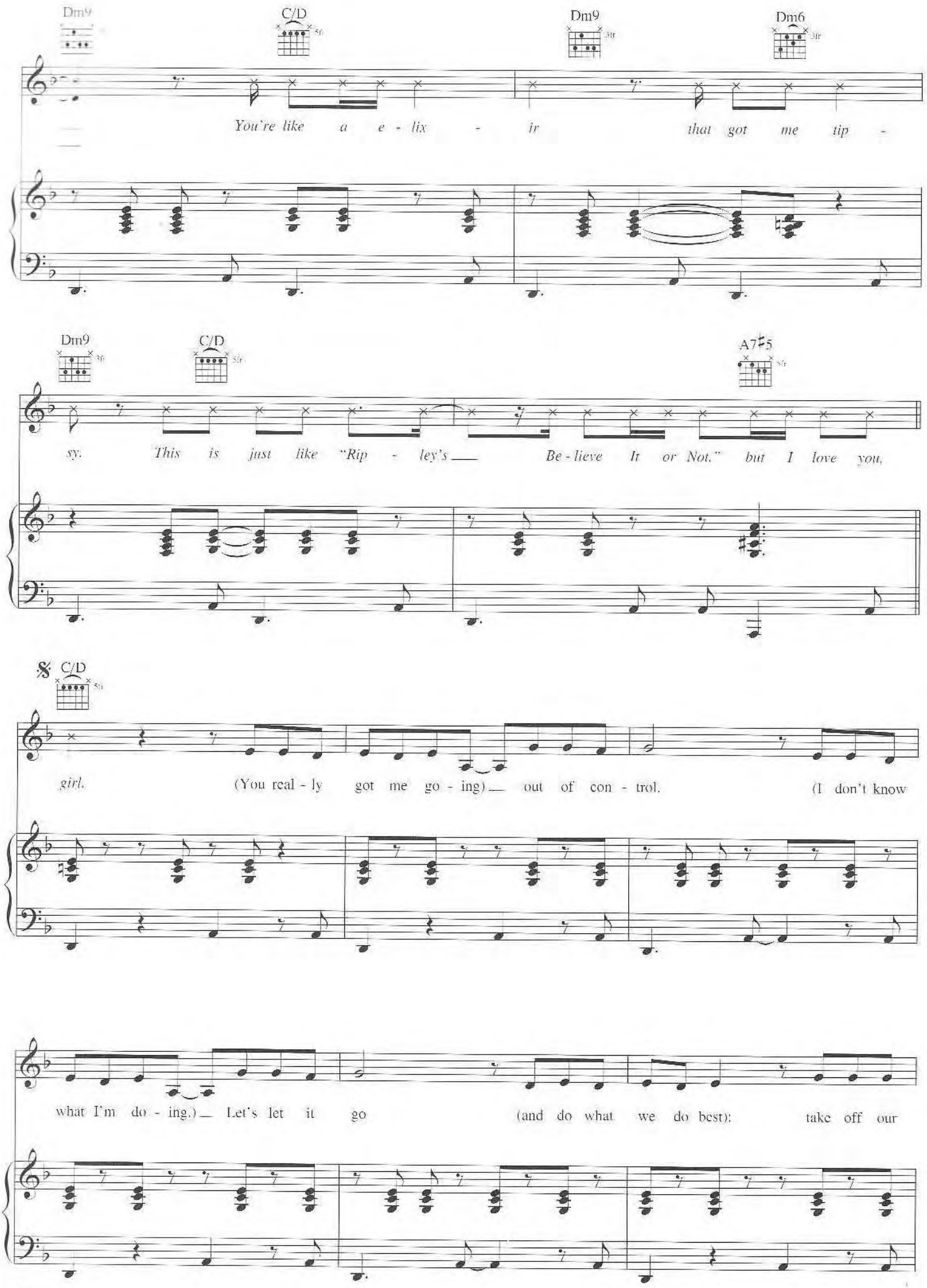
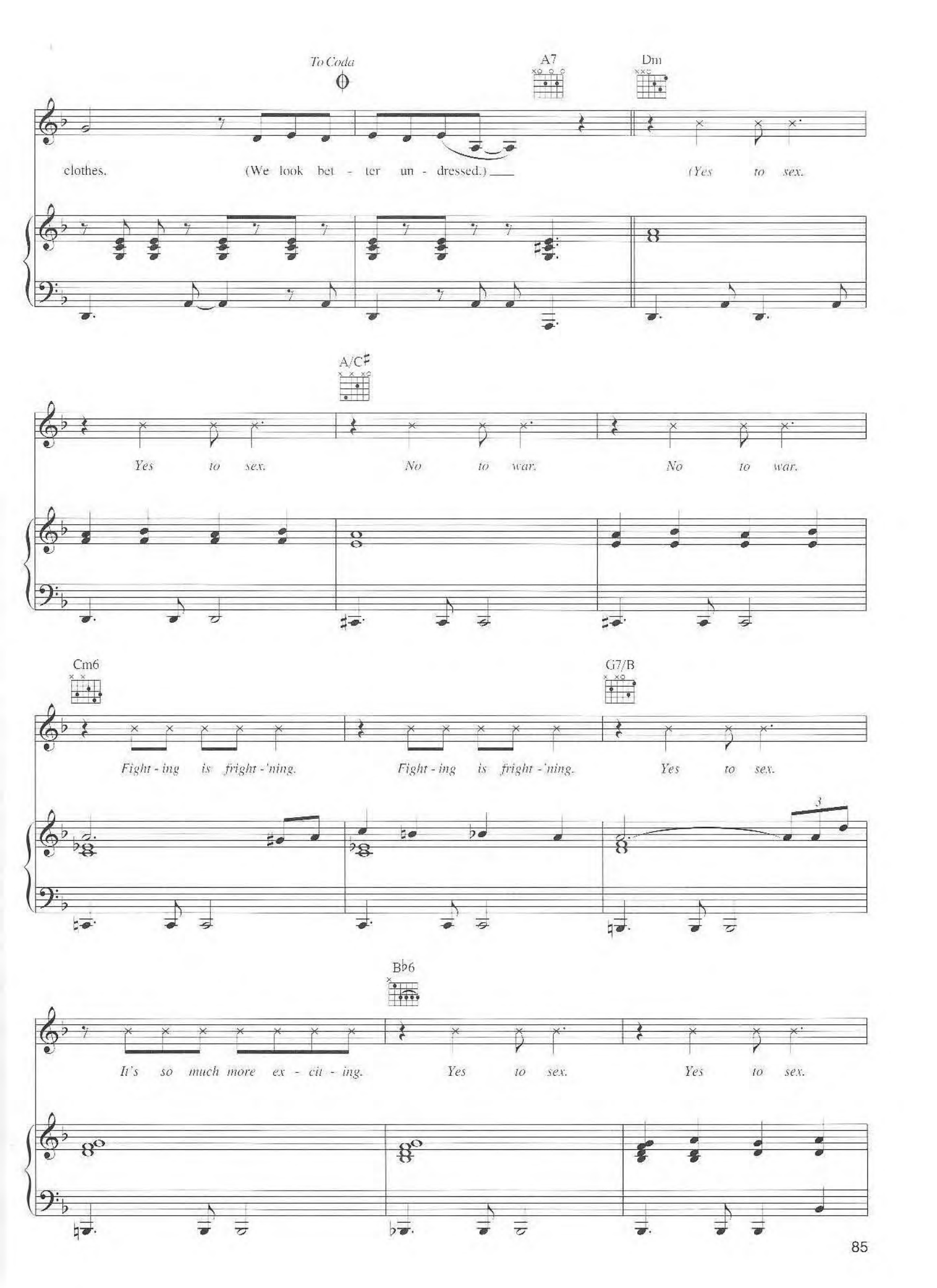
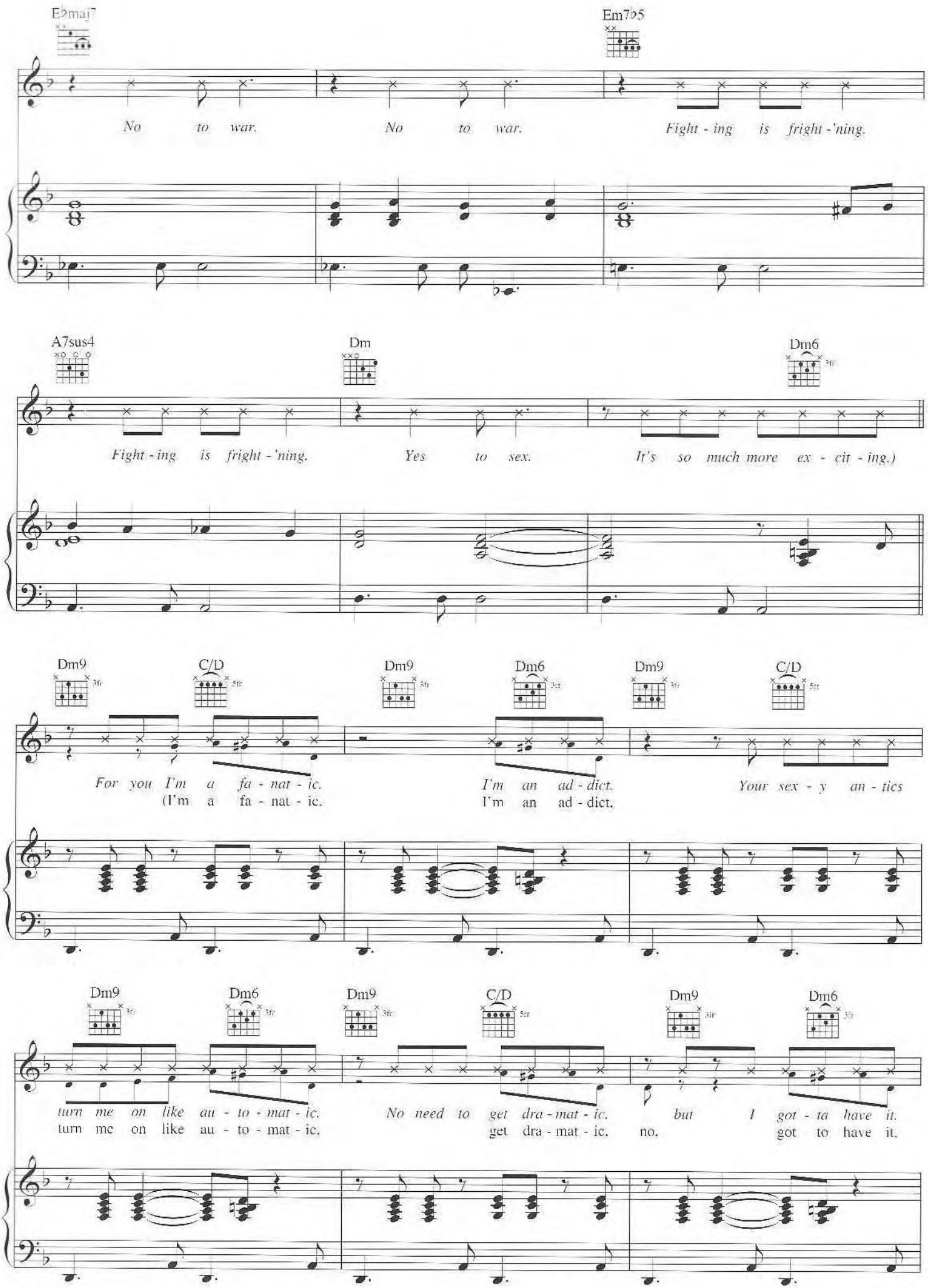

B♭6
E♭maj7
Em7♭5
A7sus4
Dm
Dm6
Dm7
C/D
I took your pic - ture with one par - tic - u -
(Backing voice:) (I took you pic - ture. par - tic - u -
Dm9
C/D
Dm9
Dm6
lar rea - son, and it's to cap - ture your char - ac -
lar it's to. char - ac -

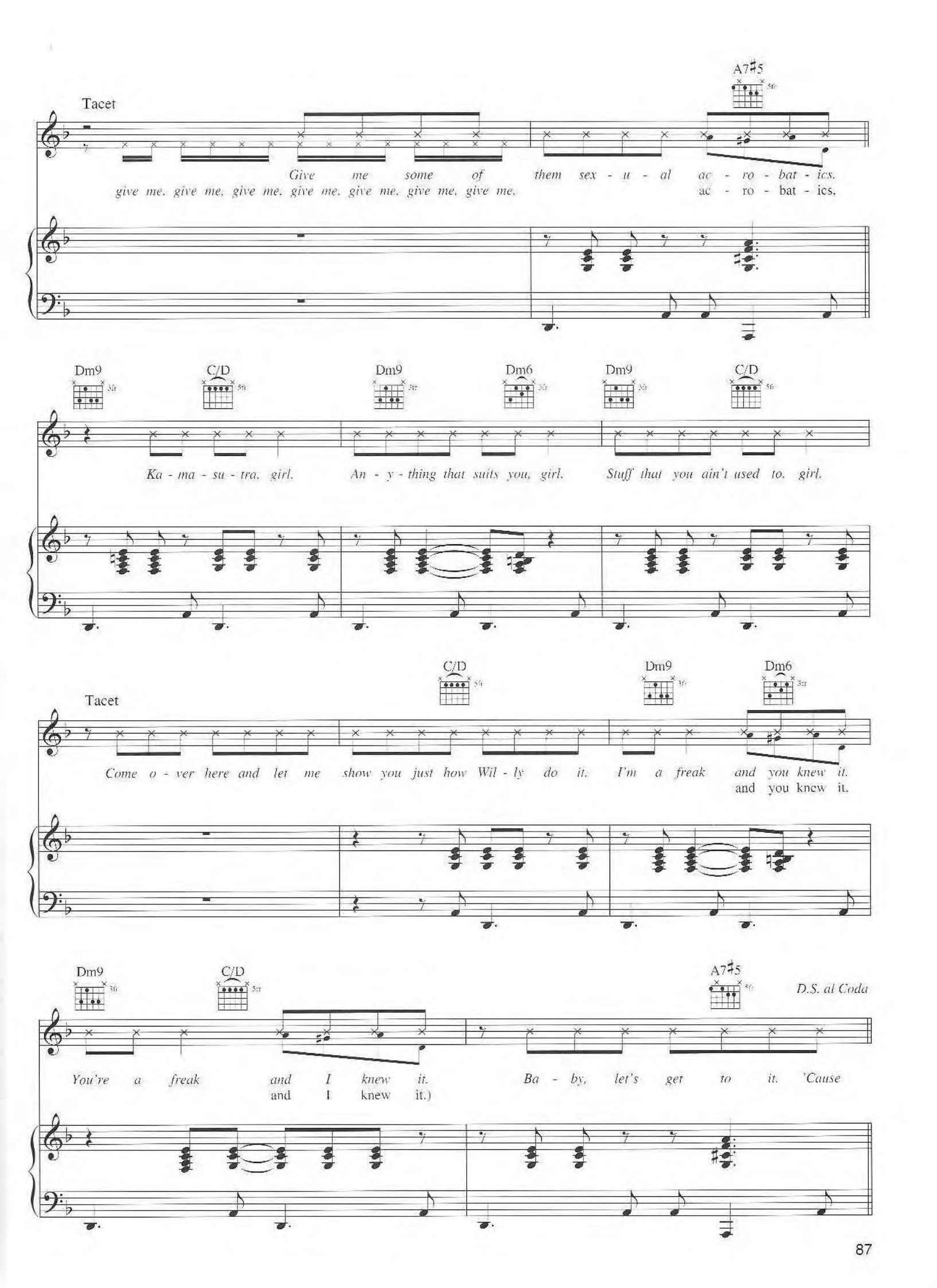

Dm9
C/D
Tacet
ter. I like to sit and stare at ya. (Rap:) Ain't noth - ing wrong at star - ing at
ter. stare at ya.
Dm9
C/D
A7♯5
ya. Girl don't get scared at the fact that I en - vi - sion us get - ting mar - ried and
that I en - vi - sion us get - ting mar - ried and
N.C.
C/D
Dm9
Dm6
uh... I ain't try - in' to rush noth - ing, 'cause I ain't rush - ing.
uh...
Dm9
C/D
Tacet
We could take our time like: What's ___ them things _ that move slow? You know them...
What's ___ them things _ that move slow? You know them...

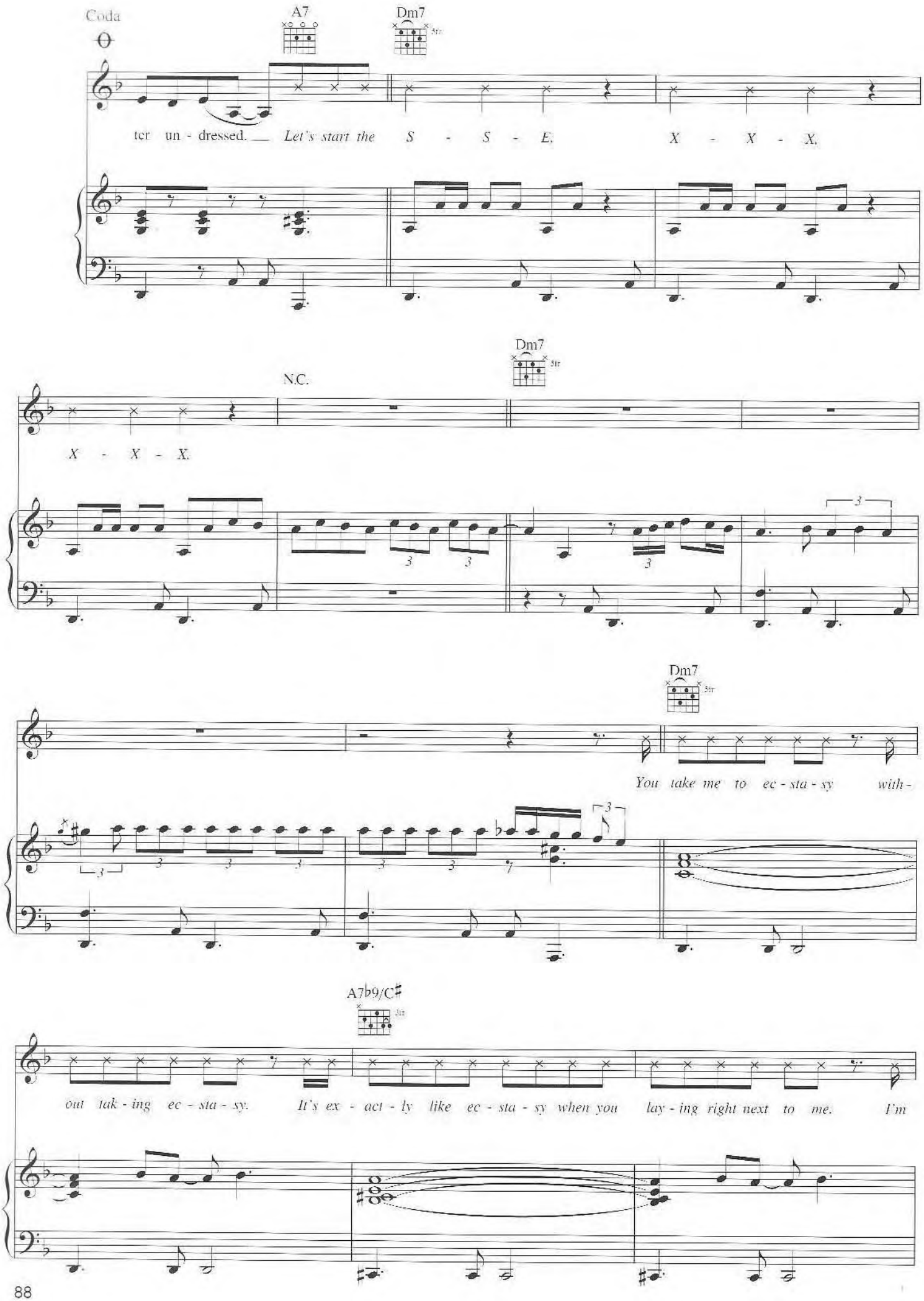

C/D
Dm9
Dm6
(damn!) I can't think 'cause you're on my mind.
I can't think 'cause you're on my mind.
And when you're on my mind I can't find
Dm9
C/D
A7♯5
an - y - thing that rhymes with the word "rhyme."
I got - ta rhyme "rhyme" with "mix -
"mix -
Dm9
C/D
Dm9
Dm6
ture."
ture,"
And speak - ing of "mix - ture."
with you I wan - na be mixed up.
Dm9
C/D
Tacet
I'm a rec - ord and you're like a rec - ord.
So let's let the D - J mix us.
so let's let the D - J mix us.)

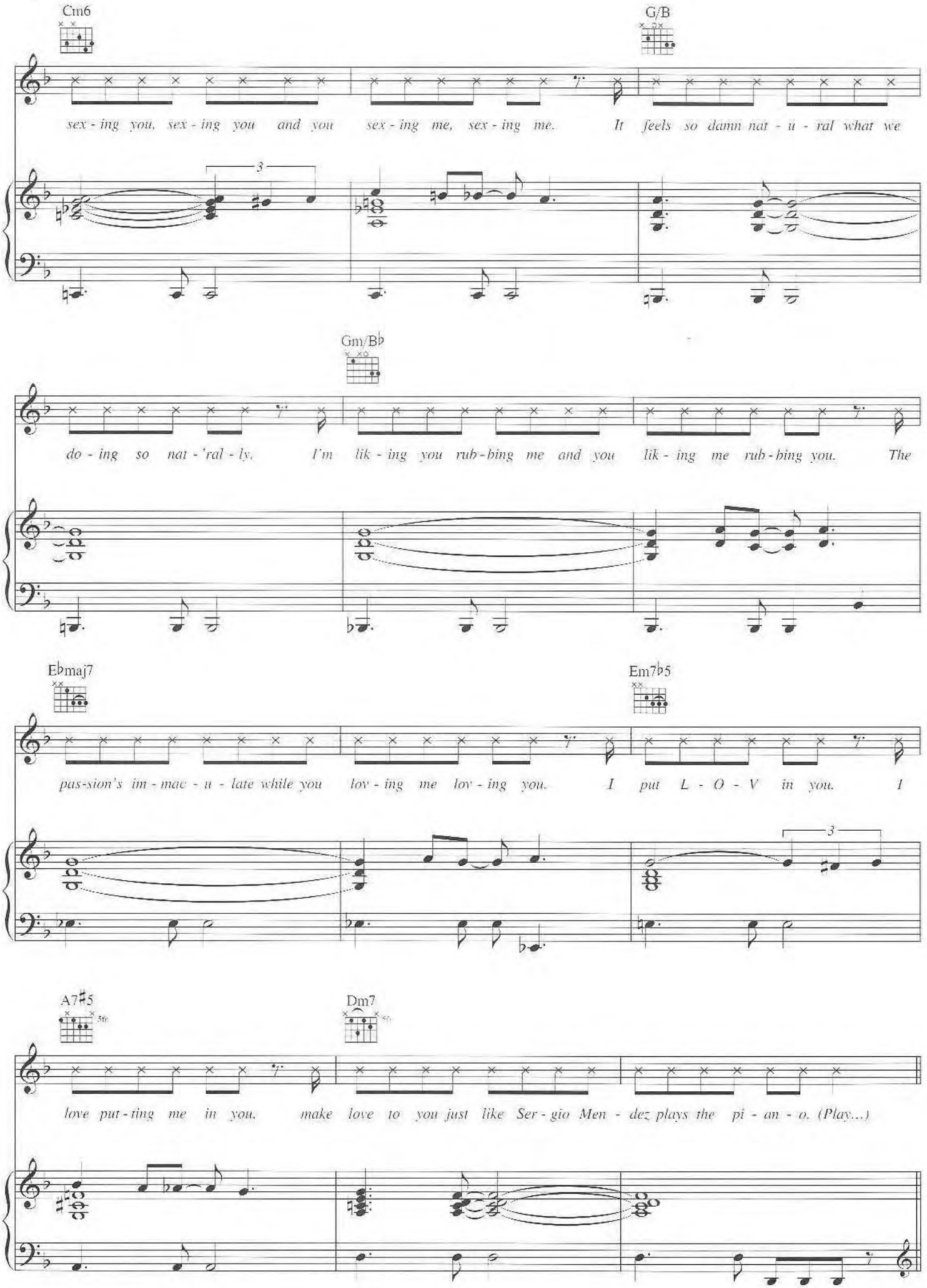

Dm9
C/D
Dm9
Dm6
You're like a e - lix - ir that got me tip -
Dm9
C/D
A7♯5
sy. This is just like "Rip - ley's Be - lieve It or Not," but I love you,
C/D
girl. (You real - ly got me go - ing) out of con - trol. (I don't know
what I'm do - ing.) Let's let it go (and do what we do best): take off our

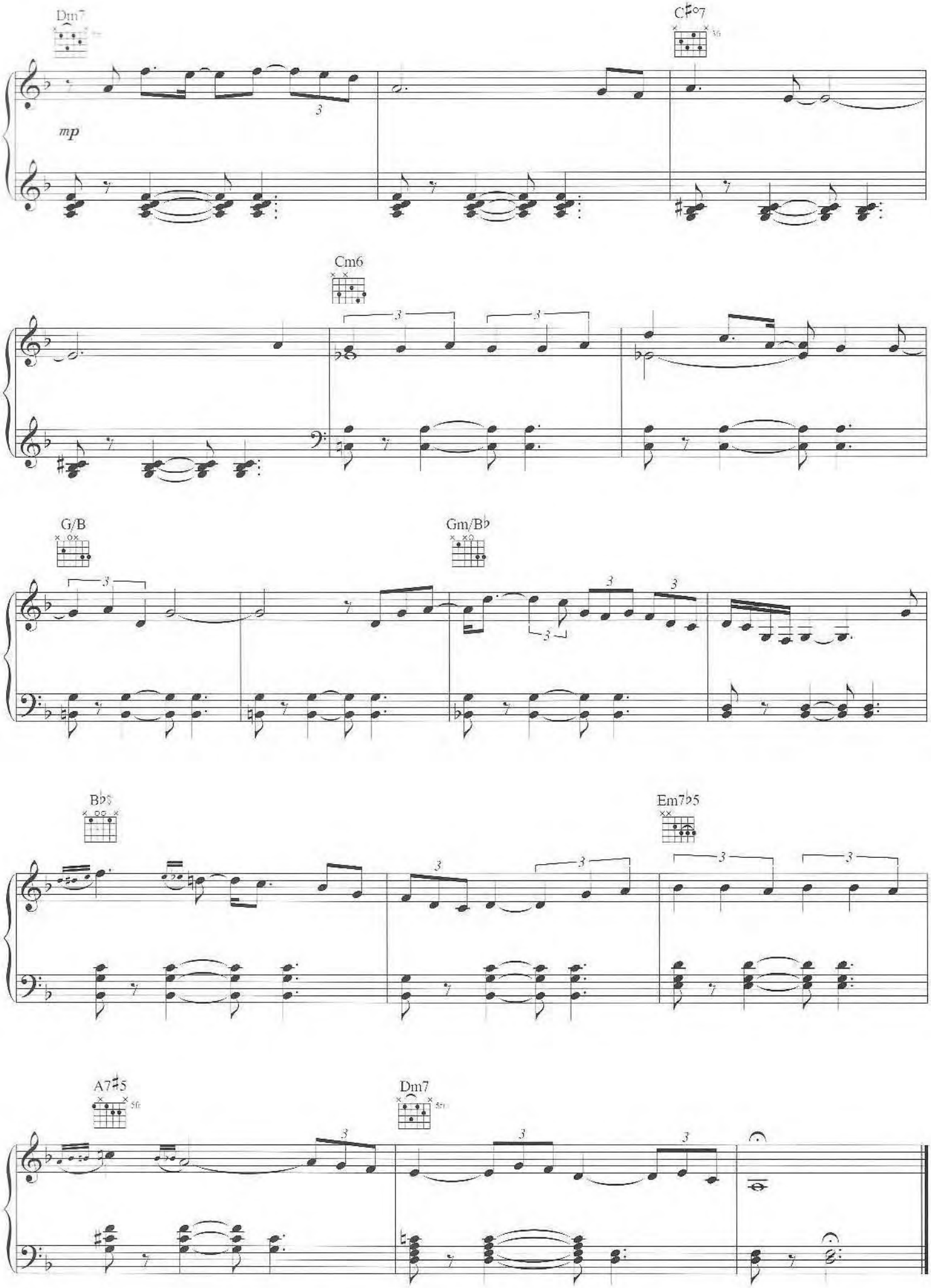

To Coda
A7
Dm
clothes. (We look bet - ter un - dressed.) (Yes to sex.
A/C♯
Yes to sex. No to war. No to war.
Cm6
G7/B
Fight - ing is fright - 'ning. Fight - ing is fright - 'ning. Yes to sex.
3
B♭6
It's so much more ex - cit - ing. Yes to sex. Yes to sex.


E♭maj7
Em7♭5
No to war. No to war. Fight - ing is fright - 'ning.
A7sus4
Dm
Dm6
Fight - ing is fright - 'ning. Yes to sex. It's so much more ex - cit - ing.)
Dm9
C/D
Dm9
Dm6
Dm9
C/D
For you I'm a fa - nat - ic. I'm an ad - dict. Your sex - y an - tics
(I'm a fa - nat - ic. I'm an ad - dict.
Dm9
Dm6
Dm9
C/D
Dm9
Dm6
turn me on like au - to - mat - ic. No need to get dra - mat - ic. but I got - ta have it.
turn me on like au - to - mat - ic. get dra - mat - ic. no. got to have it.


Tacet
A7♯5
Give me some of them sex - u - al ac - ro - bat - ics.
give me, give me, give me, give me, give me, give me, give me, ac - ro - bat - ics.
Dm9
C/D
Dm9
Dm6
Dm9
C/D
Ka - ma - su - tra, girl.
An - y - thing that suits you, girl.
Stuff that you ain't used to, girl.
Tacet
C/D
Dm9
Dm6
Come o - ver here and let me show you just how Wil - ly do it.
I'm a freak and you knew it.
and you knew it.
Dm9
C/D
A7♯5
D.S. al Coda
You're a freak and I knew it.
and I knew it.)
Ba - by, let's get to it. 'Cause


Coda
A7
Dm7
ter un - dressed. Let's start the S - S - E. X - X - X.
N.C.
Dm7
X - X - X.
Dm7
You take me to ec - sta - sy with -
A7b9/C♯
out tak - ing ec - sta - sy. It's ex - act - ly like ec - sta - sy when you lay - ing right next to me. I'm


Cm6
G/B
sex - ing you, sex - ing you and you sex - ing me, sex - ing me. It feels so damn nat - u - ral what we
Gm/B♭
do - ing so nat - 'ral - ly. I'm lik - ing you rub - bing me and you lik - ing me rub - bing you. The
E♭maj7
Em7♭5
pas-sion's im - mac - u - late while you lov - ing me lov - ing you. I put L - O - V in you. I
A7♯5
Dm7
love put - ting me in you. make love to you just like Ser - gio Men - dez plays the pi - an - o. (Play...)


Dm7
C♯o7
mp
Cm6
G/B
Gm/B♭
B♭5
Em7♭5
A7♯5
Dm7

Fly Away

Words and Music by Will Adams,
Stacy Ferguson and Ray Brady

Moderately fast

Tacet

(Spoken:) When the world chang - es, you ad - just. So on this joint right here, we a - bout to take flight, y'all. (Ooh, ooh.) Check it out, y'all. (Ooh, ooh.) Check it out, y'all. Yo Fer - gie, what you gon - na do? (Give it

Fm7 Cm7 E♭m Cm7

Fm7 Cm7 E♭m Cm7

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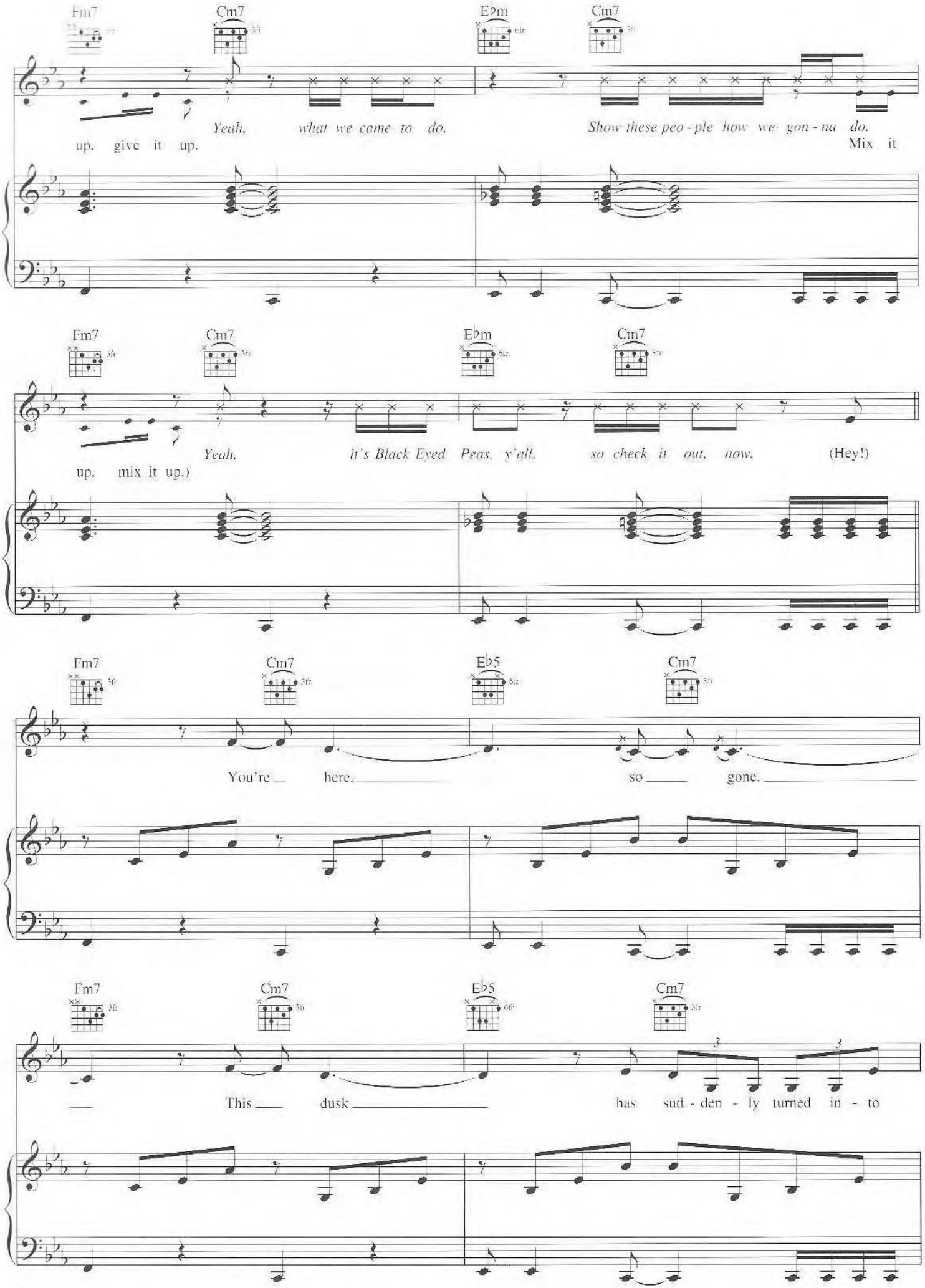
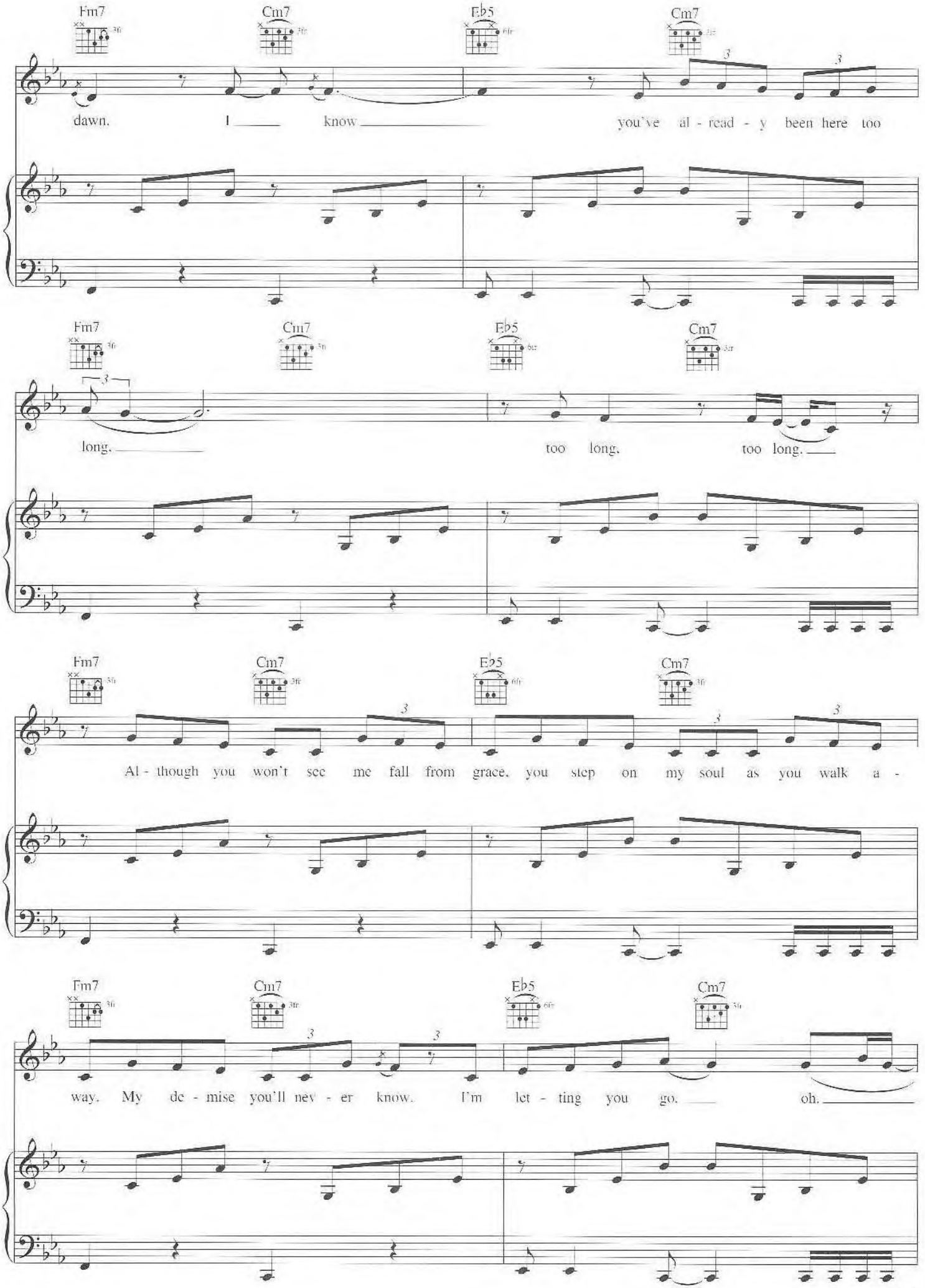
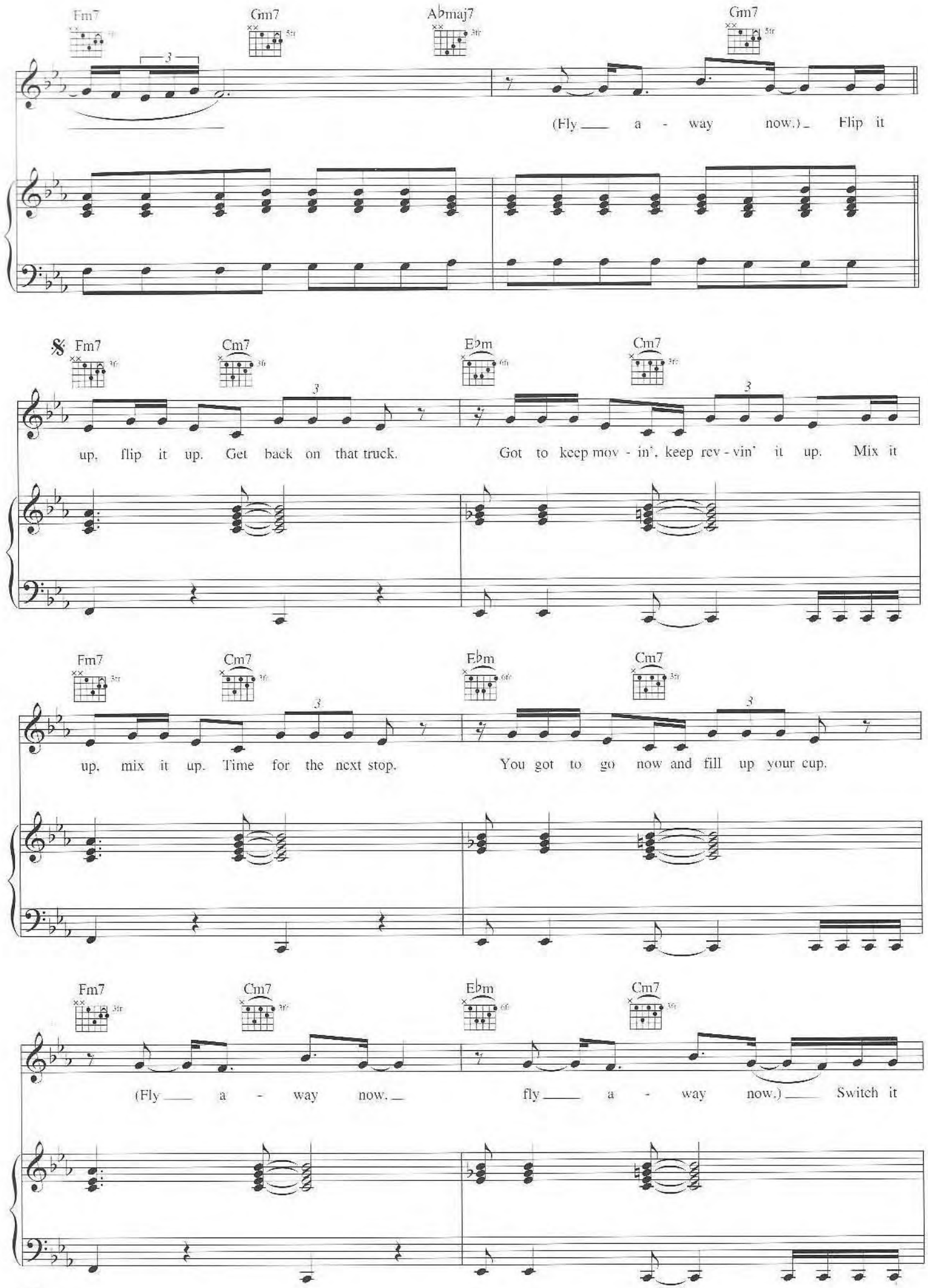
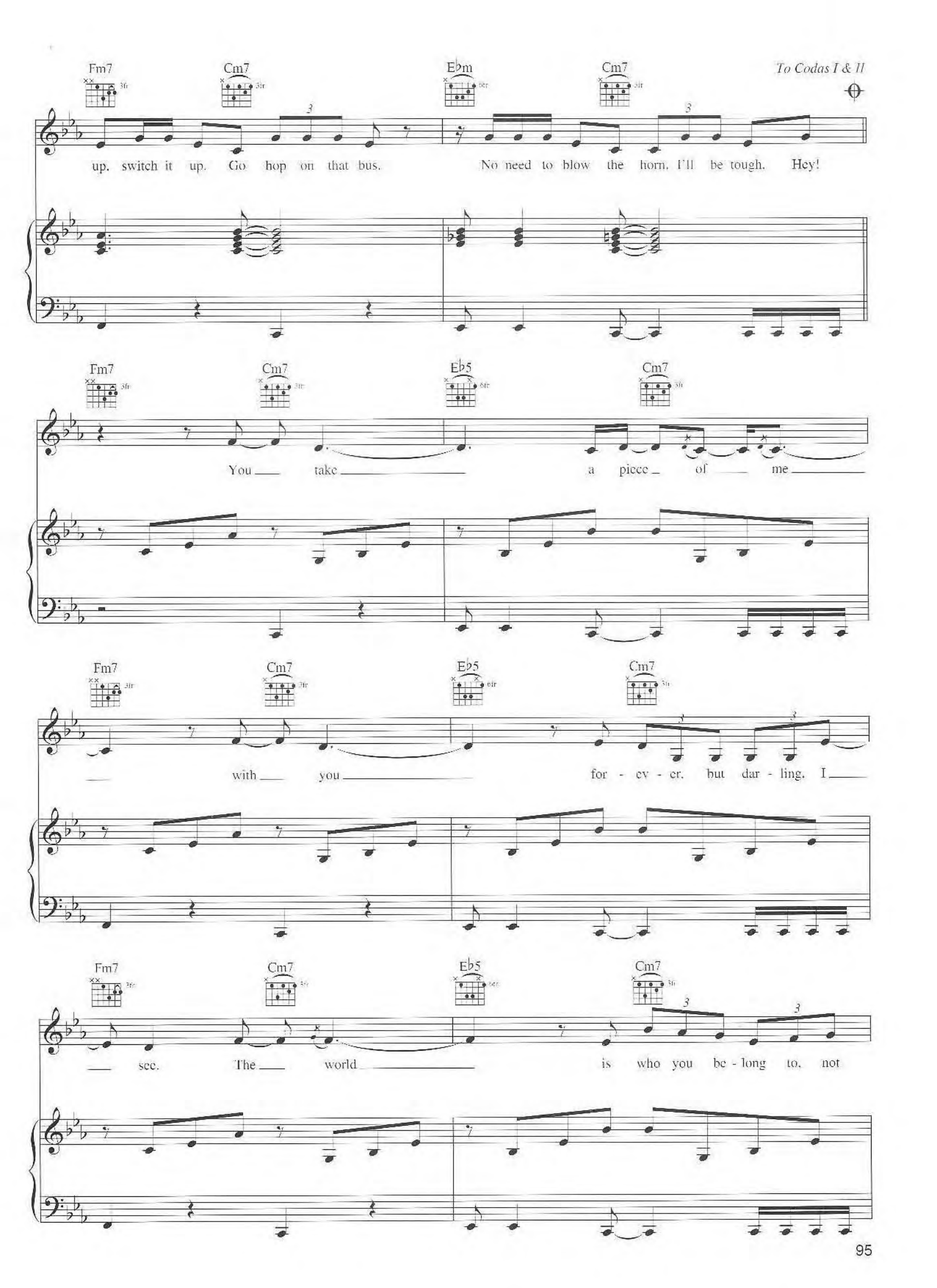
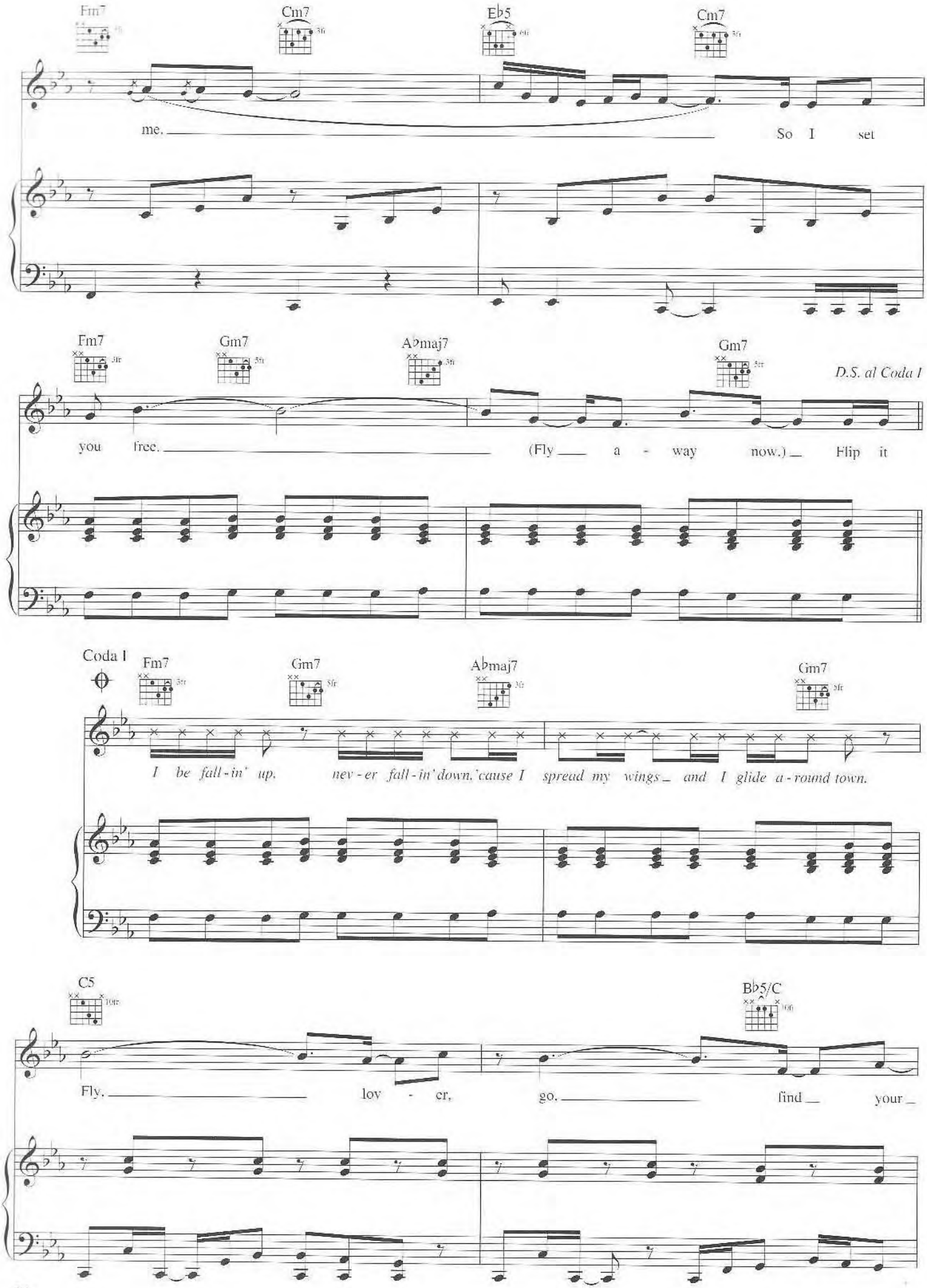
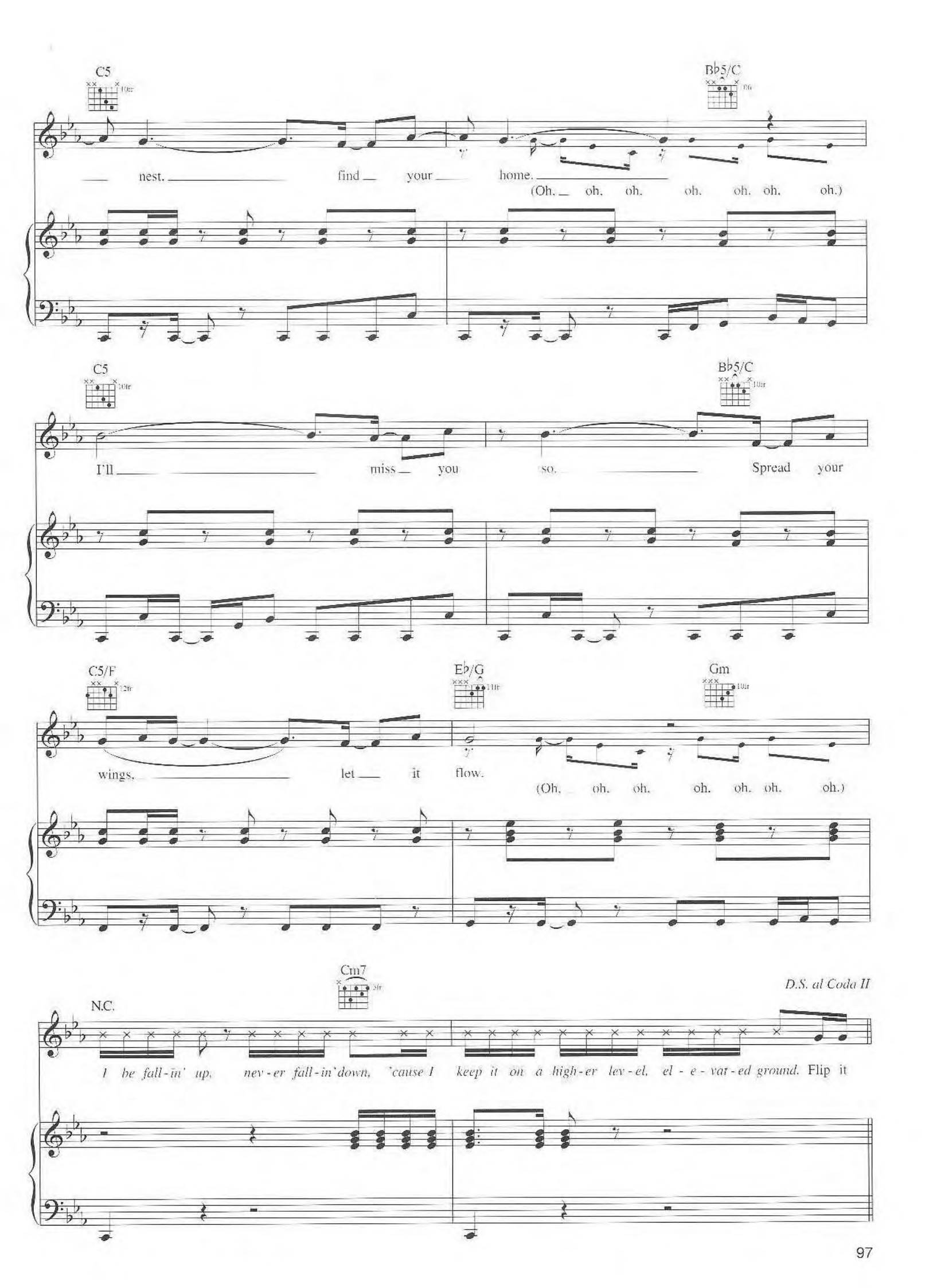

Fm7
Cm7
E♭m
Cm7
Yeah, what we came to do. Show these peo - ple how we gon - na do.
up. give it up. Mix it
Fm7
Cm7
E♭m
Cm7
Yeah, it's Black Eyed Peas, y'all, so check it out, now. (Hey!)
up. mix it up.)
Fm7
Cm7
E♭5
Cm7
You're here, so gone.
Fm7
Cm7
E♭5
Cm7
This dusk has sud - den - ly turned in - to

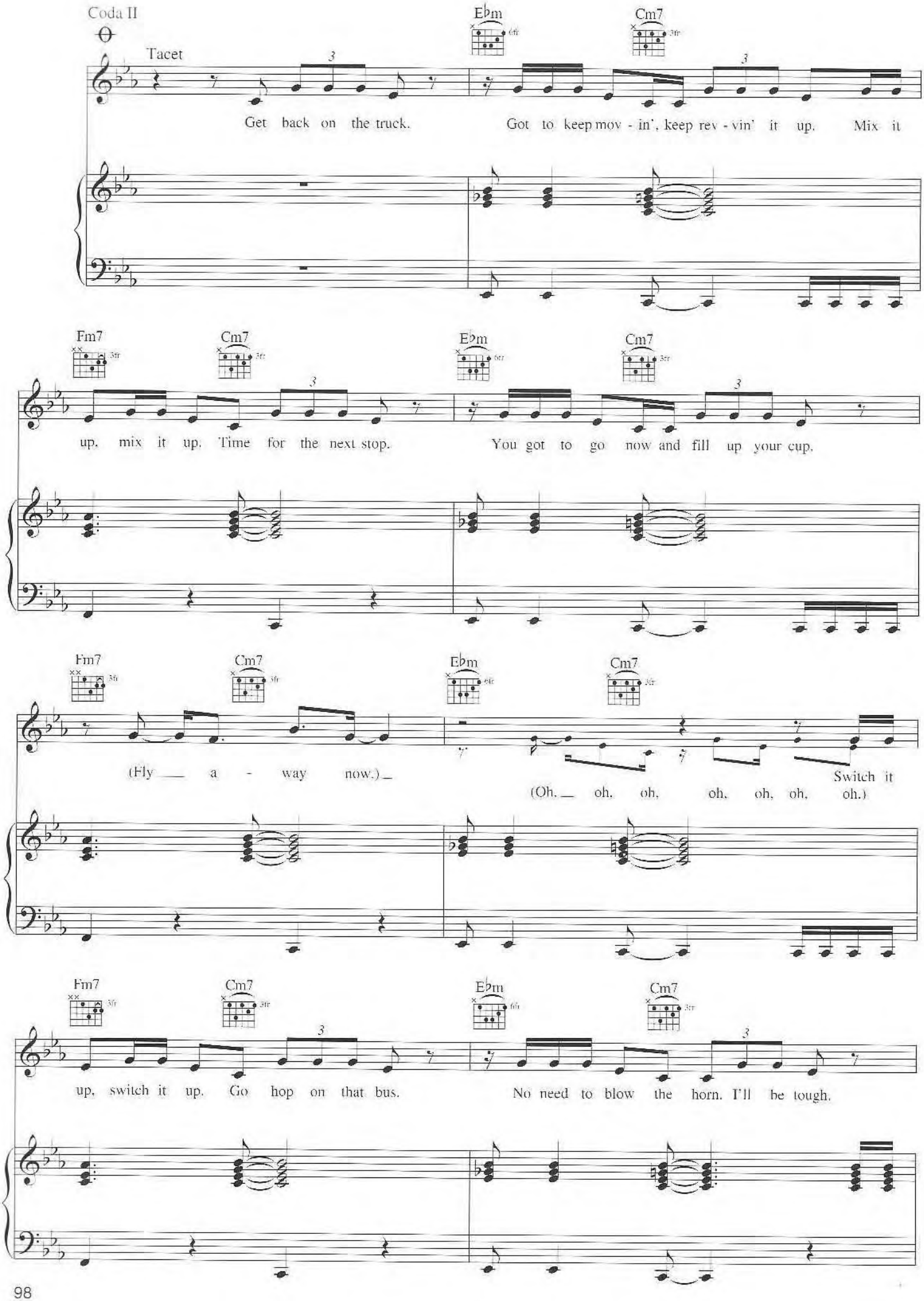

Fm7
Cm7
E♭5
Cm7
dawn. I know you've al - read - y been here too
long. too long. too long.
Al - though you won't see me fall from grace, you step on my soul as you walk a -
way. My de - mise you'll nev - er know. I'm let - ting you go. oh.


Fm7
Gm7
A♭maj7
Gm7
(Fly a - way now.) Flip it
Fm7
Cm7
E♭m
Cm7
up, flip it up. Get back on that truck.
Got to keep mov - in', keep rev - vin' it up. Mix it
Fm7
Cm7
E♭m
Cm7
up, mix it up. Time for the next stop.
You got to go now and fill up your cup.
Fm7
Cm7
E♭m
Cm7
(Fly a - way now.
fly a - way now.) Switch it


Fm7
Cm7
E♭m
Cm7
To Codas I & II
up. switch it up. Go hop on that bus.
No need to blow the horn. I'll be tough. Hey!
Fm7
Cm7
E♭5
Cm7
You take a piece of me
Fm7
Cm7
E♭5
Cm7
with you for - ev - er. but dar - ling. I
Fm7
Cm7
E♭5
Cm7
see. The world is who you be - long to. not


Fm7
Cm7
E♭5
Cm7
me.
So I set
Fm7
Gm7
A♭maj7
Gm7
D.S. al Coda I
you free.
(Fly a - way now.)
Flip it
Coda I
Fm7
Gm7
A♭maj7
Gm7
I be fall-in' up.
nev-er fall-in' down, 'cause I spread my wings and I glide a-round town.
C5
B♭5/C
Fly.
lov - er,
go.
find
your


C5
B♭5/C
nest. find your home.
(Oh. oh. oh. oh. oh. oh. oh.)
C5
B♭5/C
I'll miss you so. Spread your
C5/F
E♭/G
Gm
wings, let it flow.
(Oh. oh. oh. oh. oh. oh. oh.)
Cm7
N.C.
D.S. al Coda II
I be fall-in' up, nev-er fall-in' down, 'cause I keep it on a high-er lev-el, el-e-vat-ed ground. Flip it


Coda II
Tacet
E♭m
Cm7
Get back on the truck.
Got to keep mov - in', keep rev - vin' it up.
Mix it
Fm7
Cm7
E♭m
Cm7
up, mix it up. Time for the next stop.
You got to go now and fill up your cup.
Fm7
Cm7
E♭m
Cm7
(Fly a - way now.)
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.)
Switch it
Fm7
Cm7
E♭m
Cm7
up, switch it up. Go hop on that bus.
No need to blow the horn. I'll be tough.

Fm7 Cm7 E♭m Cm7

Flip it up, flip it up. (Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.)

Fm7 Cm7 E♭m Cm7

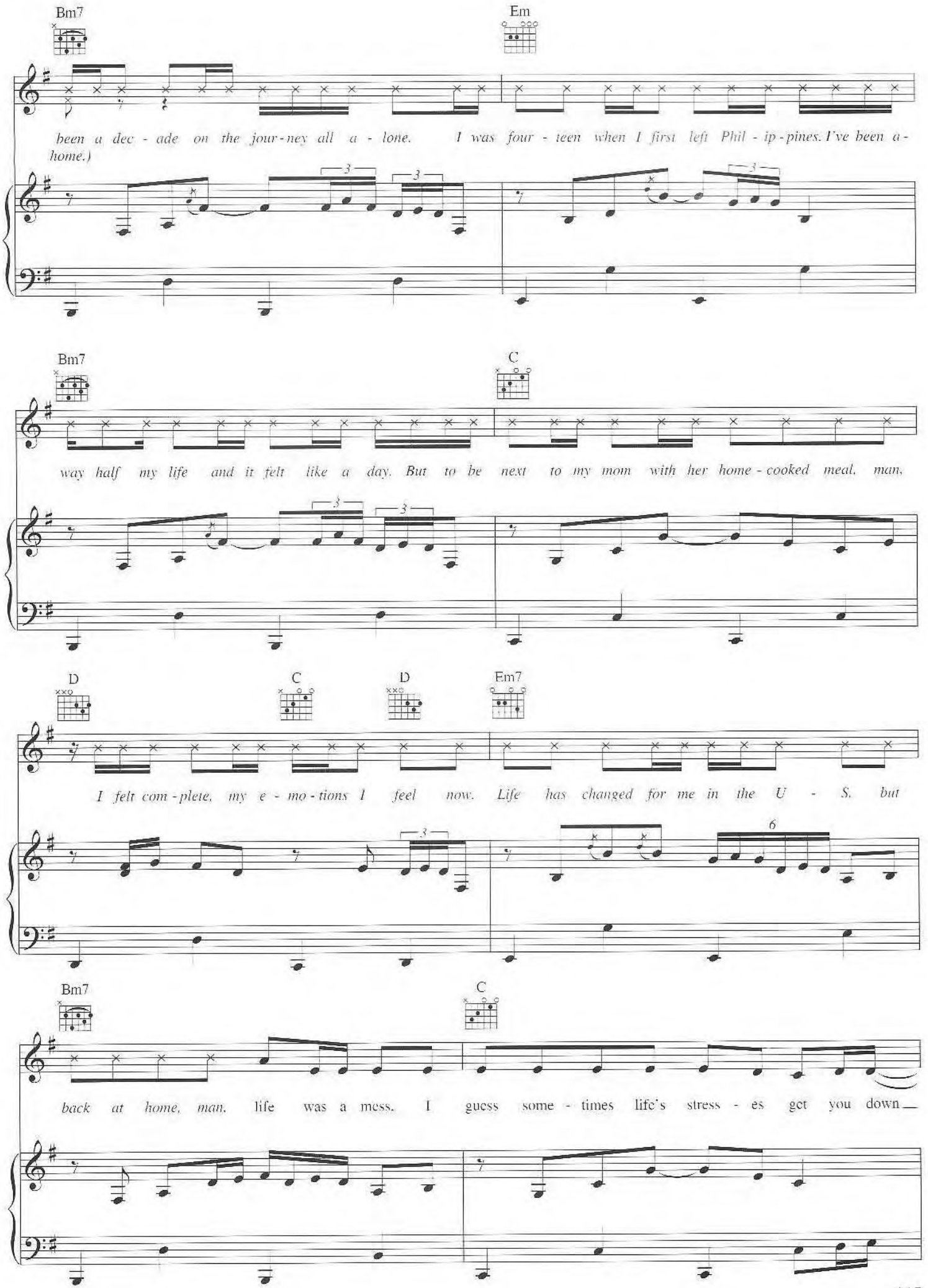
Switch it up, switch it up. (Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.) Flip it

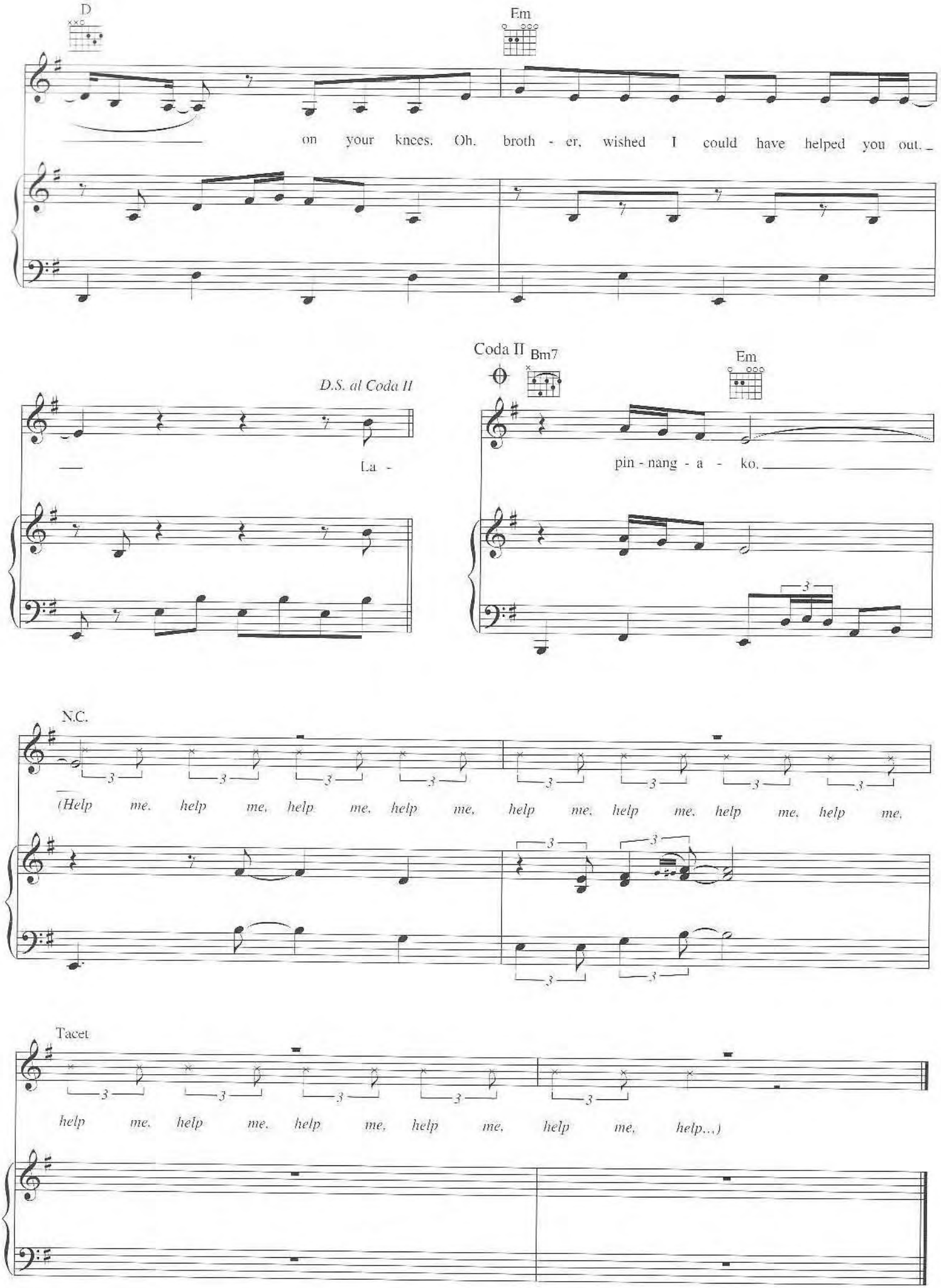
Fm7 Cm7 E♭m Cm7

up. (Fly a - way now.) Switch it up. (Fly a - way now.)

Fm7 Cm7 E♭m Cm7

(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.)

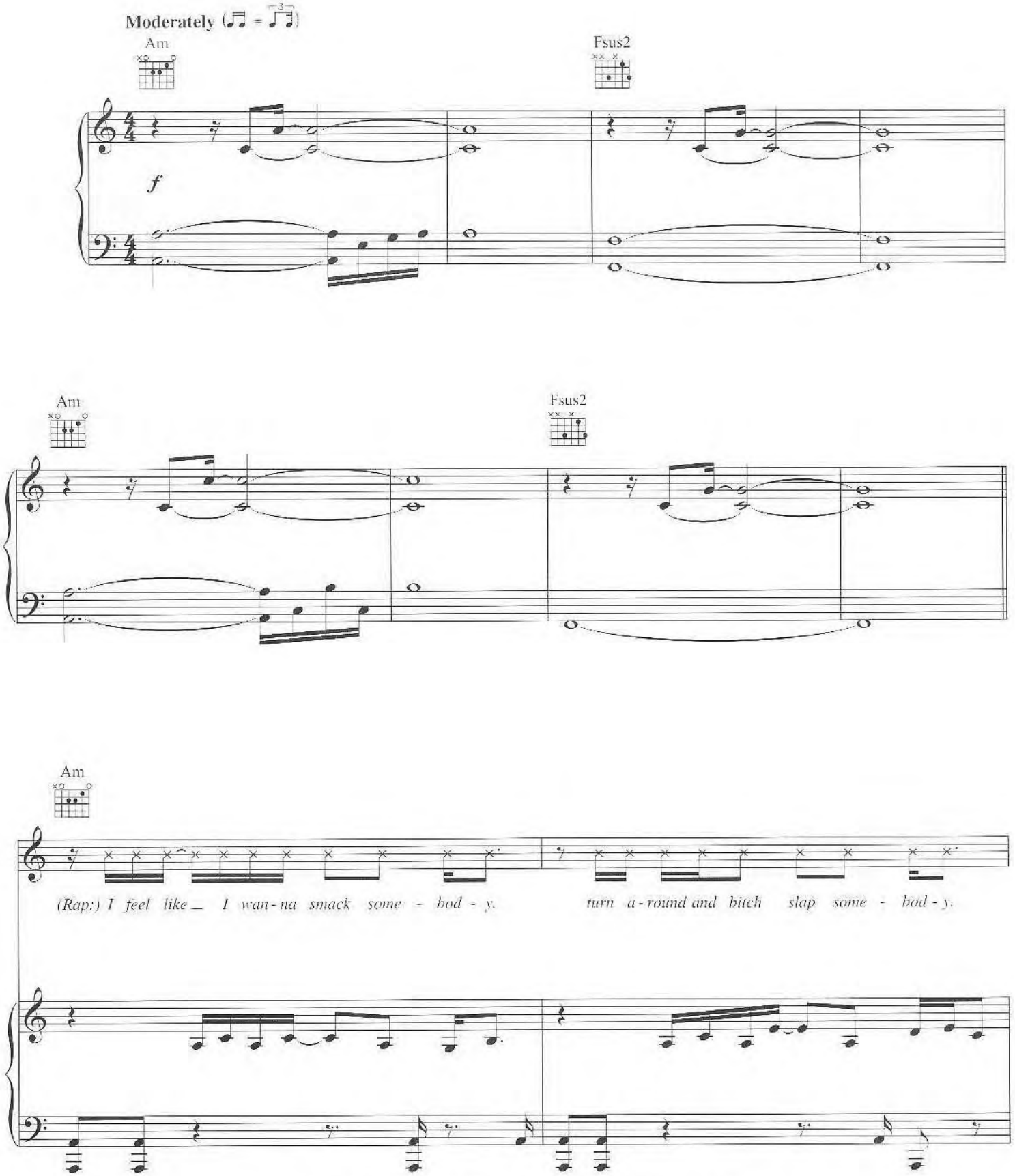

Bm7
Em
been a dec - ade on the jour - ney all a - lone. I was four - teen when I first left Phil - ip - pines. I've been a - home.)
Bm7
C
way half my life and it felt like a day. But to be next to my mom with her home - cooked meal, man,
D
C
D
Em7
I felt com - plete, my e - mo - tions I feel now. Life has changed for me in the U - S. but
Bm7
C
back at home, man, life was a mess. I guess some - times life's stress - es get you down


D
Em
on your knees. Oh, broth - er, wished I could have helped you out.
D.S. al Coda II
La -
Coda II
Bm7
Em
pin - nang - a - ko.
N.C.
(Help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help me,
Tacet
help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help...)

Anxiety

Words by Jacoby Shaddix

Words and Music by Will Adams and Allan Pineda
Music by Tobin Esperance and Dave Buckner



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Fmaj7

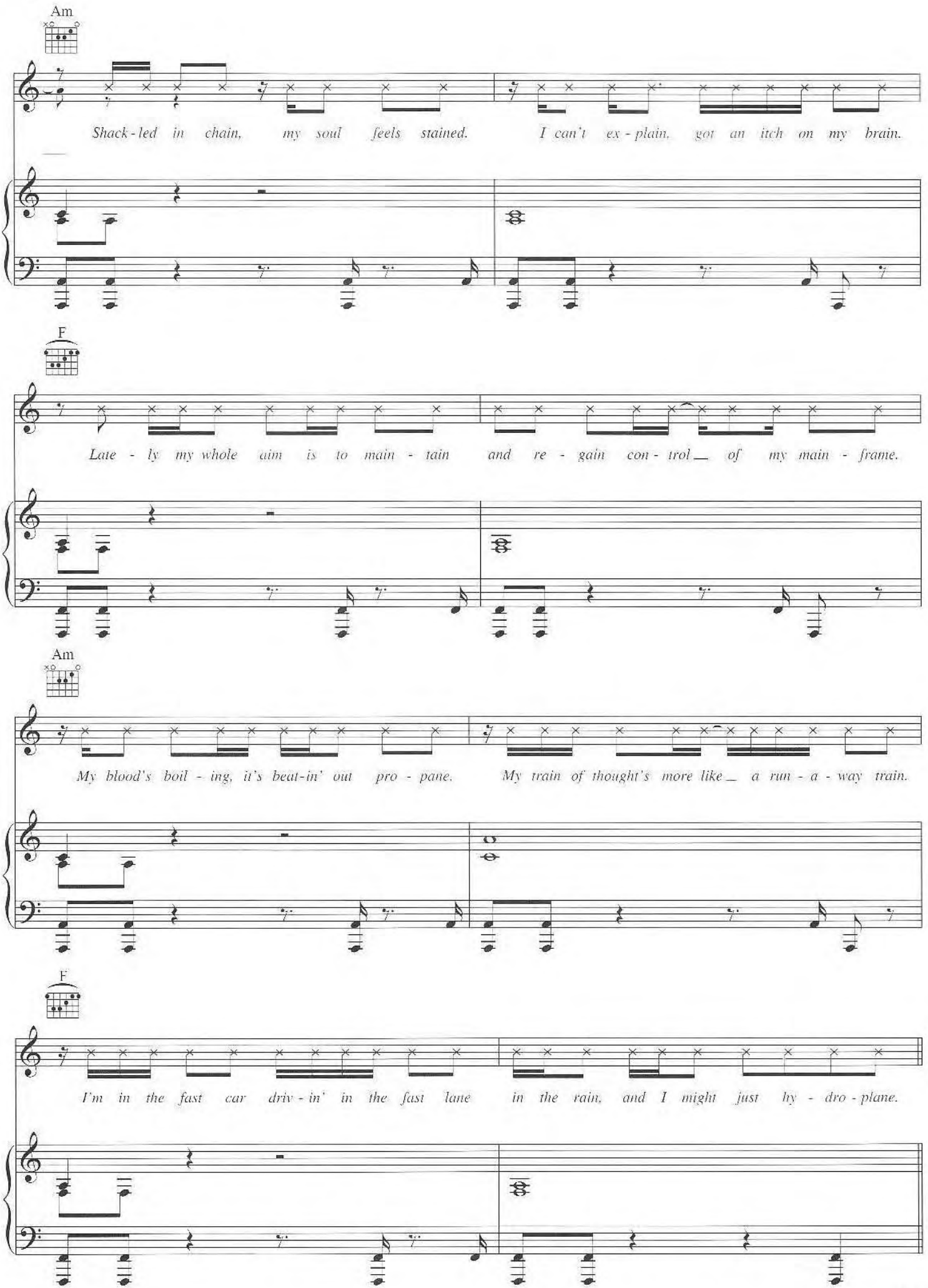
But I ain't go - in' out, bro. (No, no, no,) *I ain't giv - in' in to it* (no, no, no.)

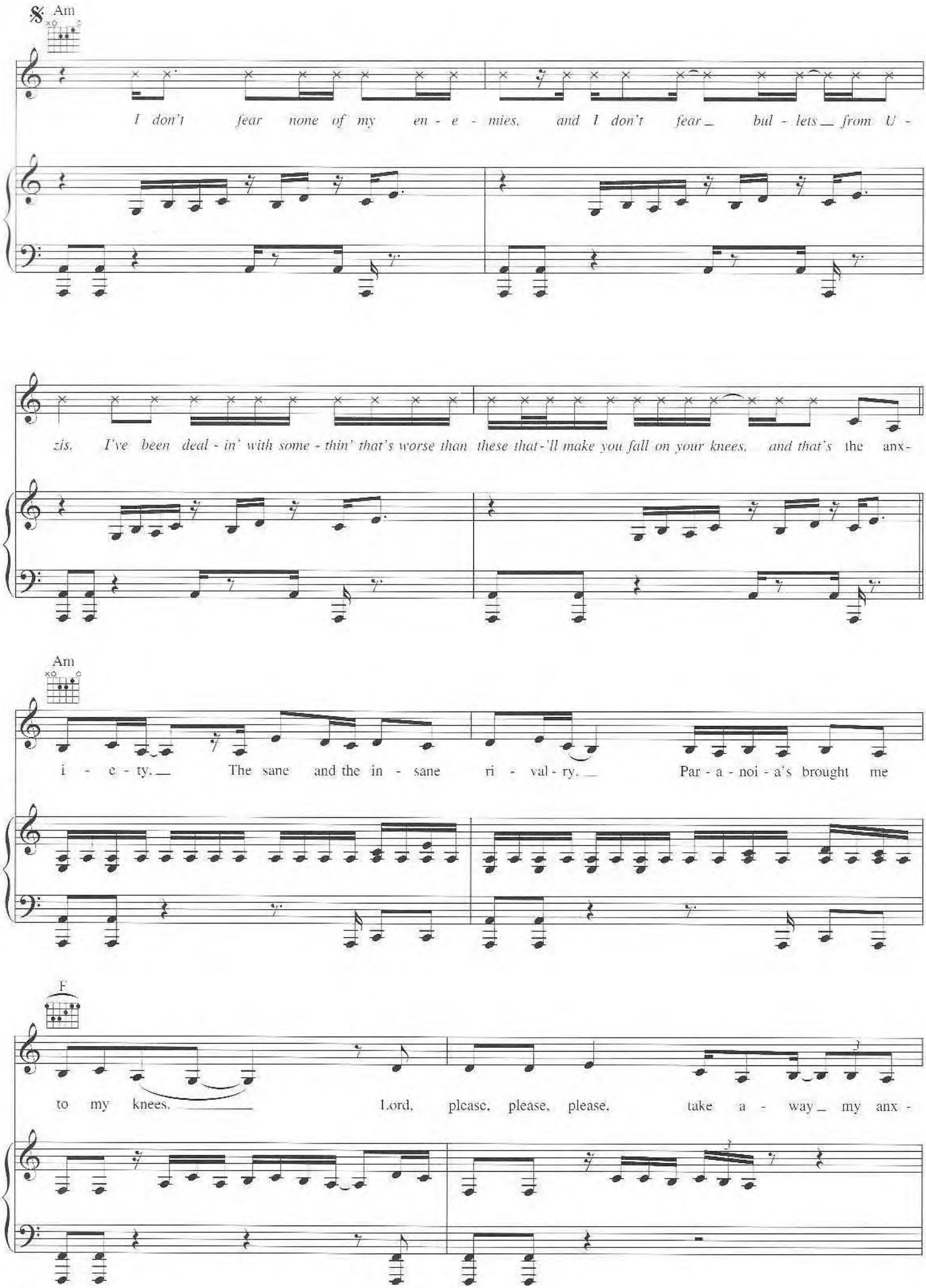
Am

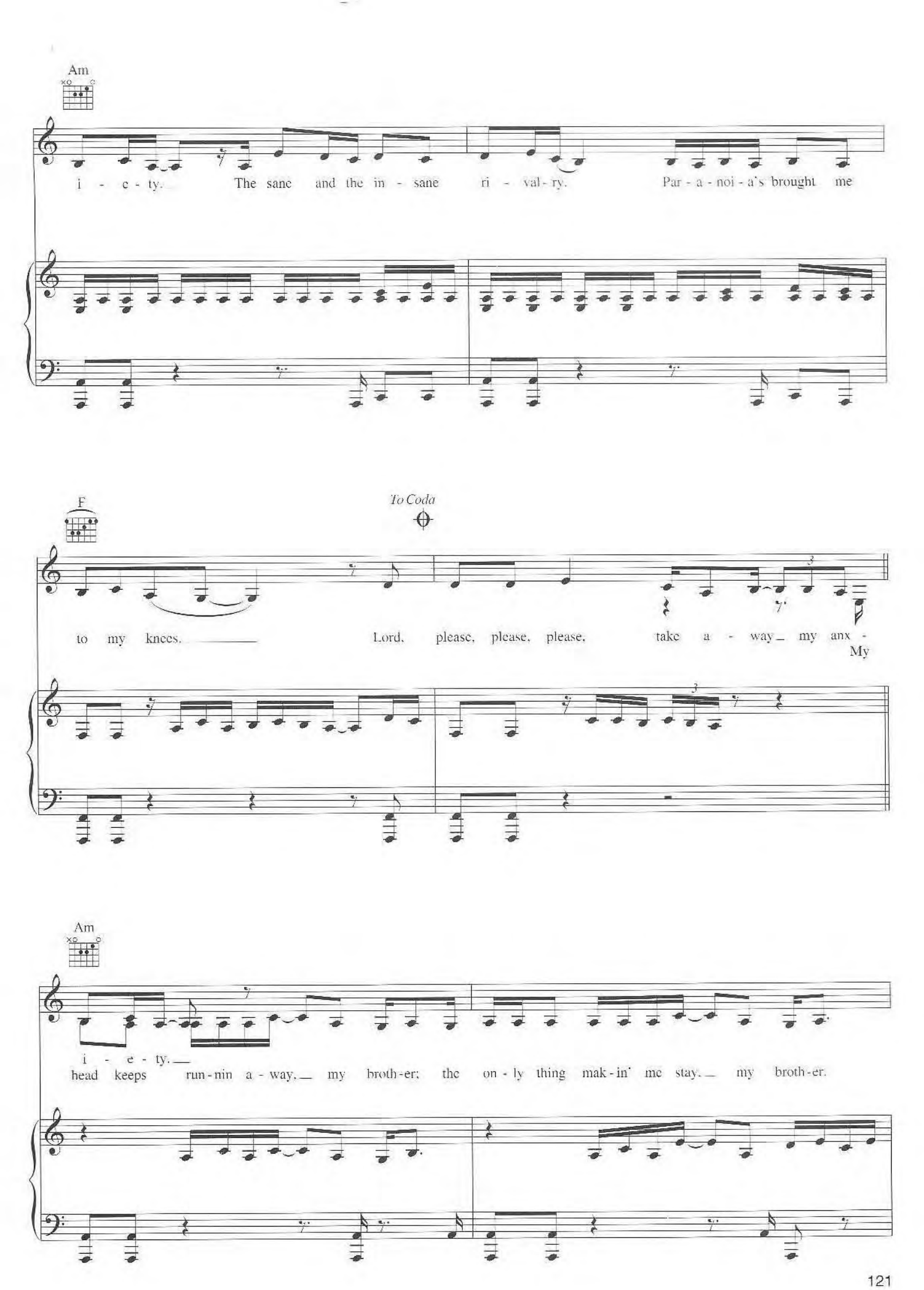
Anx - i - e - ty's bashed my mind in, ter - ror - iz - ing my soul like Bin La - den.

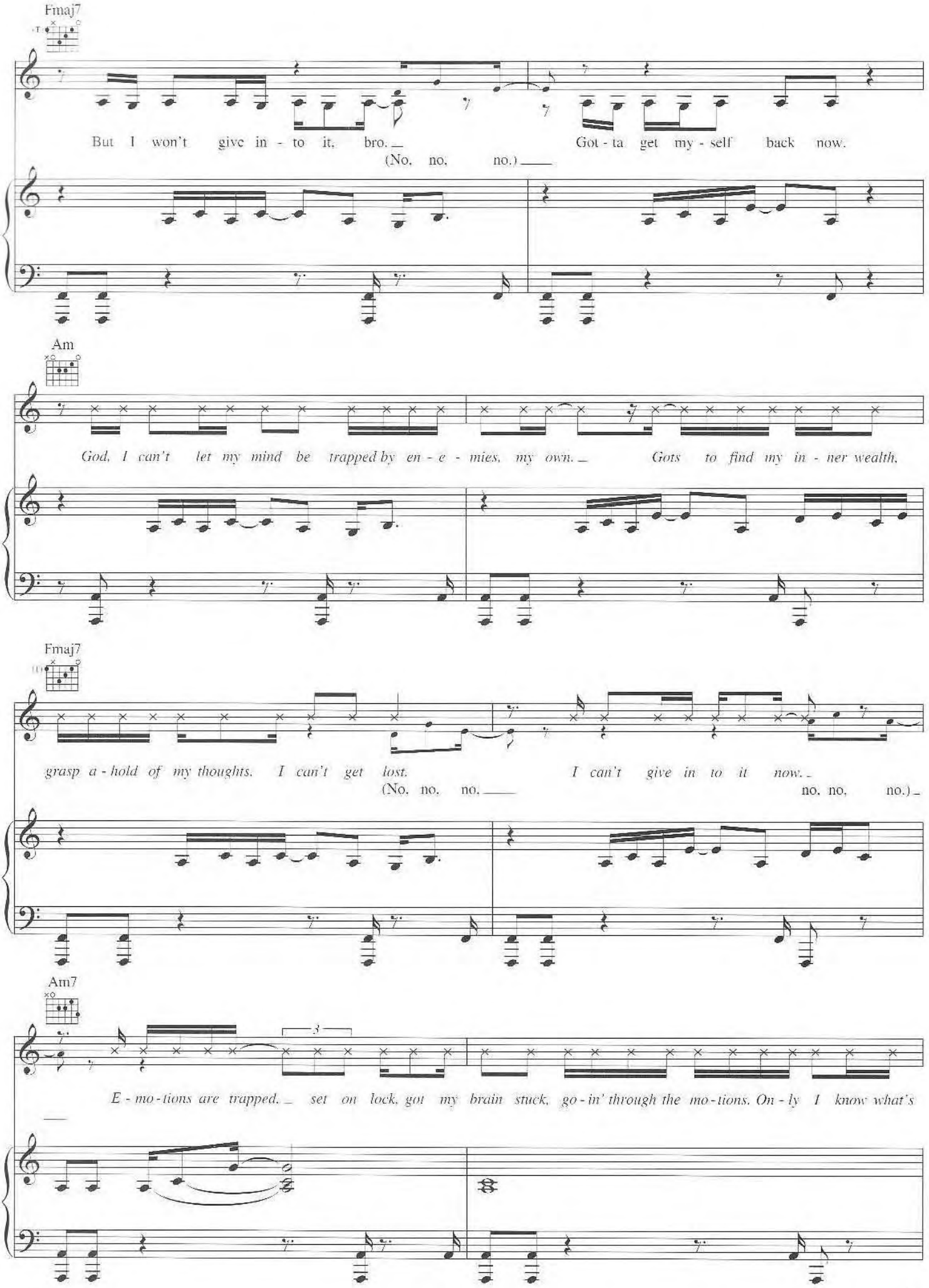
Fmaj7

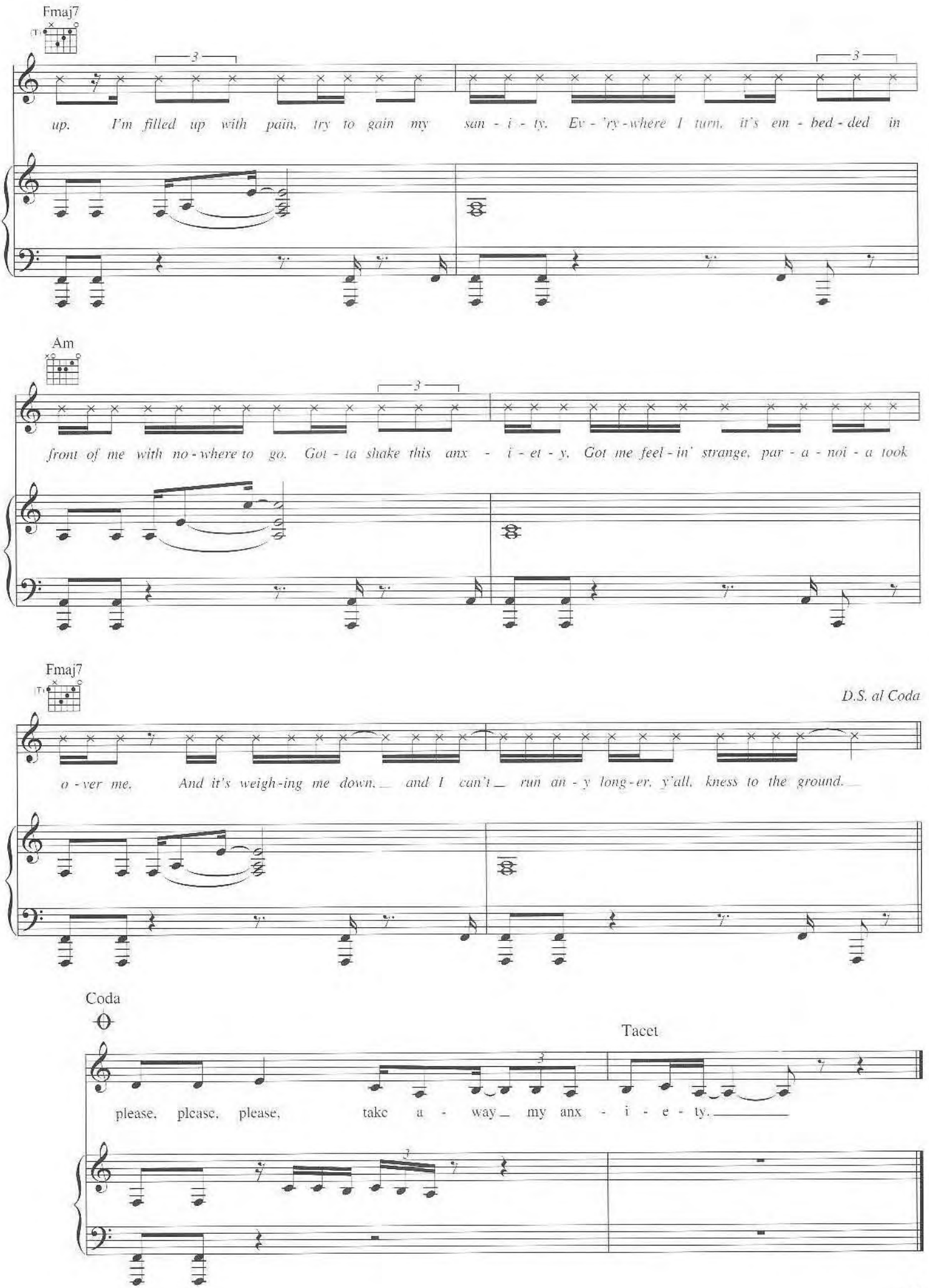
But I ain't fall - in' down, bro. (No, no, no,) *I won't lose con - trol, bro.* (no, no, no.)


Am
Shack - led in chain, my soul feels stained. I can't ex - plain, got an itch on my brain.
F
Late - ly my whole aim is to main - tain and re - gain con - trol of my main - frame.
Am
My blood's boil - ing, it's beat-in' out pro - pane. My train of thought's more like a run - a - way train.
F
I'm in the fast car driv - in' in the fast lane in the rain, and I might just hy - dro - plane.


Am
I don't fear none of my en - e - mies, and I don't fear bul - lets from U -
zis, I've been deal - in' with some - thin' that's worse than these that-'ll make you fall on your knees, and that's the anx-
Am
i - e - ty. The sane and the in - sane ri - val - ry. Par - a - noi - a's brought me
F
to my knees. Lord, please, please, please, take a - way my anx -

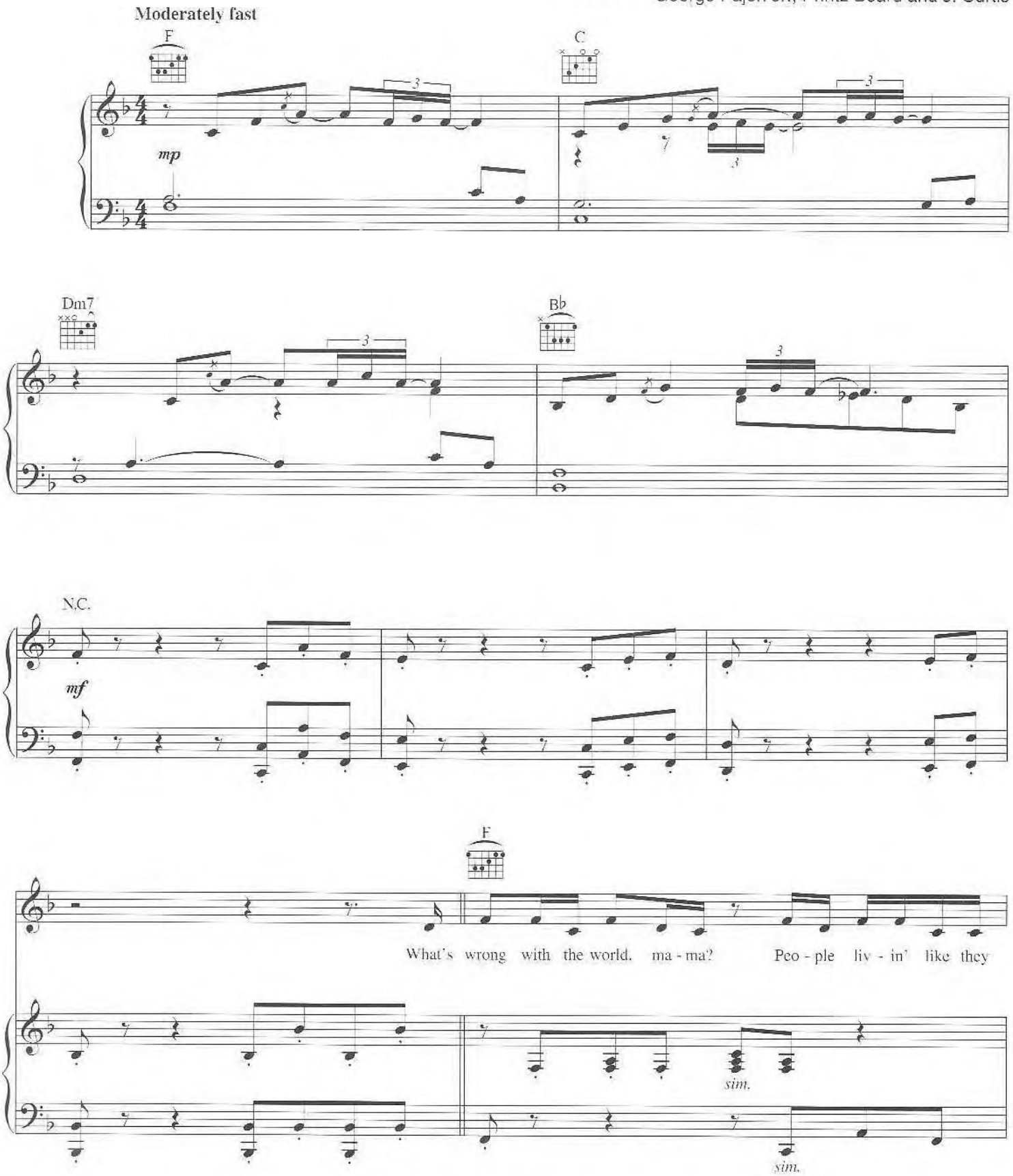

Am
i - e - ty. The sane and the in - sane ri - val - ry. Par - a - noi - a's brought me
F
To Coda
to my knees. Lord, please, please, please, take a - way my anx - My
Am
i - e - ty.
head keeps run - nin a - way, my broth - er; the on - ly thing mak - in' me stay, my broth - er.


Fmaj7
But I won't give in - to it, bro.
(No, no, no.)
Got - ta get my - self back now.
Am
God, I can't let my mind be trapped by en - e - mies, my own.
Gots to find my in - ner wealth,
Fmaj7
grasp a - hold of my thoughts. I can't get lost.
(No, no, no.
I can't give in to it now.
no, no, no.)
Am7
E - mo - tions are trapped. set on lock, got my brain stuck, go - in' through the mo - tions. On - ly I know what's


Fmaj7
up. I'm filled up with pain, try to gain my san - i - ty. Ev - 'ry - where I turn, it's em - bed - ded in
Am
front of me with no - where to go. Got - ta shake this anx - i - et - y. Got me feel - in' strange, par - a - noi - a took
Fmaj7
D.S. al Coda
o - ver me. And it's weigh - ing me down, and I can't run an - y long - er, y'all, kness to the ground.
Coda
Tacet
please, please, please, take a - way my anx - i - e - ty.

Where Is the Love

Words and Music by Will Adams, Allan Pineda,
Jaime Gomez, Justin Timberlake, Michael Fratantuno,
George Pajon Jr., Printz Board and J. Curtis



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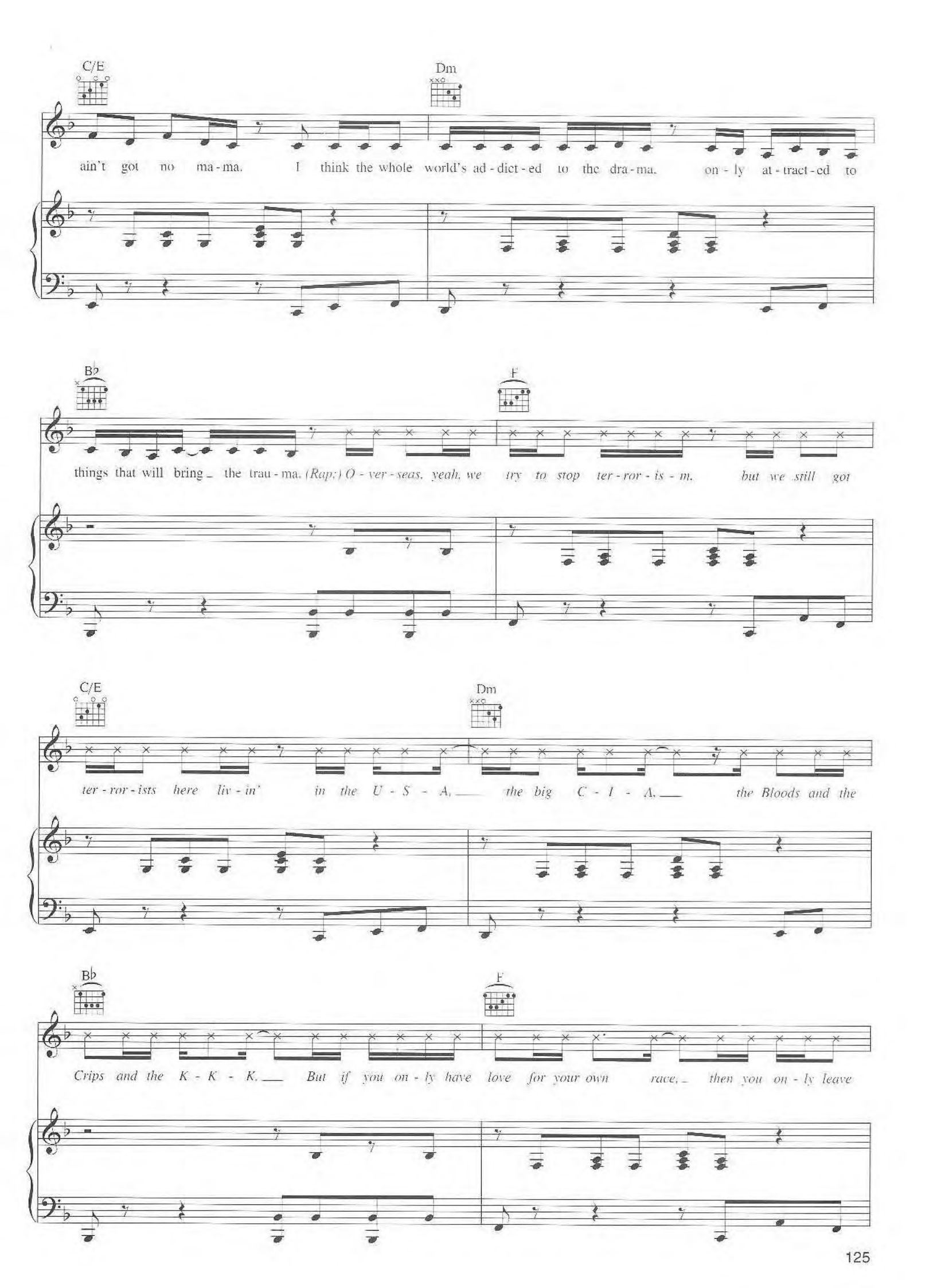
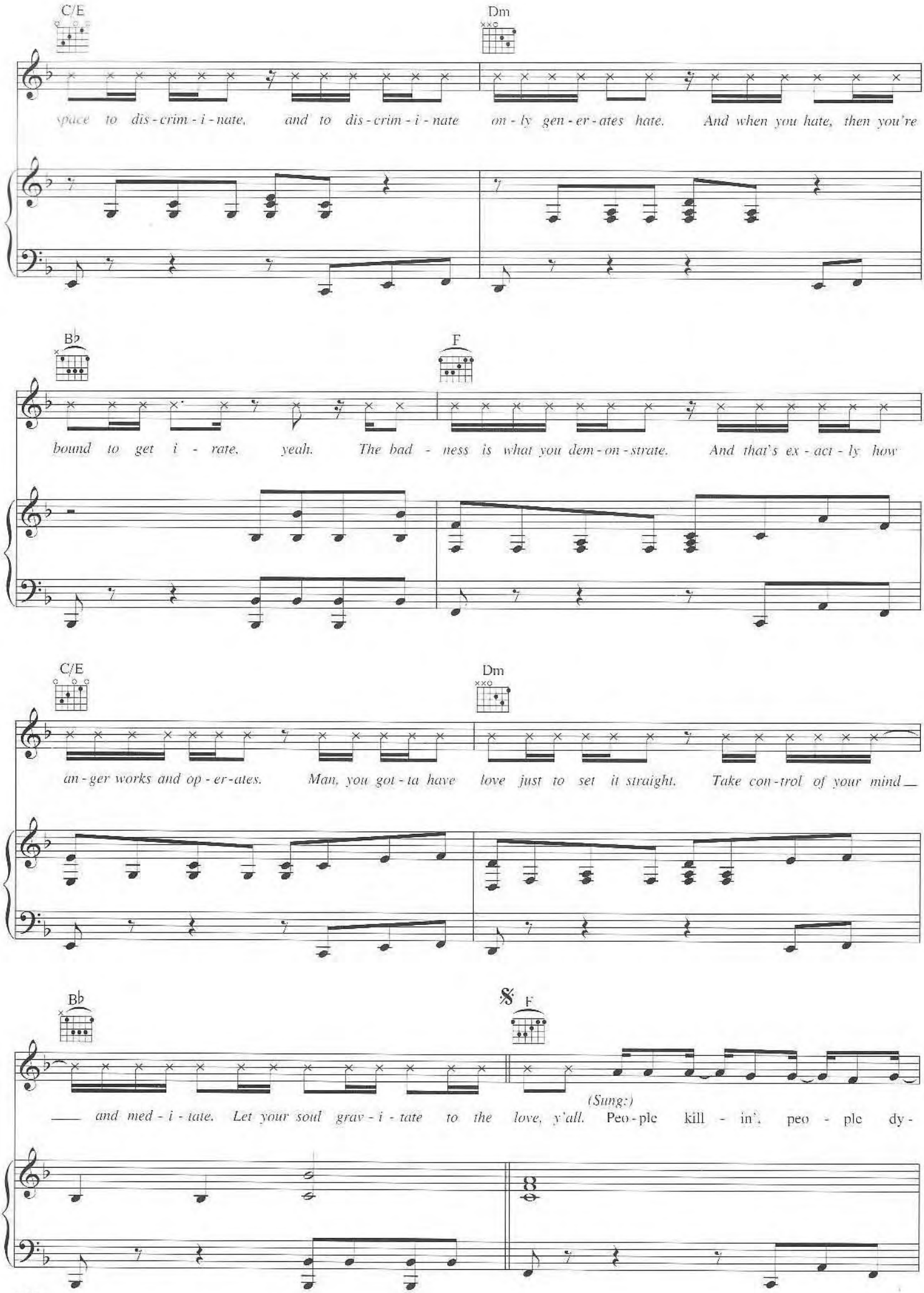
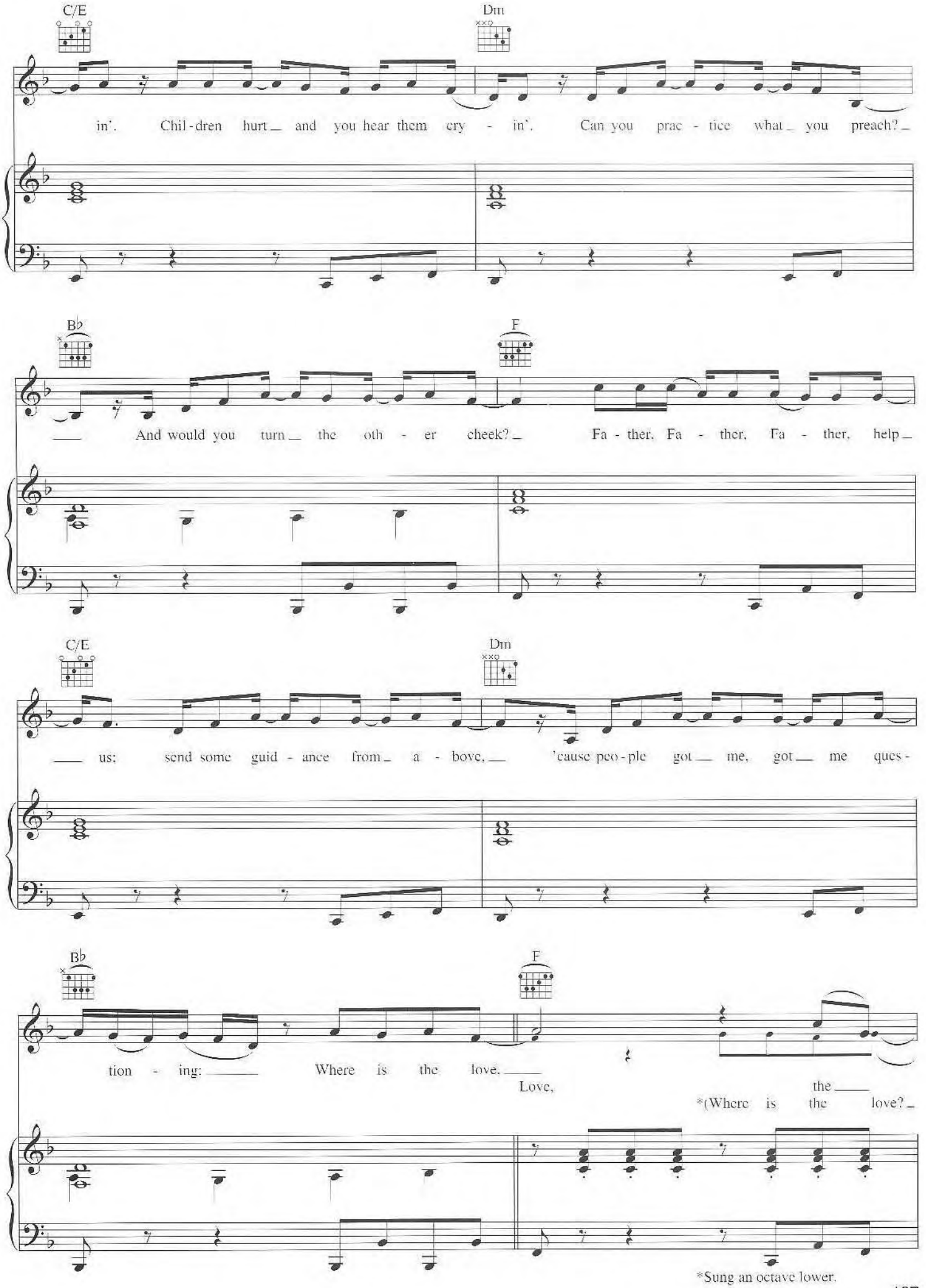
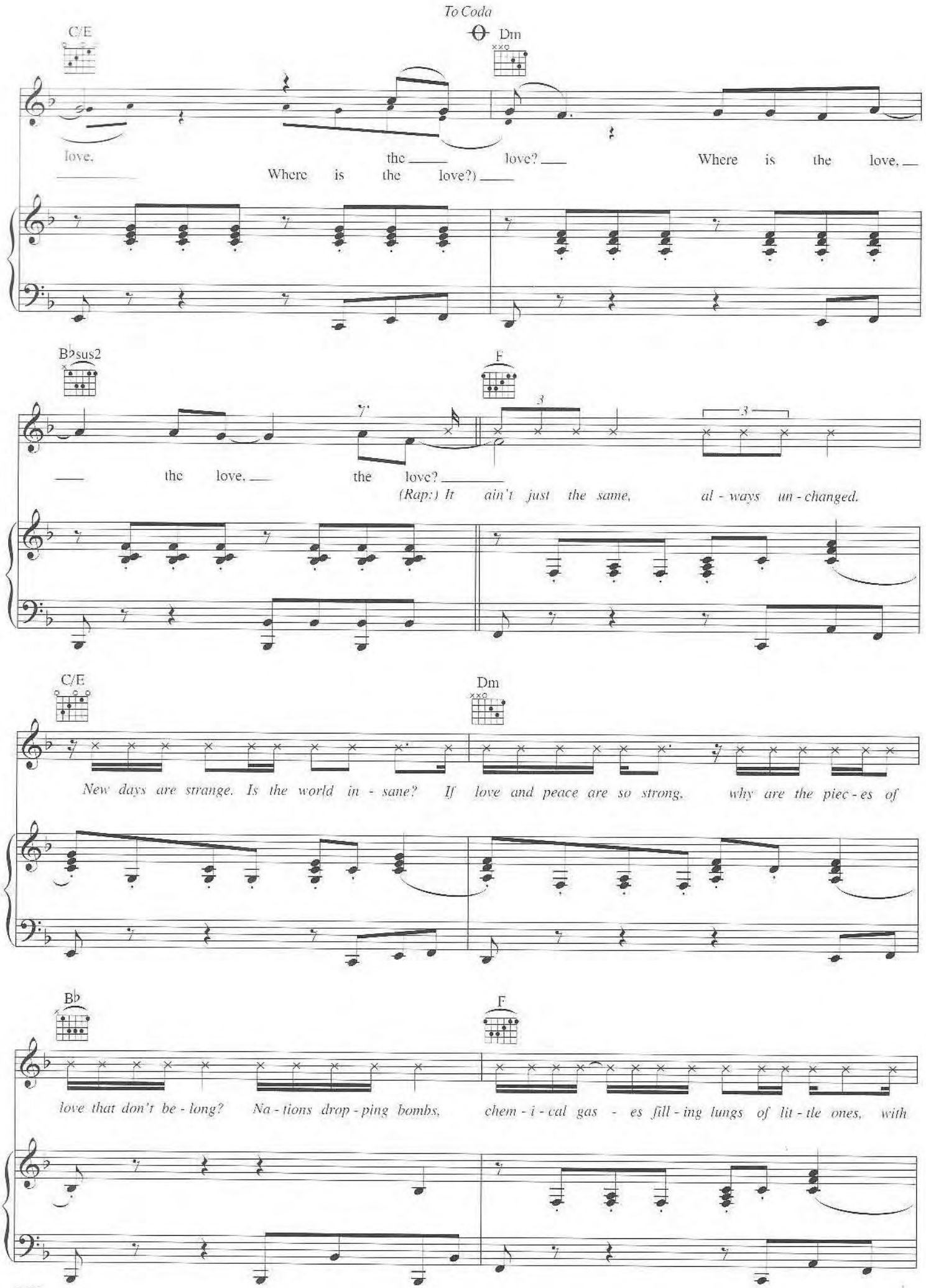
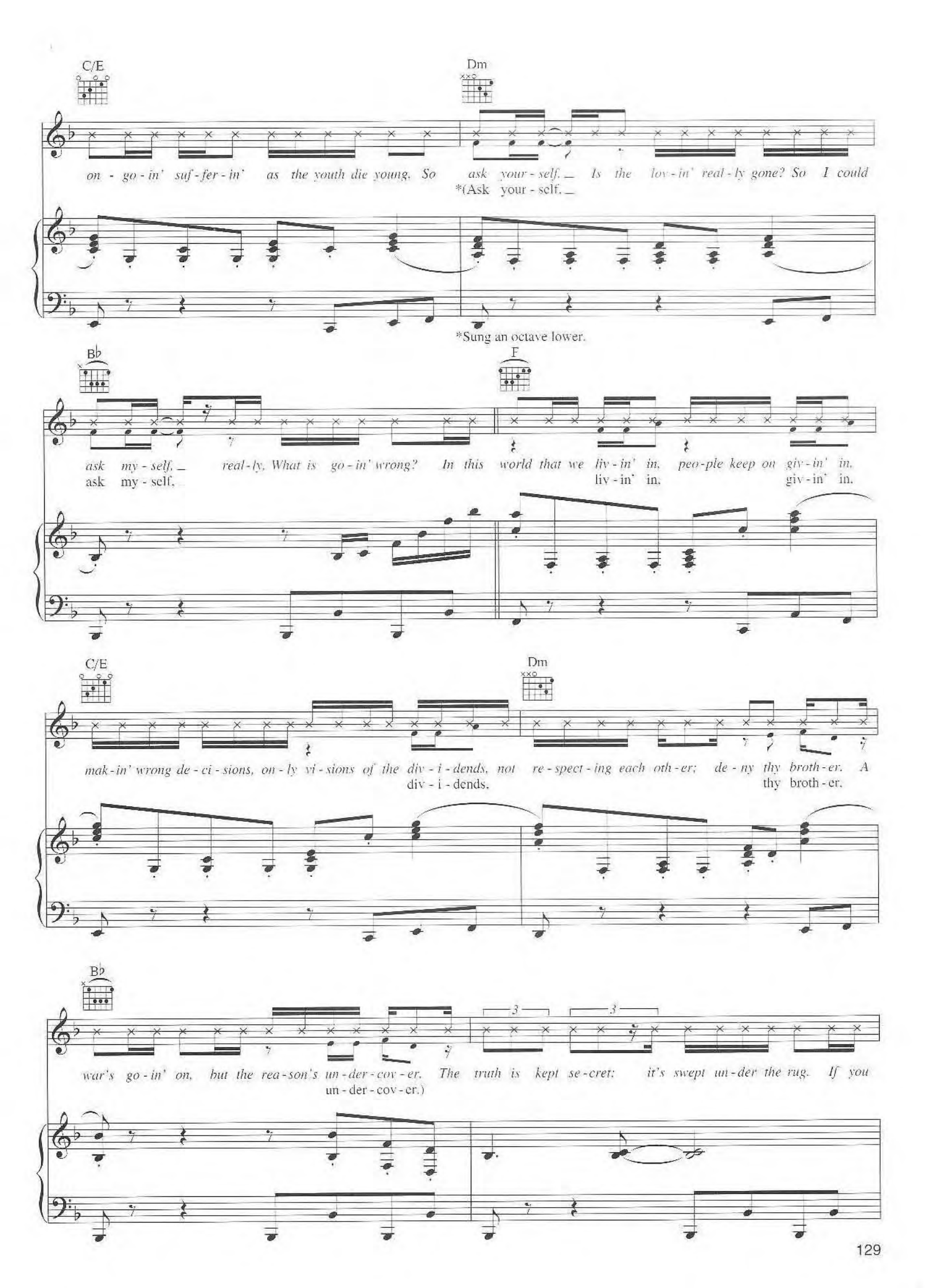
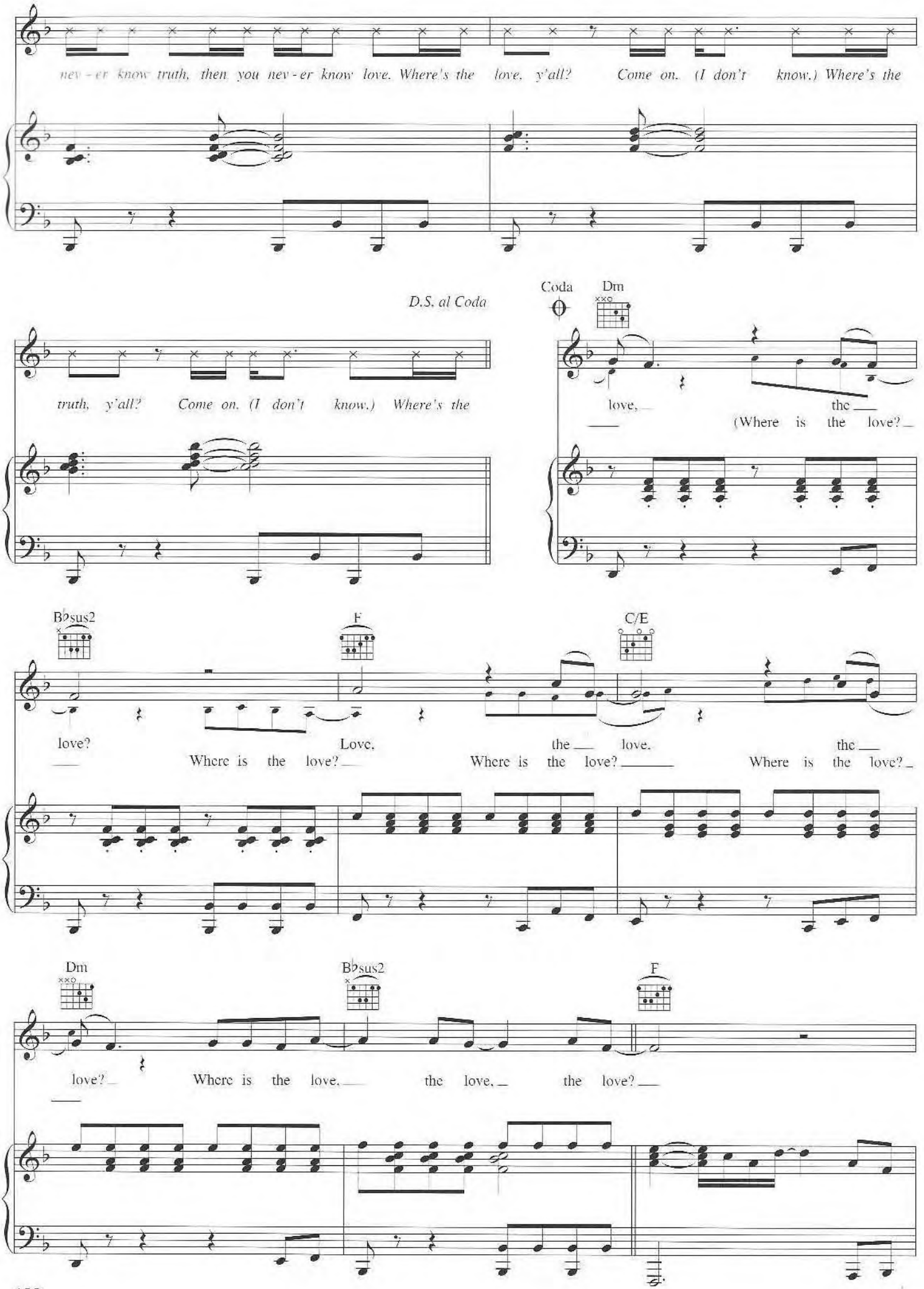

C/E
Dm
ain't got no ma - ma. I think the whole world's ad - dict - ed to the dra - ma. on - ly at - tract - ed to
B♭
F
things that will bring the trau - ma. (Rap:) O - ver - seas, yeah, we try to stop ter - ror - is - m, but we still got
C/E
Dm
ter - ror - ists here liv - in' in the U - S - A, the big C - I - A, the Bloods and the
B♭
F
Crips and the K - K - K. But if you on - ly have love for your own race, then you on - ly leave

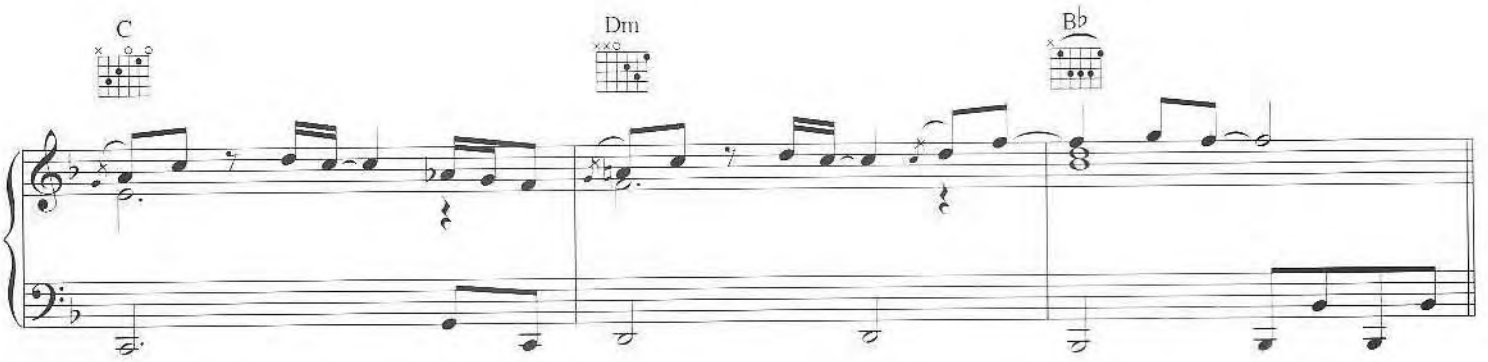

C/E
Dm
space to dis - crim - i - nate, and to dis - crim - i - nate on - ly gen - er - ates hate. And when you hate, then you're
B♭
F
bound to get i - rate, yeah. The bad - ness is what you dem - on - strate. And that's ex - act - ly how
C/E
Dm
an - ger works and op - er - ates. Man, you got - ta have love just to set it straight. Take con - trol of your mind
B♭
𝄋 F
and med - i - tate. Let your soul grav - i - tate to the love, y'all.
(Sung:)
Peo - ple kill - in', peo - ple dy -

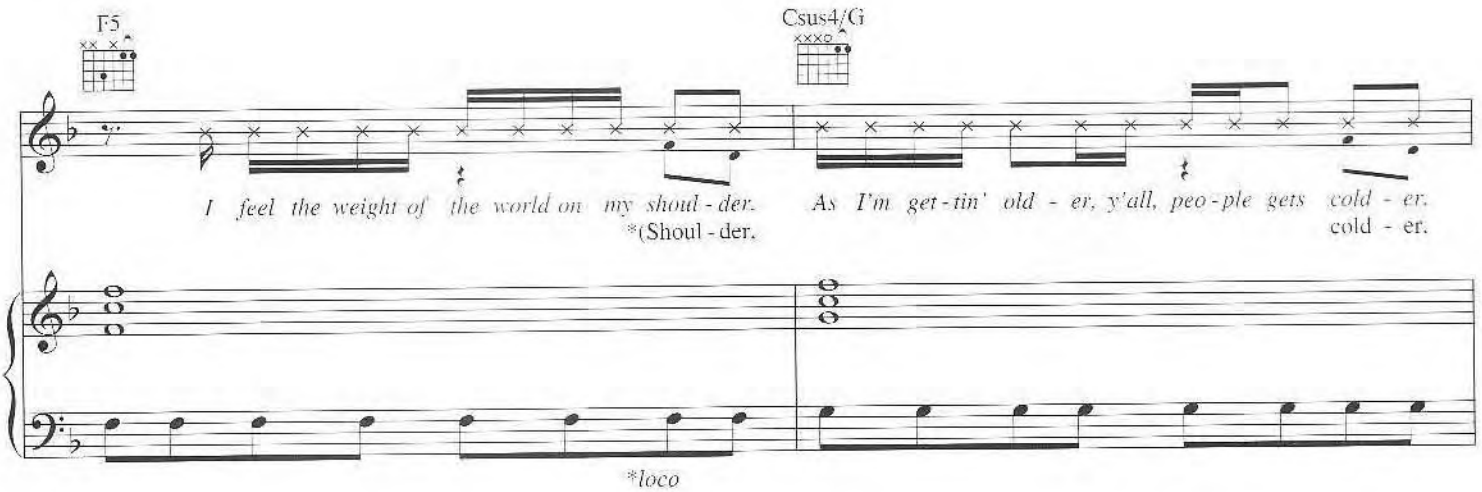

C/E
Dm
in'. Chil-dren hurt and you hear them cry - in'. Can you prac - tice what you preach?
Bb
F
And would you turn the oth - er cheek? Fa - ther, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, help
C/E
Dm
us; send some guid - ance from a - bove, 'cause peo-ple got me, got me ques-
Bb
F
tion - ing: Where is the love.
Love, the
*(Where is the love?
*Sung an octave lower.

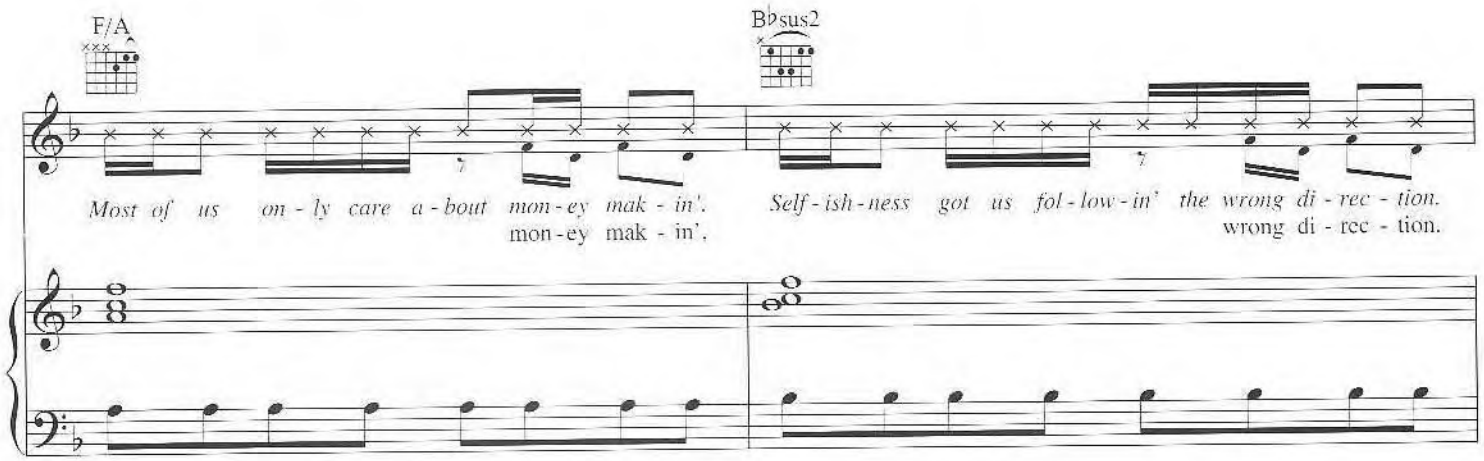

To Coda
C/E
Dm
love, the love? Where is the love, Where is the love?)
B♭sus2
F
the love, the love?
(Rap:) It ain't just the same, al - ways un - changed.
C/E
Dm
New days are strange. Is the world in - sane? If love and peace are so strong, why are the piec - es of
B♭
F
love that don't be - long? Na - tions drop - ping bombs, chem - i - cal gas - es fill - ing lungs of lit - tle ones, with

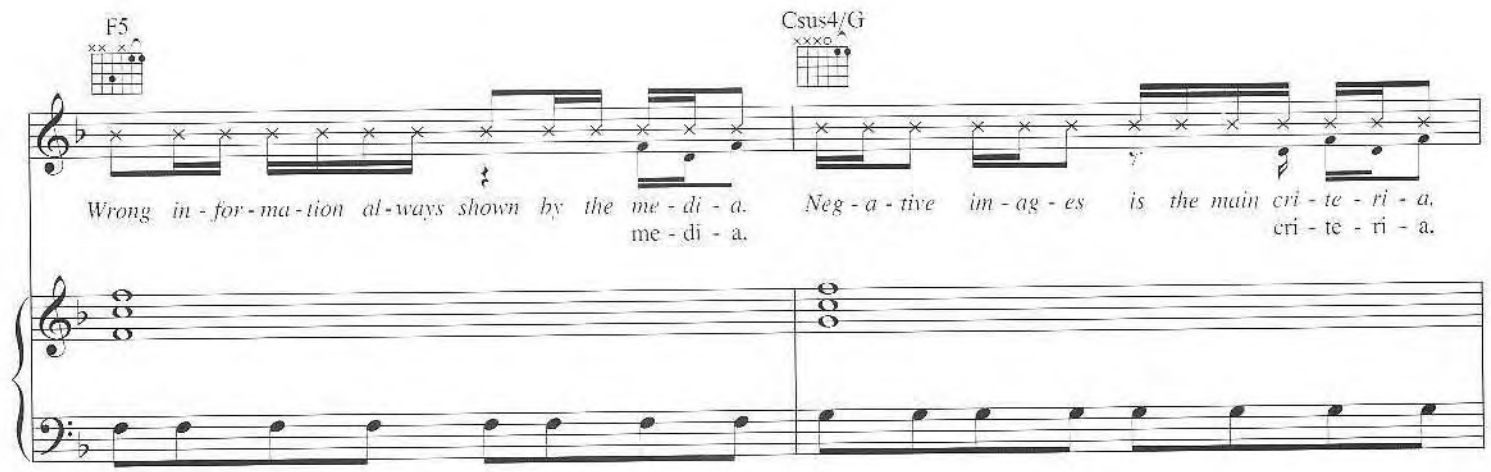

C/E
Dm
on - go - in' suf - fer - in' as the youth die young. So ask your - self. Is the lov - in' real - ly gone? So I could
*(Ask your - self.
*Sung an octave lower.
B♭
F
ask my - self, real - ly. What is go - in' wrong? In this world that we liv - in' in, peo - ple keep on giv - in' in.
ask my - self, liv - in' in, giv - in' in.
C/E
Dm
mak - in' wrong de - ci - sions, on - ly vi - sions of the div - i - dends, not re - spect - ing each oth - er; de - ny thy broth - er. A
div - i - dends. thy broth - er.
B♭
3
3
war's go - in' on, but the rea - son's un - der - cov - er. The truth is kept se - cret; it's swept un - der the rug. If you
un - der - cov - er.)

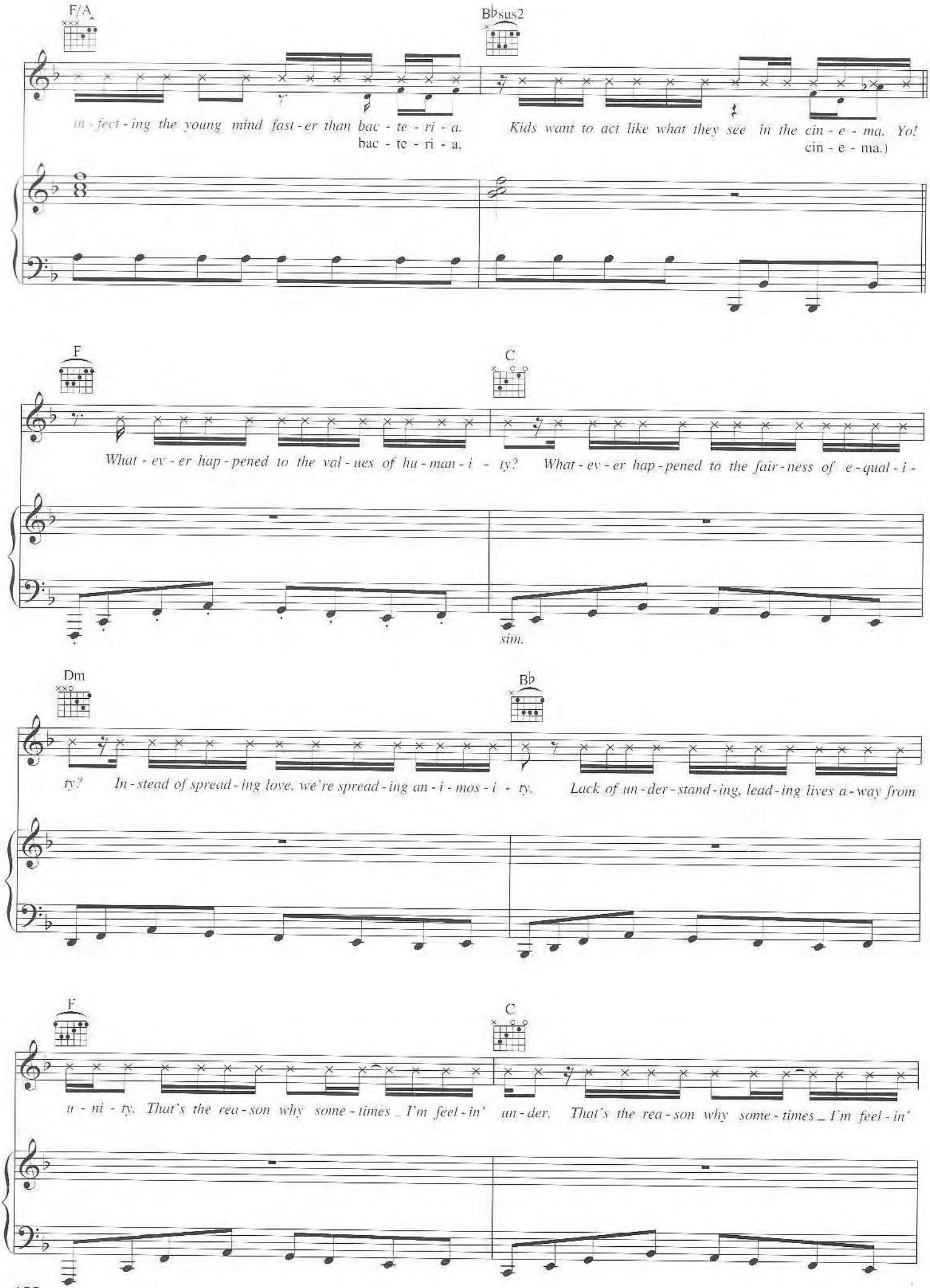

nev - er know truth, then you nev - er know love. Where's the love, y'all? Come on. (I don't know.) Where's the
D.S. al Coda
truth, y'all? Come on. (I don't know.) Where's the
Coda
Dm
love, the
(Where is the love?
B♭sus2
F
C/E
love? Where is the love?
Love, the love, Where is the love?
the love? Where is the love?
Dm
B♭sus2
F
love? Where is the love, the love, the love?

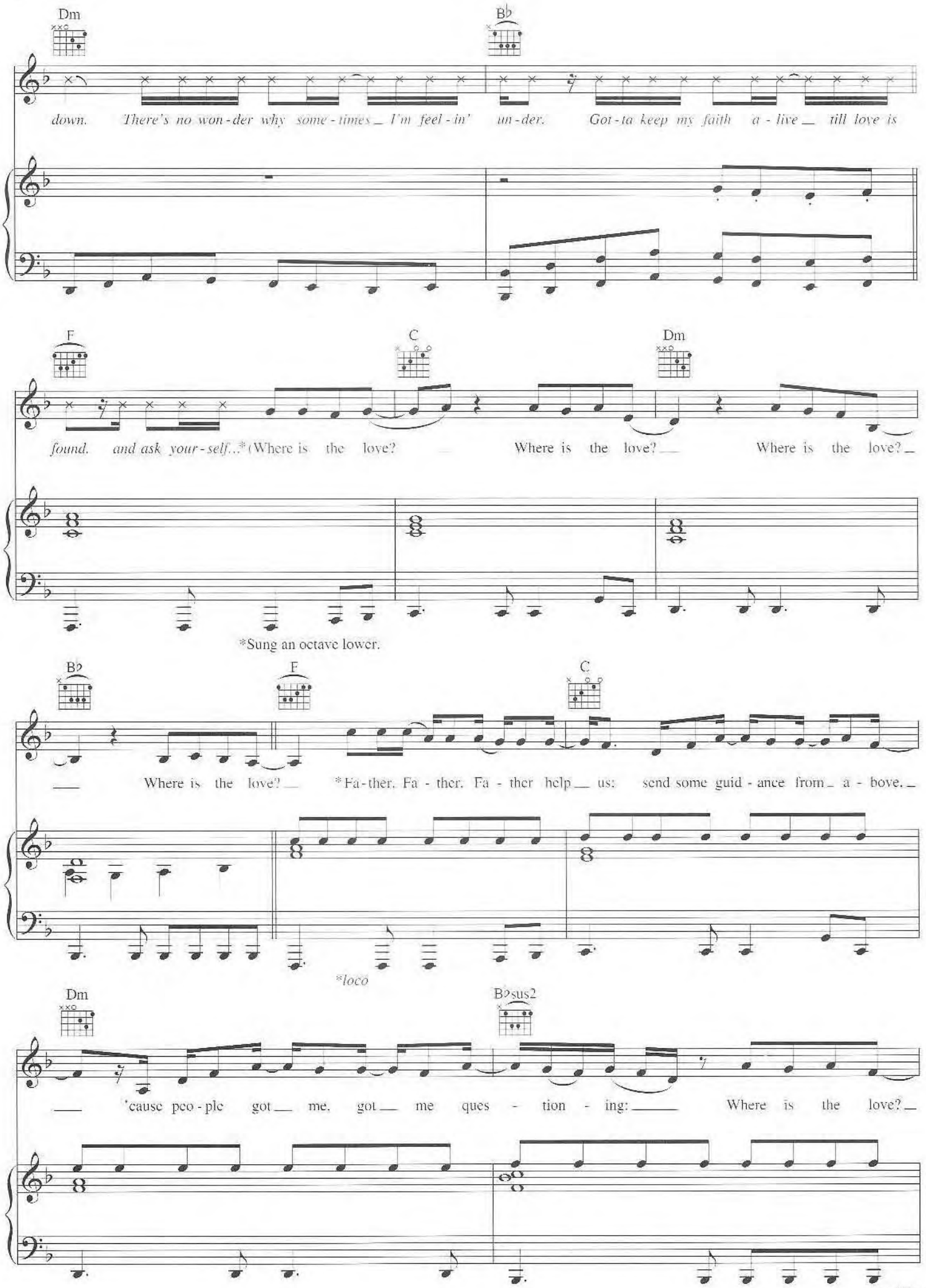

C
Dm
B♭

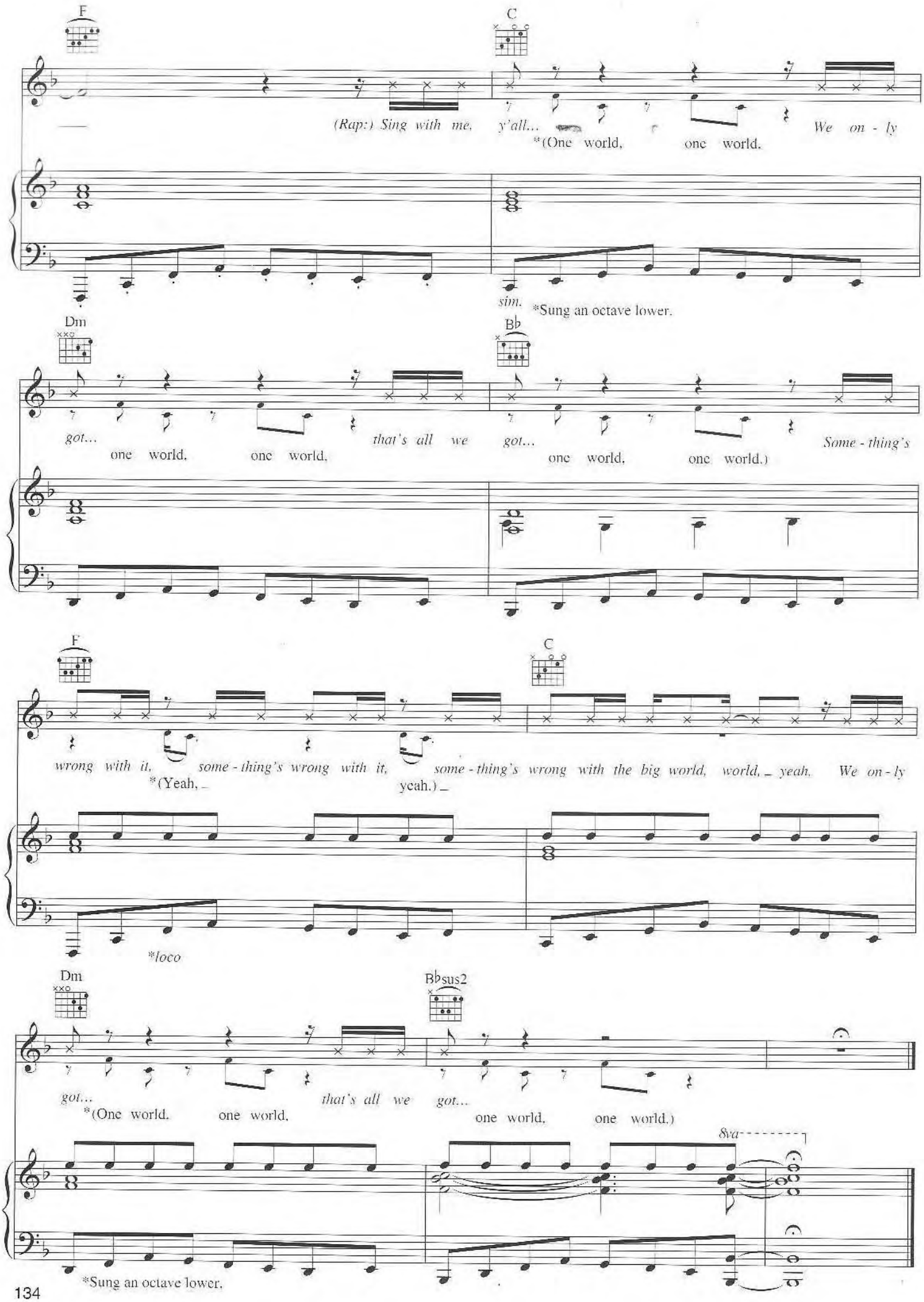

F5
Csus4/G
I feel the weight of the world on my shoul - der.
*(Shoul - der.
As I'm get - tin' old - er, y'all, peo - ple gets cold - er.
cold - er.
*loco


F/A
B♭sus2
Most of us on - ly care a - bout mon - ey mak - in'.
mon - ey mak - in'.
Self - ish - ness got us fol - low - in' the wrong di - rec - tion.
wrong di - rec - tion.


F5
Csus4/G
Wrong in - for - ma - tion al - ways shown by the me - di - a.
me - di - a.
Neg - a - tive im - ag - es is the main cri - te - ri - a.
cri - te - ri - a.


F/A
B♭sus2
in - fect - ing the young mind fast - er than bac - te - ri - a.
bac - te - ri - a.
Kids want to act like what they see in the cin - e - ma. Yo!
cin - e - ma.)
F
C
What - ev - er hap - pened to the val - ues of hu - man - i - ty?
What - ev - er hap - pened to the fair - ness of e - qual - i -
sim.
Dm
B♭
ty? In - stead of spread - ing love, we're spread - ing an - i - mos - i - ty.
Lack of un - der - stand - ing, lead - ing lives a - way from
F
C
u - ni - ty. That's the rea - son why some - times _ I'm feel - in'
un - der. That's the rea - son why some - times _ I'm feel - in'


Dm
B♭
down. There's no won-der why some-times I'm feel-in' un-der. Got-ta keep my faith a-live till love is
F
C
Dm
found. and ask your-self...* (Where is the love? Where is the love? Where is the love?
*Sung an octave lower.
B♭
F
C
Where is the love? *Fa-ther. Fa-ther. Fa-ther help us: send some guid-ance from a-bove.
*loco
Dm
B♭sus2
'cause peo-ple got me. got me ques-tion-ing: Where is the love?


F
C
(Rap:) Sing with me, y'all...
*(One world, one world.
We on - ly
sim.
*Sung an octave lower.
Dm
B♭
got... one world, one world,
that's all we got... one world, one world.)
Some - thing's
F
C
wrong with it, some - thing's wrong with it,
*(Yeah, yeah.)
some - thing's wrong with the big world, world, yeah.
We on - ly
*loco
Dm
B♭sus2
got... *(One world, one world,
that's all we got... one world, one world.)
8va
*Sung an octave lower.

The Boogie That Be

Words and Music by Will Adams,
Thomas Van Musser and John Stephens

Freely

Tacet

N.C.

(Spoken:) Yo, you hear them si-rens? (Rap:) I know you hear 'em. Don't get

Moderately

N.C.

scared. That ain't five - o. Nah. That's the funk, yo. Yeah. Don't act like you

did - n't know. Nah. It's just the way it goes. Yeah. When you mess - in' with the

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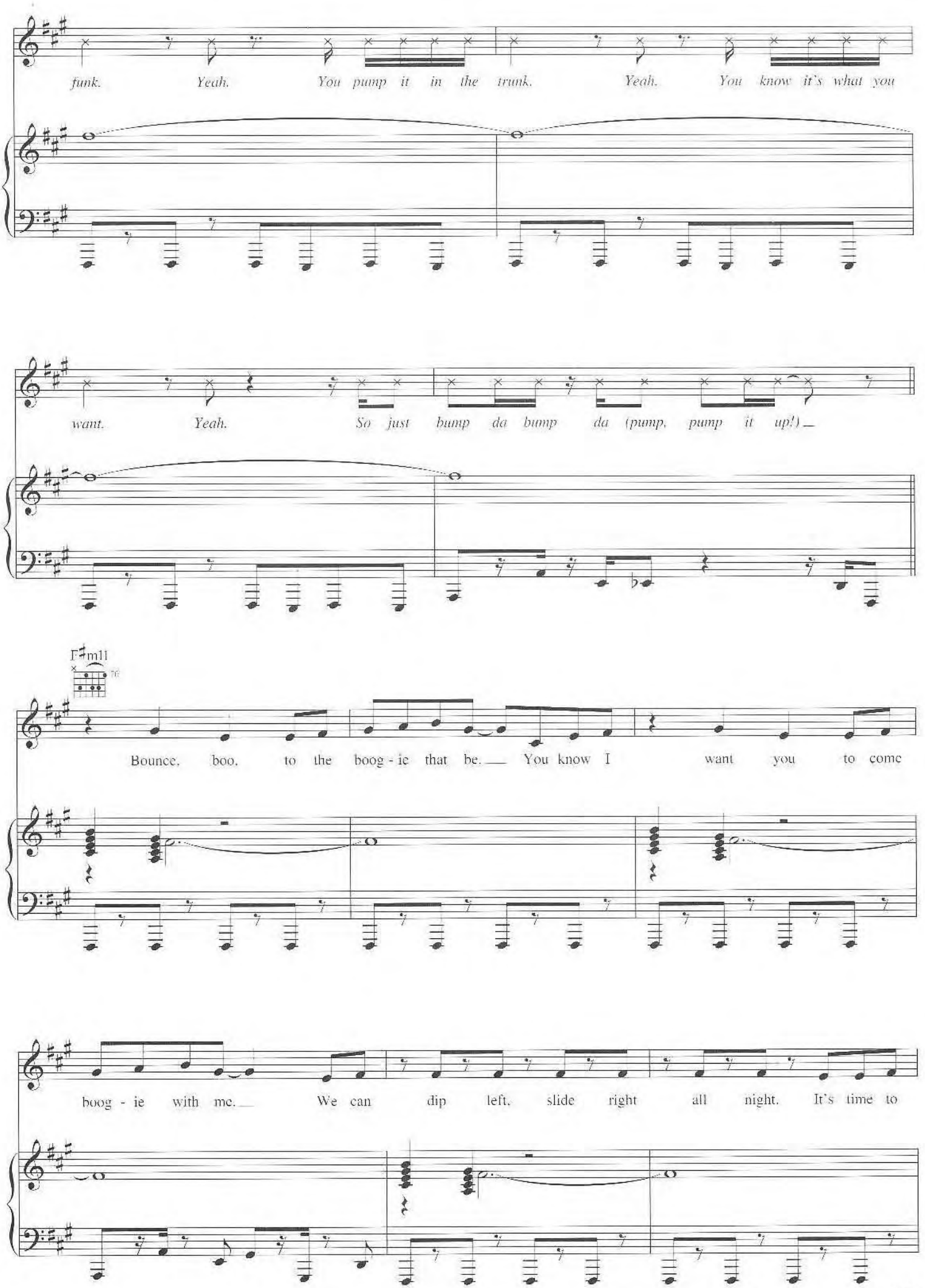
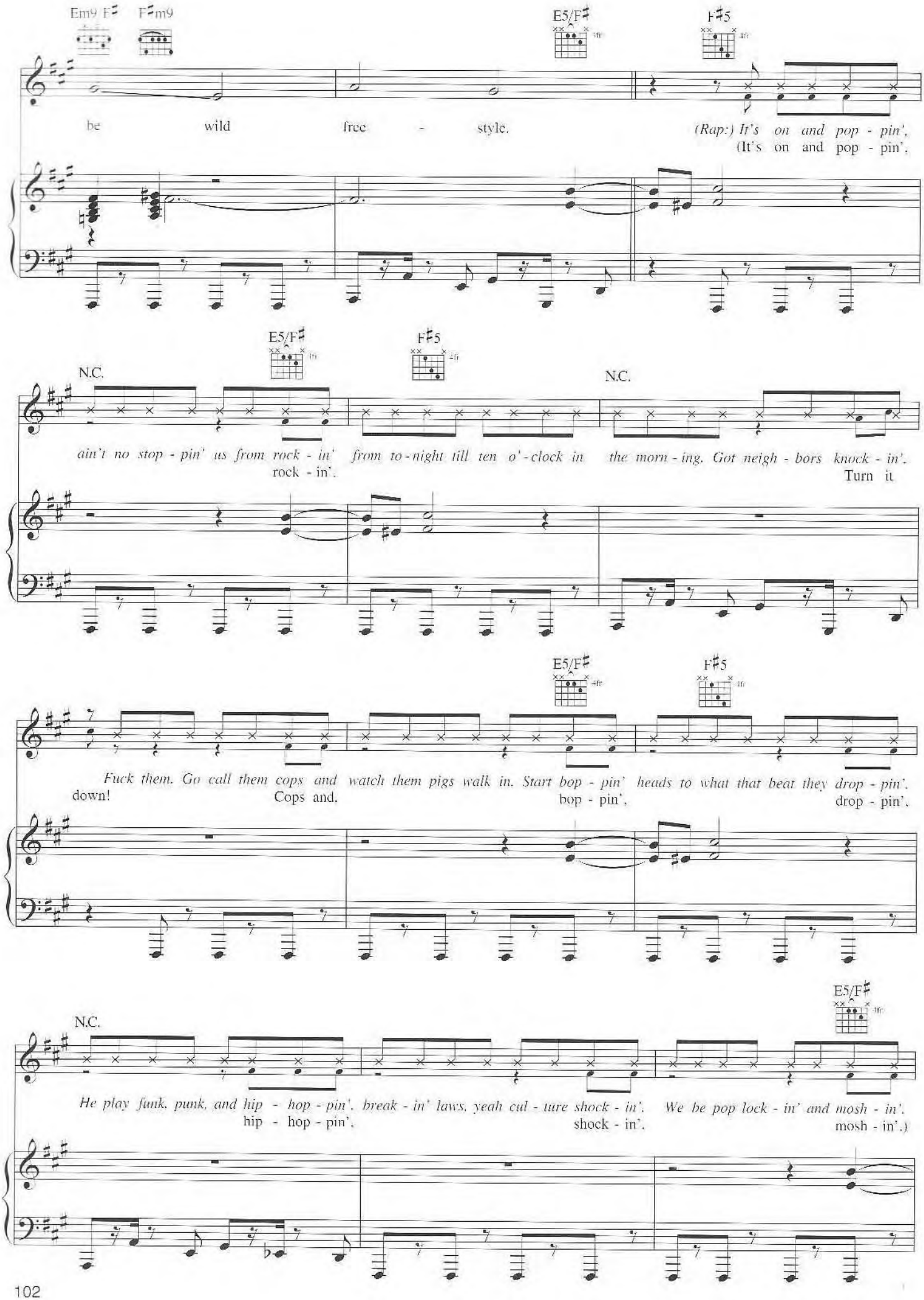
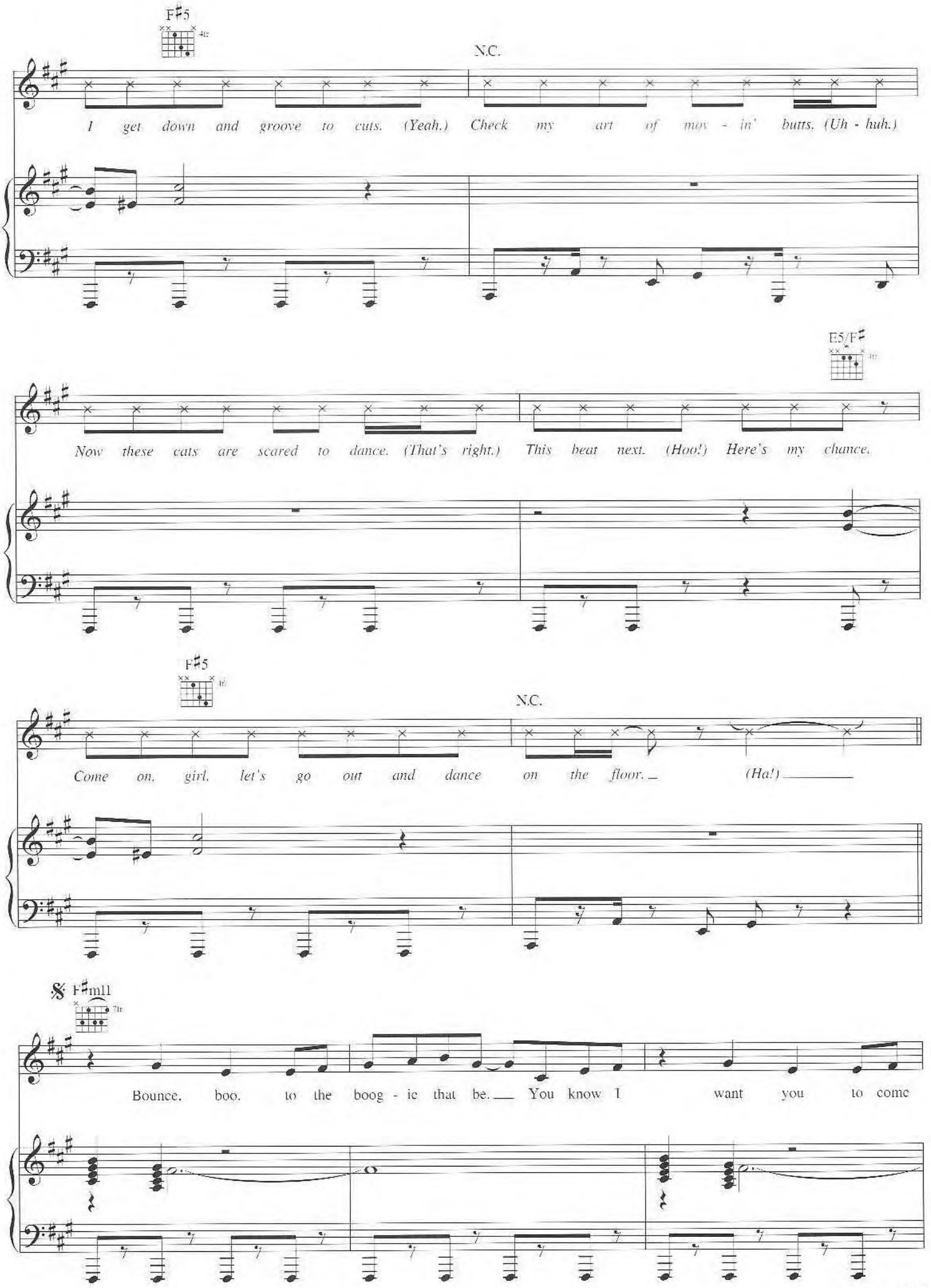
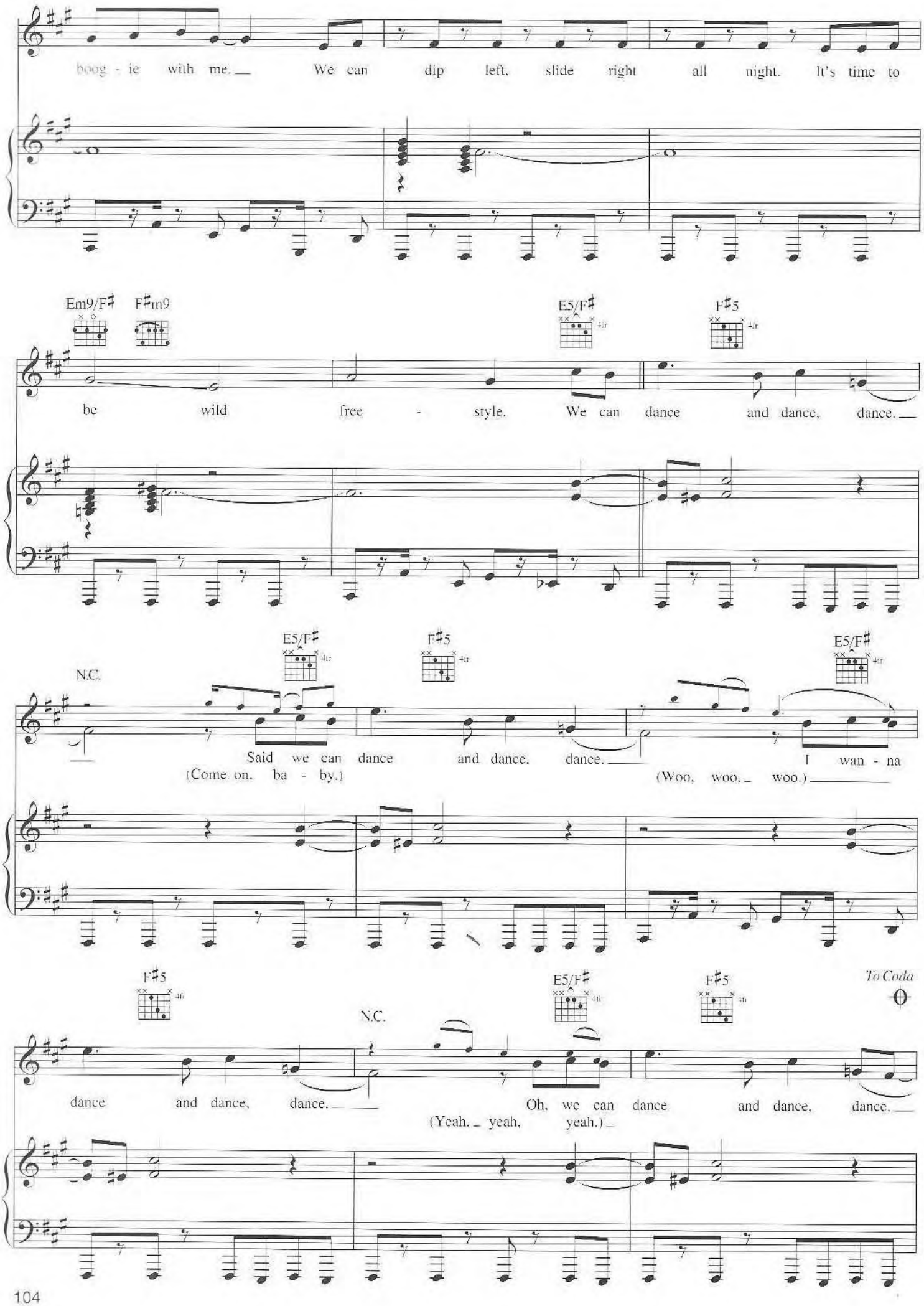
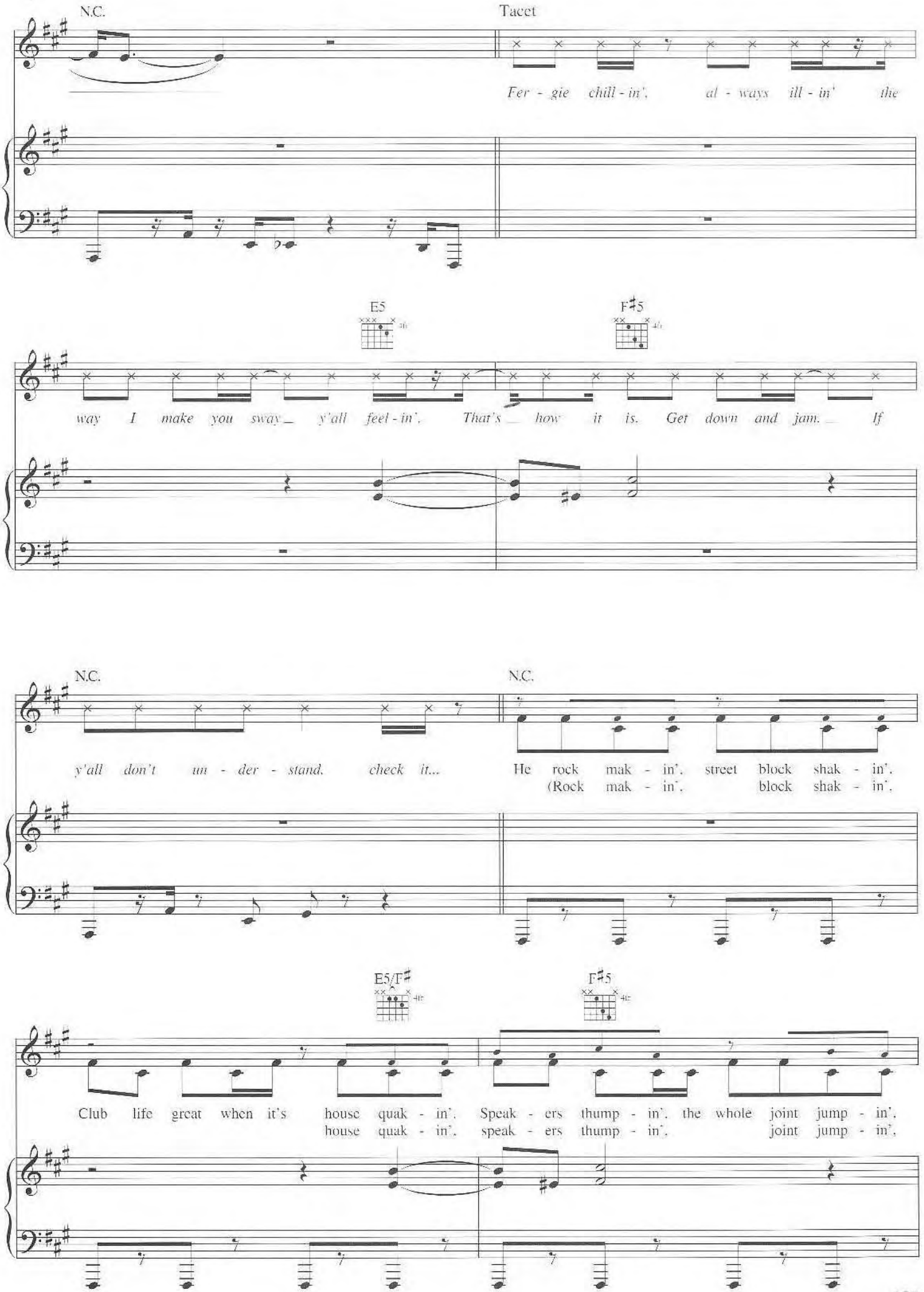
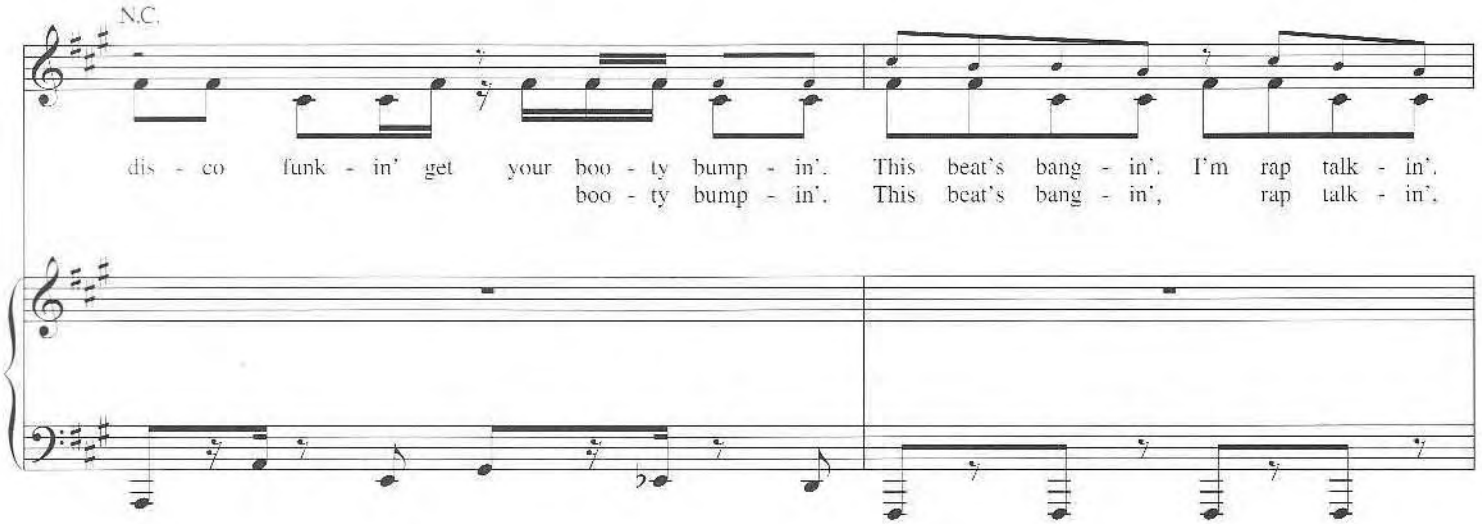

funk. Yeah. You pump it in the trunk. Yeah. You know it's what you
want. Yeah. So just bump da bump da (pump, pump it up!)
F♯m11
Bounce, boo, to the boog - ie that be. You know I want you to come
boog - ie with me. We can dip left, slide right all night. It's time to

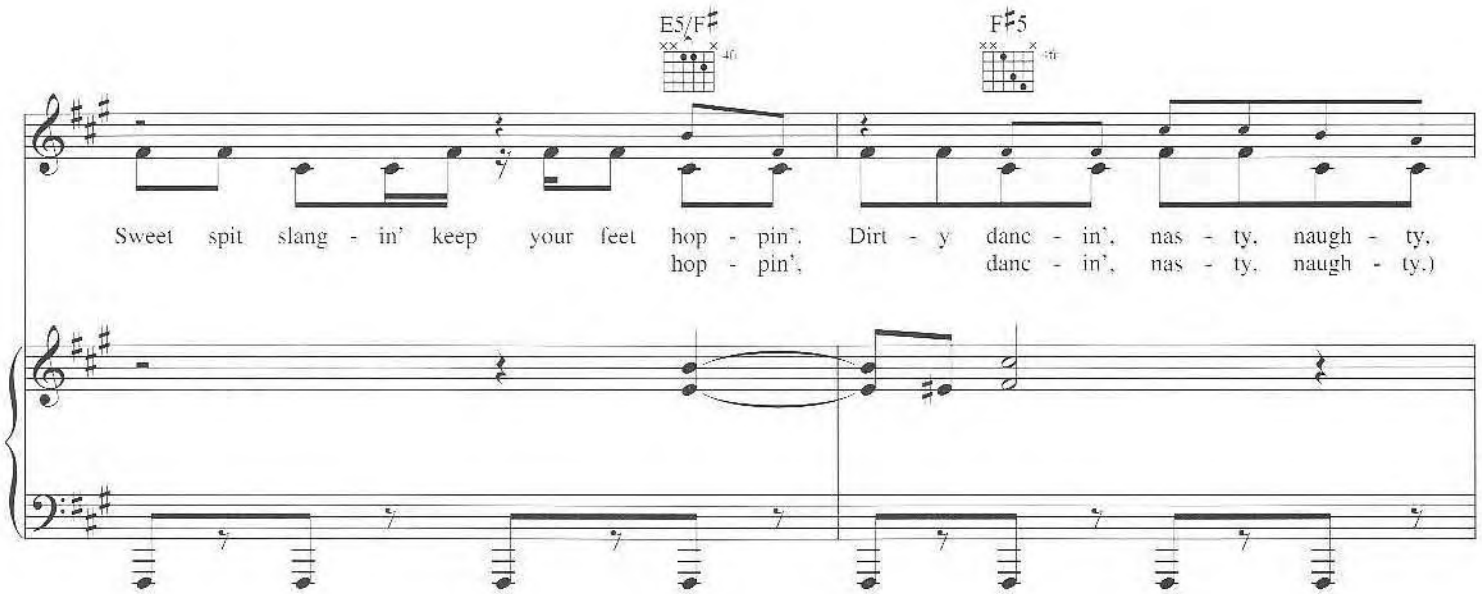

Em9 F♯ F♯m9
E5/F♯
F♯5
be wild free - style.
(Rap:) It's on and pop - pin',
(It's on and pop - pin',
N.C.
E5/F♯
F♯5
N.C.
ain't no stop - pin' us from rock - in' from to-night till ten o'-clock in the morn - ing. Got neigh - bors knock - in'.
rock - in'.
Turn it
E5/F♯
F♯5
Fuck them. Go call them cops and watch them pigs walk in. Start bop - pin' heads to what that beat they drop - pin'.
down!
Cops and.
bop - pin',
drop - pin',
E5/F♯
N.C.
He play funk, punk, and hip - hop - pin', break - in' laws, yeah cul - ture shock - in'. We be pop lock - in' and mosh - in'.
hip - hop - pin',
shock - in',
mosh - in'.)

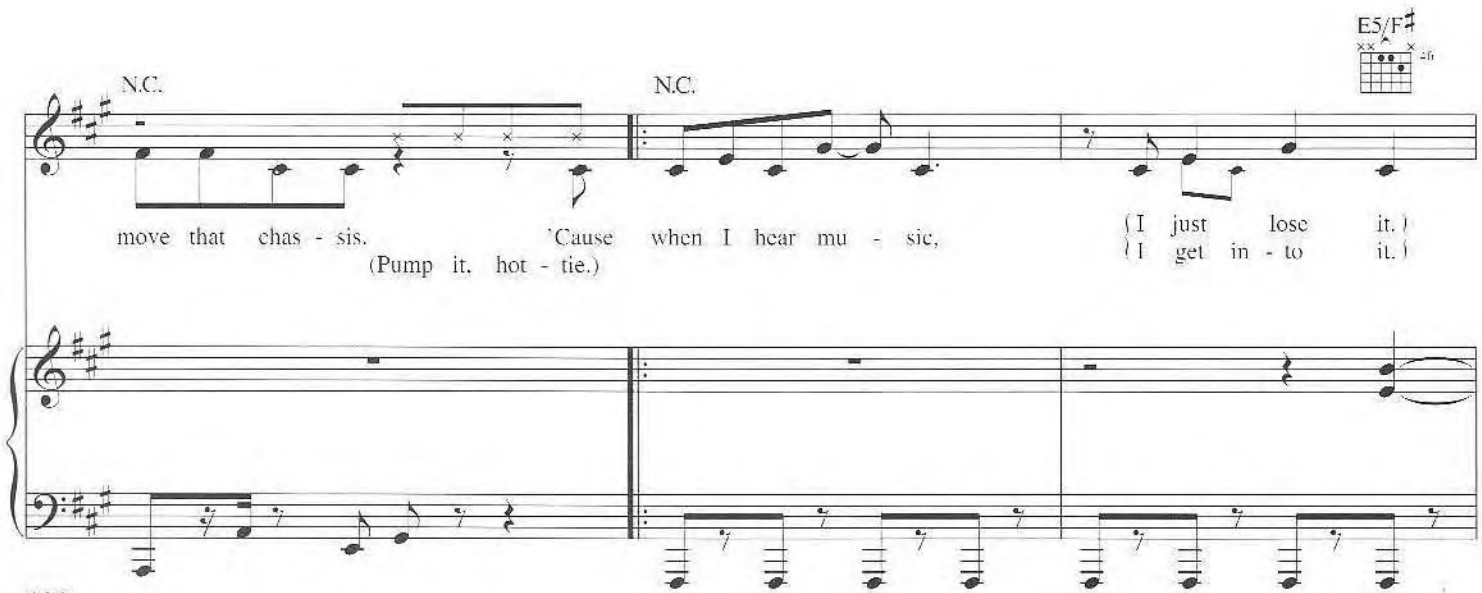

F♯5
N.C.
I get down and groove to cuts. (Yeah.) Check my art of mov - in' butts. (Uh - huh.)
E5/F♯
Now these cats are scared to dance. (That's right.) This beat next. (Hoo!) Here's my chance.
F♯5
N.C.
Come on, girl, let's go out and dance on the floor. (Ha!)
F♯m11
Bounce, boo, to the boog - ie that be. You know I want you to come

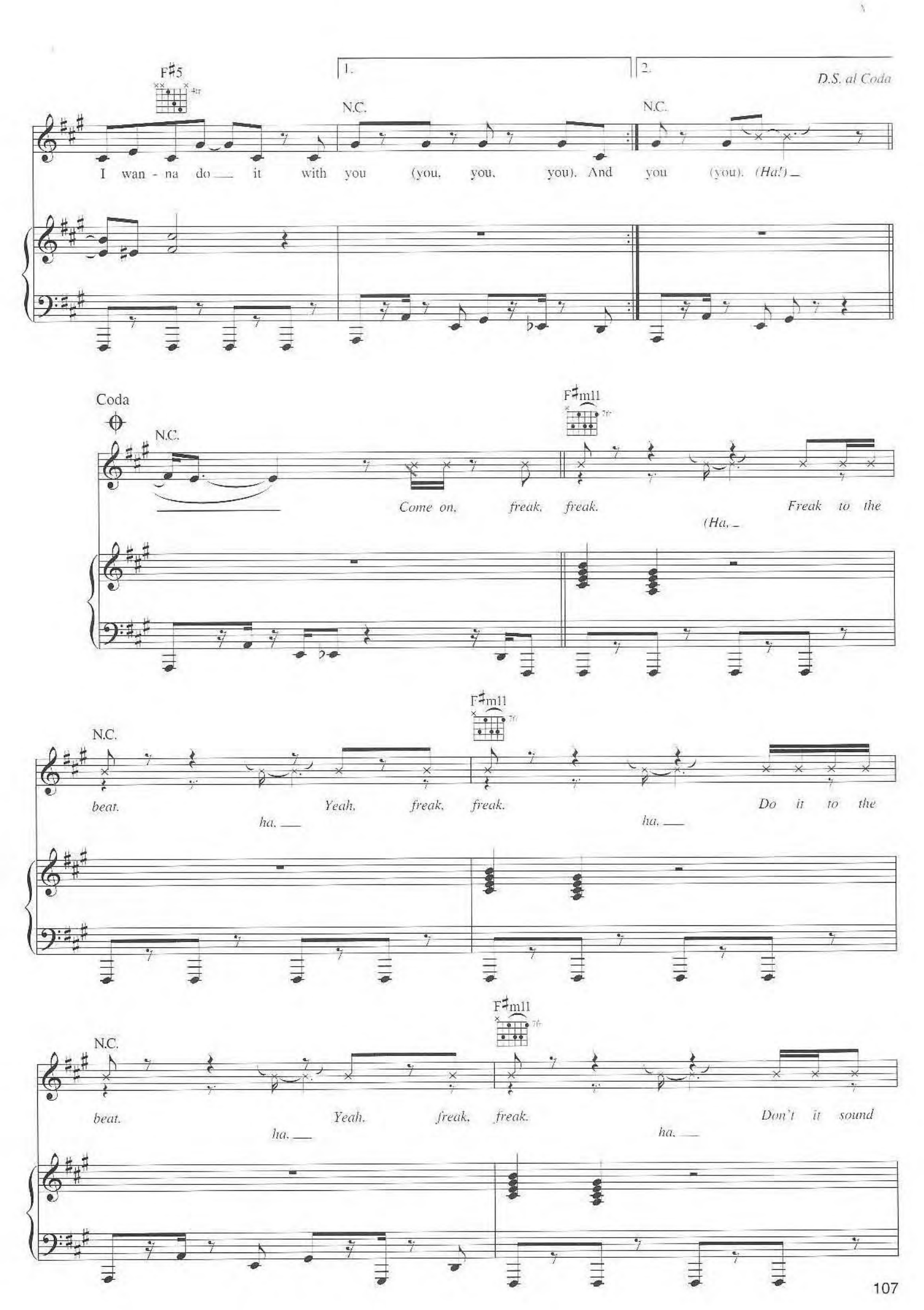

boog - ie with me. We can dip left, slide right all night. It's time to
Em9/F♯
F♯m9
E5/F♯
F♯5
be wild free - style. We can dance and dance, dance.
N.C.
E5/F♯
F♯5
E5/F♯
Said we can dance and dance, dance. I wan - na
(Come on, ba - by.)
(Woo, woo, woo.)
F♯5
N.C.
E5/F♯
F♯5
To Coda
dance and dance, dance. Oh, we can dance and dance, dance.
(Yeah, yeah, yeah.)

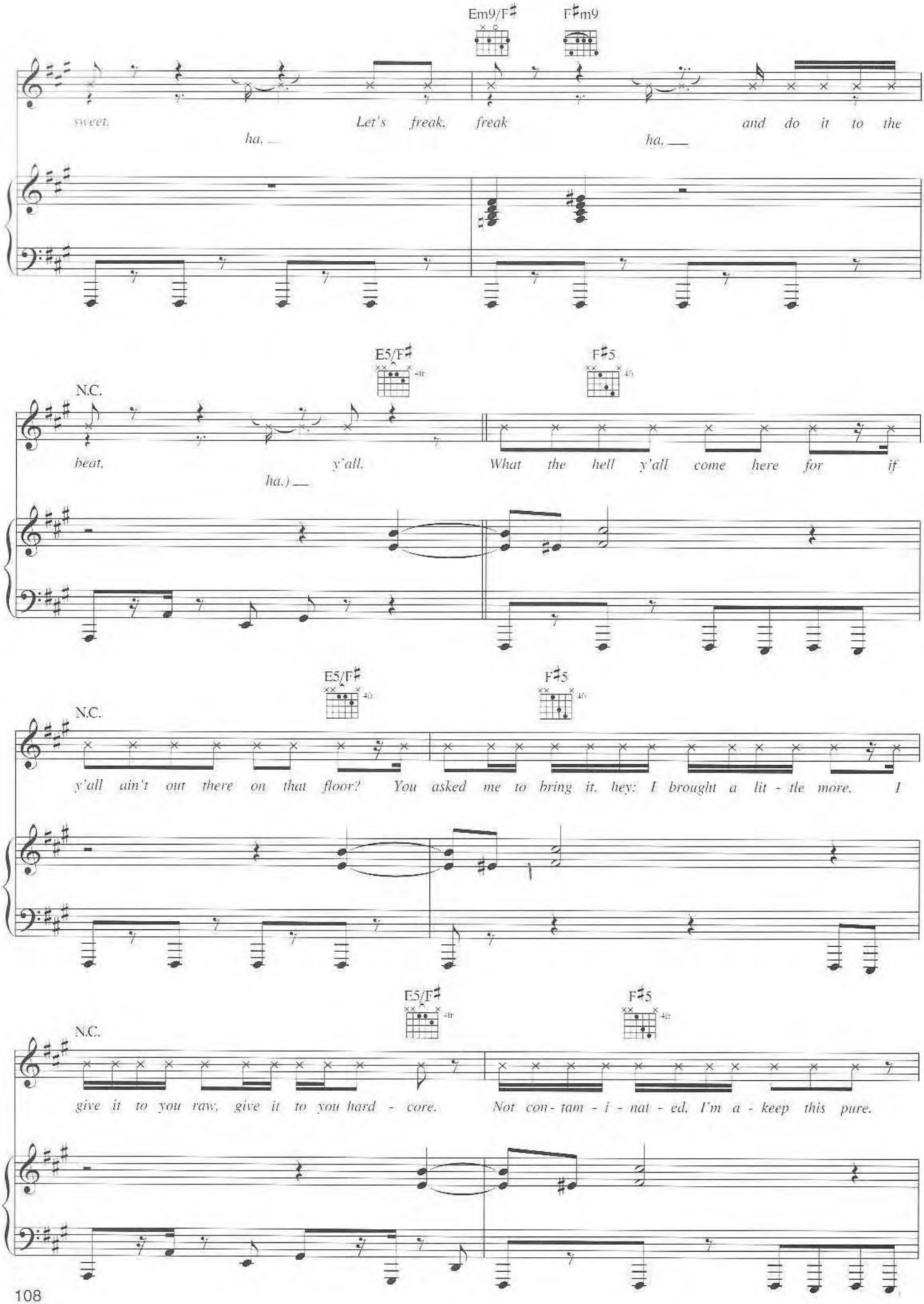

N.C.
Tacet
Fer - gie chill - in', al - ways ill - in' the
E5
F♯5
way I make you sway y'all feel - in'. That's how it is. Get down and jam. If
N.C.
N.C.
y'all don't un - der - stand. check it...
He rock mak - in', street block shak - in'.
(Rock mak - in', block shak - in'.
E5/F♯
F♯5
Club life great when it's house quak - in'. Speak - ers thump - in', the whole joint jump - in',
house quak - in'. speak - ers thump - in'. joint jump - in',

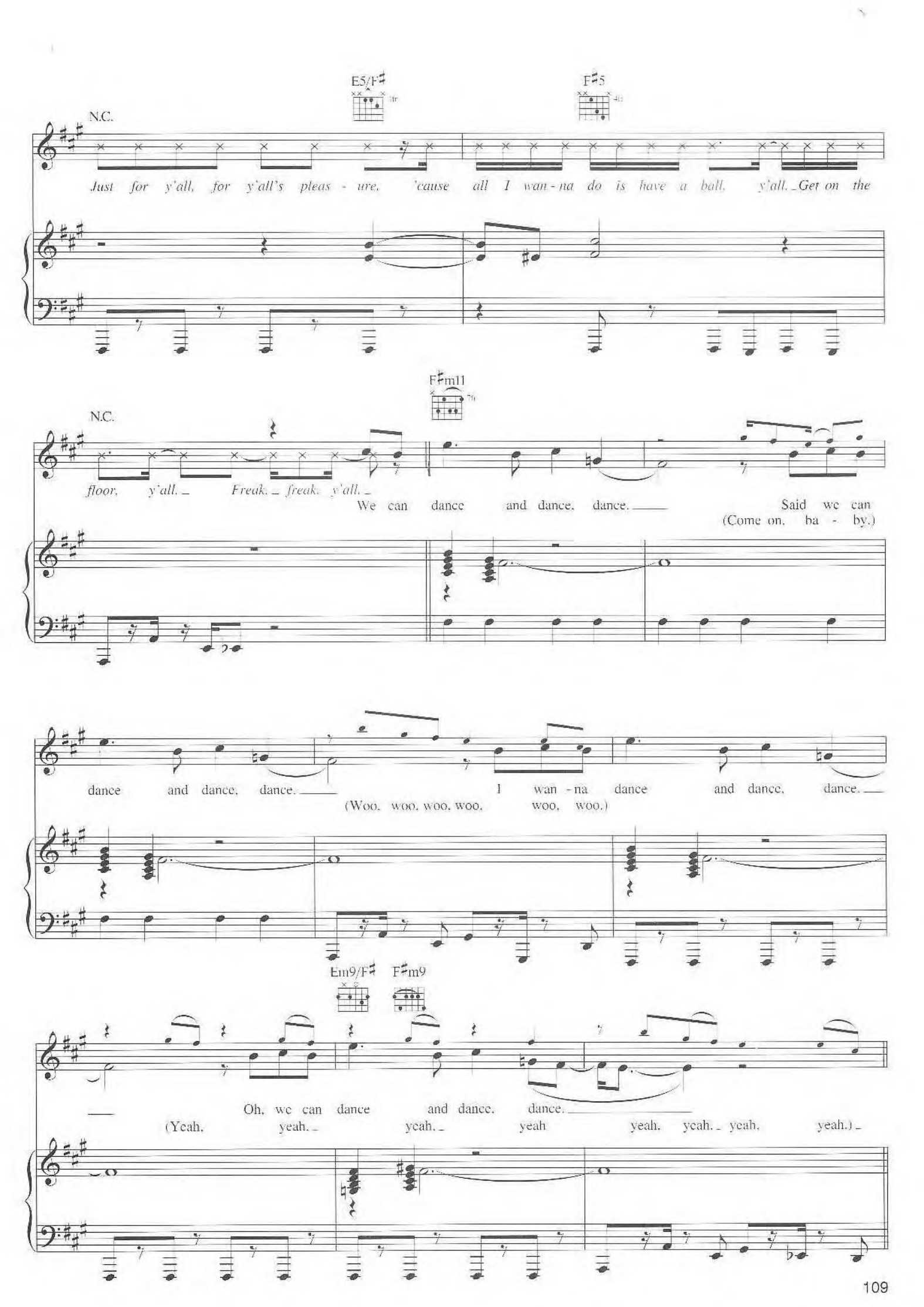

N.C.
dis - co funk - in' get your boo - ty bump - in'. This beat's bang - in'. I'm rap talk - in'.
boo - ty bump - in'. This beat's bang - in', rap talk - in',

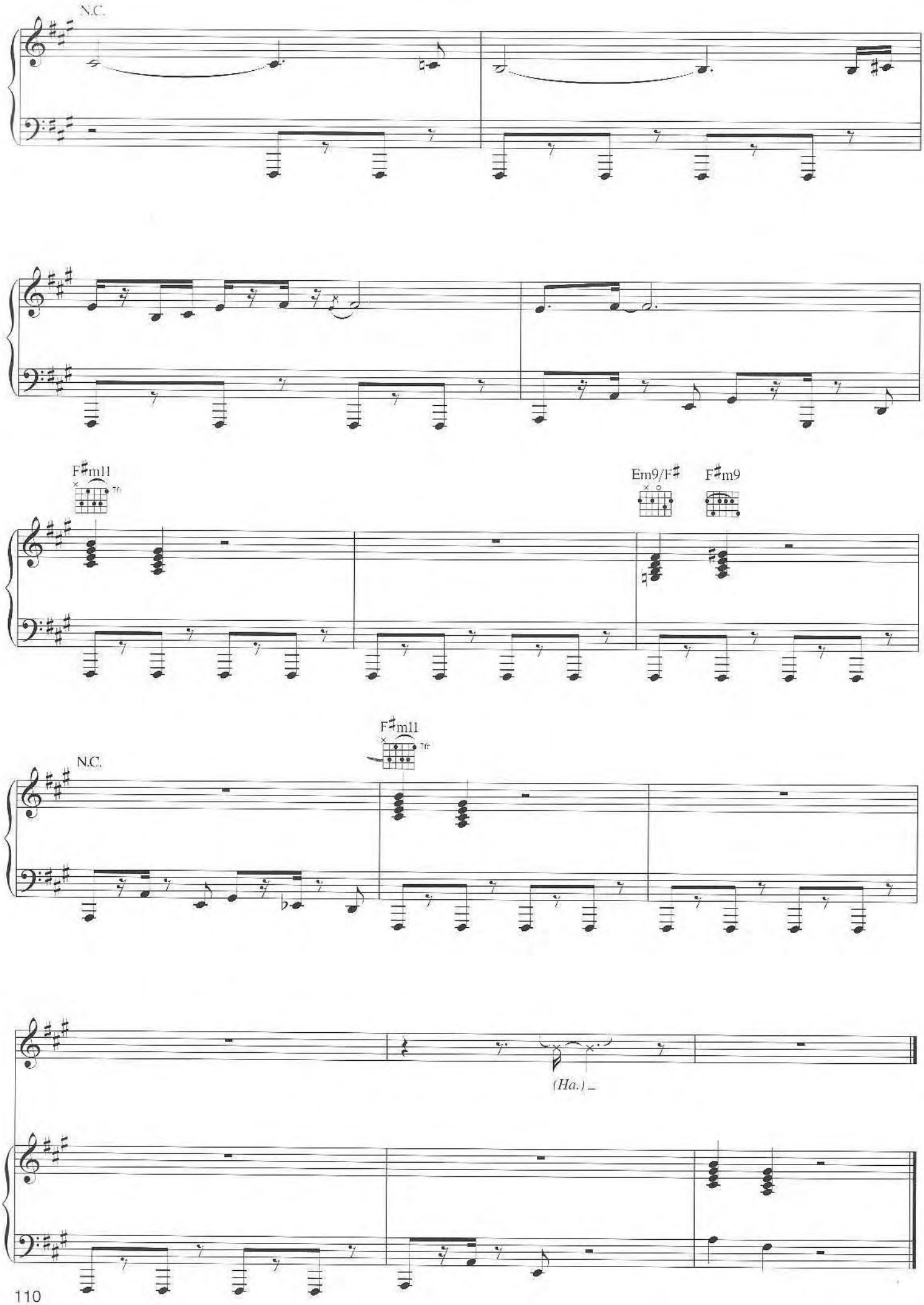

E5/F♯
F♯5
Sweet spit slang - in' keep your feet hop - pin'. Dirt - y danc - in', nas - ty, naugh - ty,
hop - pin', danc - in', nas - ty, naugh - ty.)


N.C.
N.C.
E5/F♯
move that chas - sis. 'Cause when I hear mu - sic, (I just lose it.)
(Pump it, hot - tie.) (I get in - to it.)


F♯5
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda
N.C.
N.C.
I wan - na do it with you (you, you, you). And you (you). (Ha!)
Coda
N.C.
F♯m11
Come on, freak, freak. Freak to the
(Ha,
N.C.
F♯m11
beat. Yeah, freak, freak. Do it to the
ha, ha,
N.C.
F♯m11
beat. Yeah, freak, freak. Don't it sound
ha, ha,

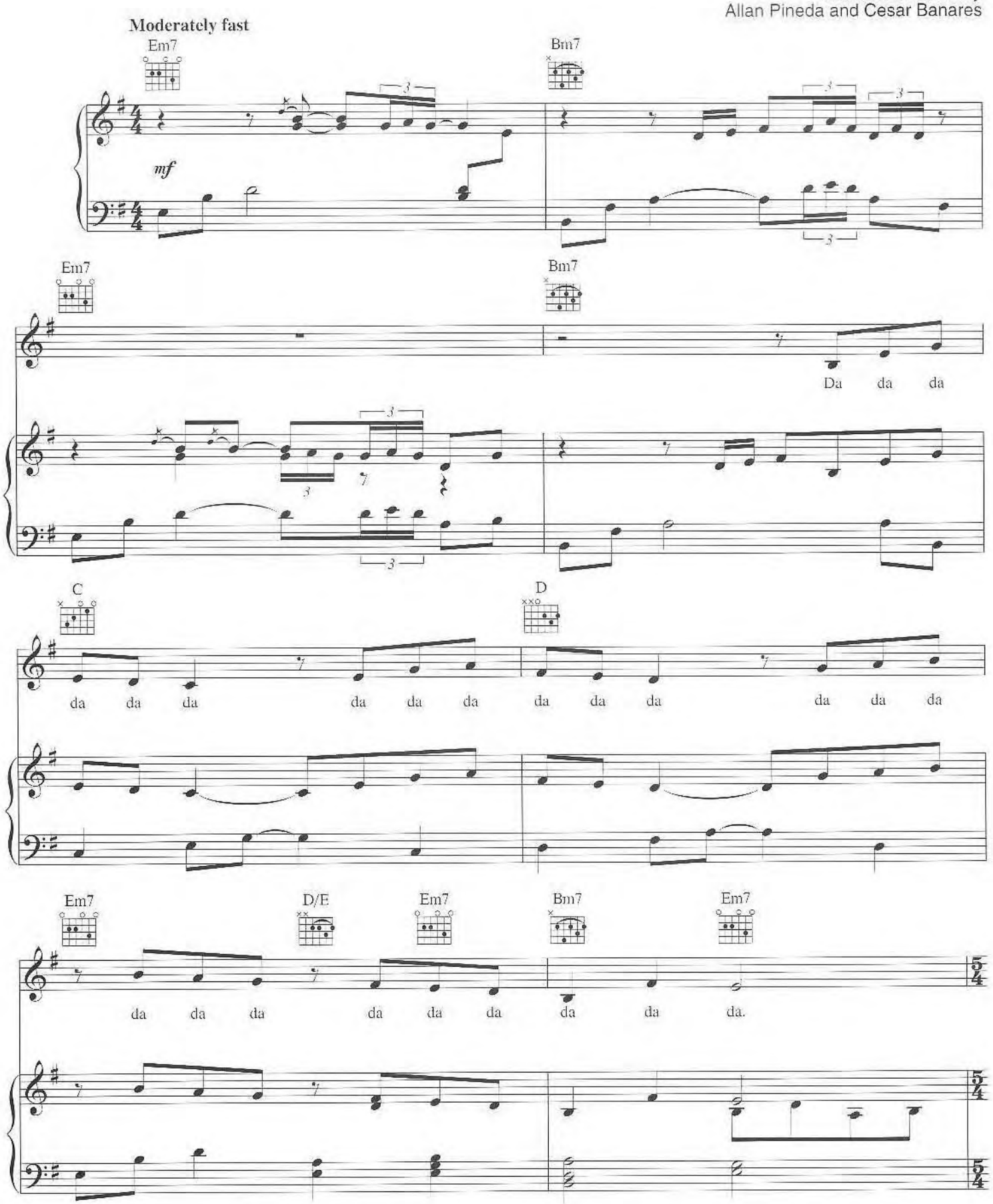

Em9/F♯
F♯m9
sweet. Let's freak, freak and do it to the
ha. ha.
N.C.
E5/F♯
F♯5
beat, y'all. What the hell y'all come here for if
ha.)
N.C.
E5/F♯
F♯5
y'all ain't out there on that floor? You asked me to bring it, hey: I brought a lit - tle more. I
N.C.
E5/F♯
F♯5
give it to you raw, give it to you hard - core. Not con - tam - i - nat - ed, I'm a - keep this pure.


E5/F♯
F♯5
N.C.
Just for y'all, for y'all's pleas - ure, 'cause all I wan - na do is have a ball, y'all. Get on the
F♯m11
N.C.
floor, y'all. Freak, freak, y'all.
We can dance and dance, dance. Said we can
(Come on, ba - by.)
dance and dance, dance. I wan - na dance and dance, dance.
(Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo.)
Em9/F♯
F♯m9
Oh, we can dance and dance, dance.
(Yeah, yeah. yeah. yeah yeah, yeah. yeah, yeah.)


N.C.
F♯m11
Em9/F♯
F♯m9
F♯m11
N.C.
(Ha.)

The Apl Song

Words and Music by
Allan Pineda and Cesar Banares



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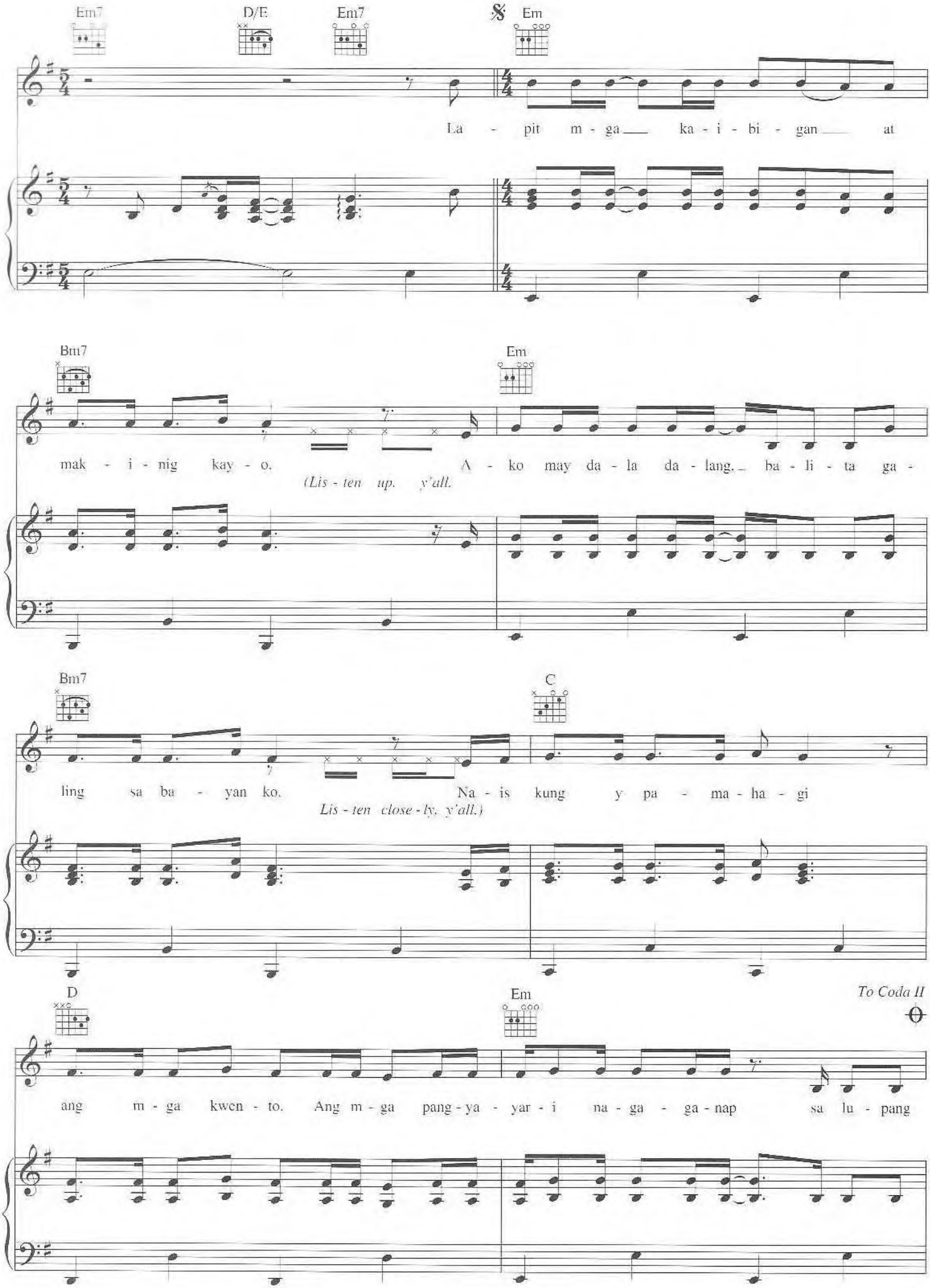
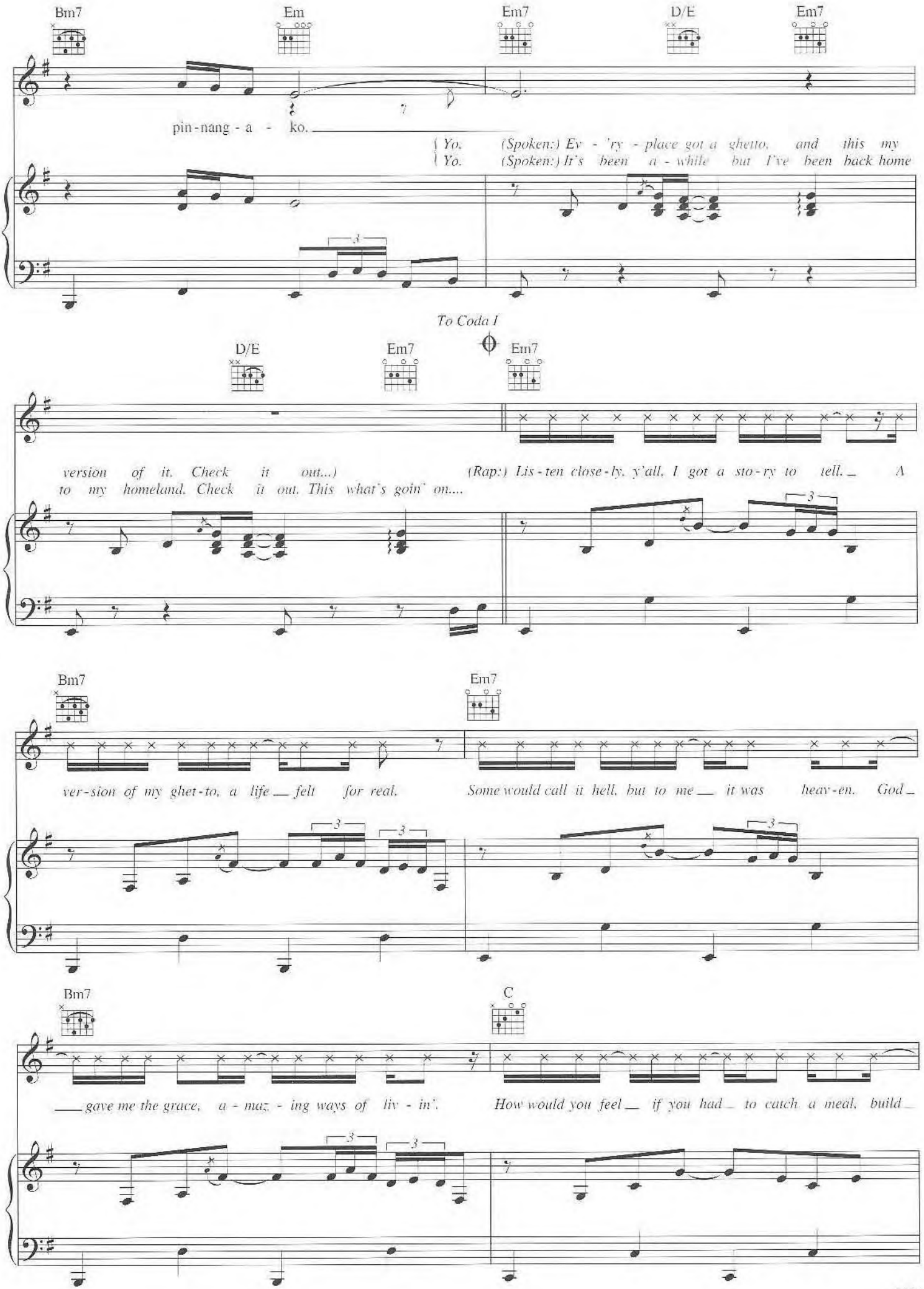
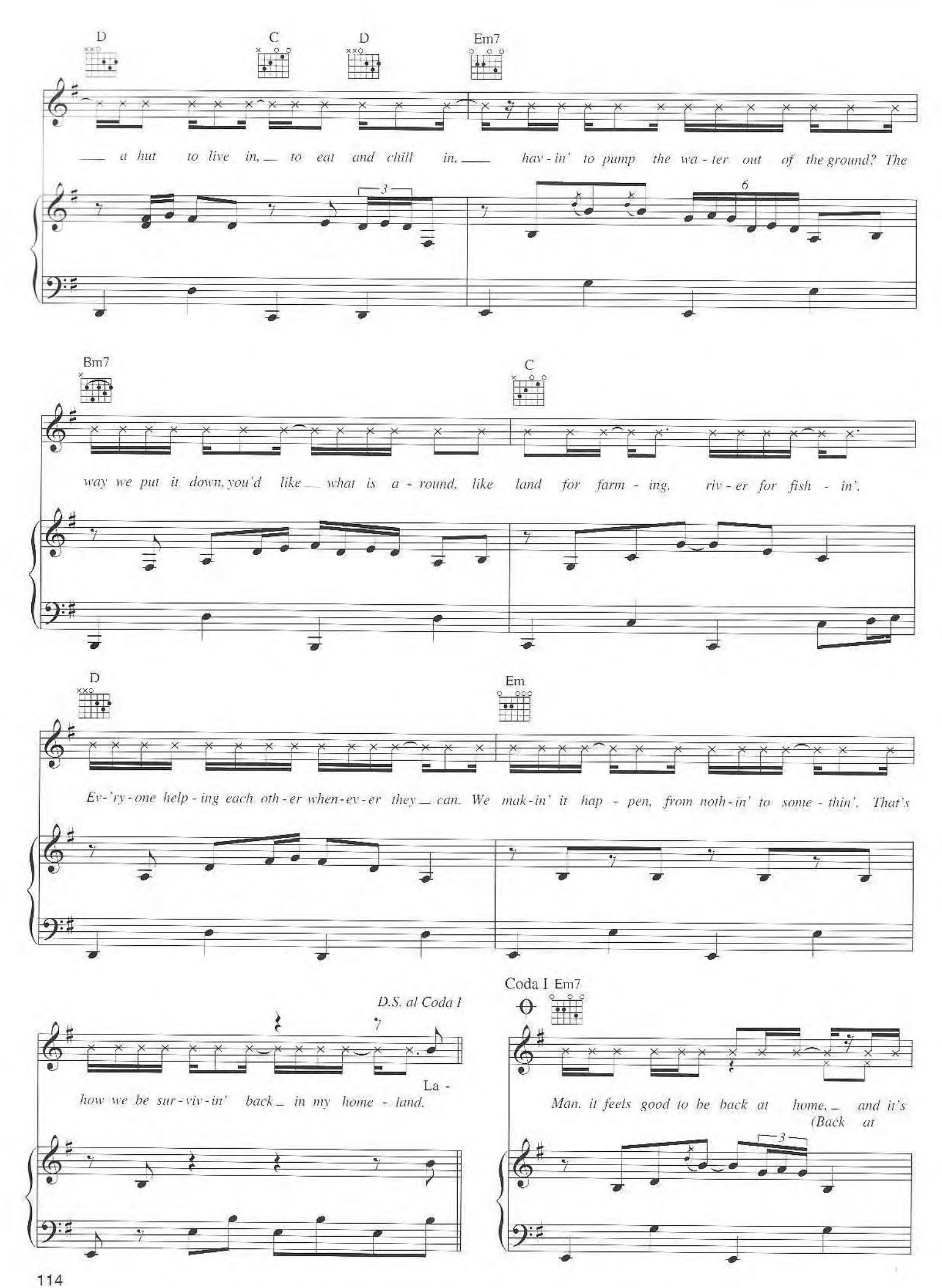

Em7
D/E
Em7
Em
La - pit m - ga ka - i - bi - gan at
Bm7
Em
mak - i - nig kay - o. A - ko may da - la da - lang, ba - li - ta ga -
(Lis - ten up, y'all.
Bm7
C
ling sa ba - yan ko. Na - is kung y pa - ma - ha - gi
Lis - ten close - ly, y'all.)
D
Em
To Coda II
ang m - ga kwen - to. Ang m - ga pang - ya - yar - i na - ga - ga - nap sa lu - pang


Bm7
Em
Em7
D/E
Em7
pin-nang-a-ko.
Yo. (Spoken:) Ev-'ry-place got a ghetto, and this my
Yo. (Spoken:) It's been a-while but I've been back home
To Coda I
D/E
Em7
Em7
version of it. Check it out...)
to my homeland. Check it out. This what's goin' on....
(Rap:) Lis-ten close-ly, y'all, I got a sto-ry to tell. A
Bm7
Em7
ver-sion of my ghet-to, a life felt for real.
Some would call it hell, but to me it was heav-en. God
Bm7
C
gave me the grace, a-maz-ing ways of liv-in'.
How would you feel if you had to catch a meal, build


D
C
D
Em7
a hut to live in, to eat and chill in, hav-in' to pump the wa-ter out of the ground? The
Bm7
C
way we put it down, you'd like what is a-round, like land for farm-ing, riv-er for fish-in'.
D
Em
Ev-'ry-one help-ing each oth-er when-ev-er they can. We mak-in' it hap-pen, from noth-in' to some-thin'. That's
D.S. al Coda I
how we be sur-viv-in' back in my home-land.
La-
Coda I Em7
Man, it feels good to be back at home, and it's
(Back at

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